WEEK ENDING MAY 14, 1927

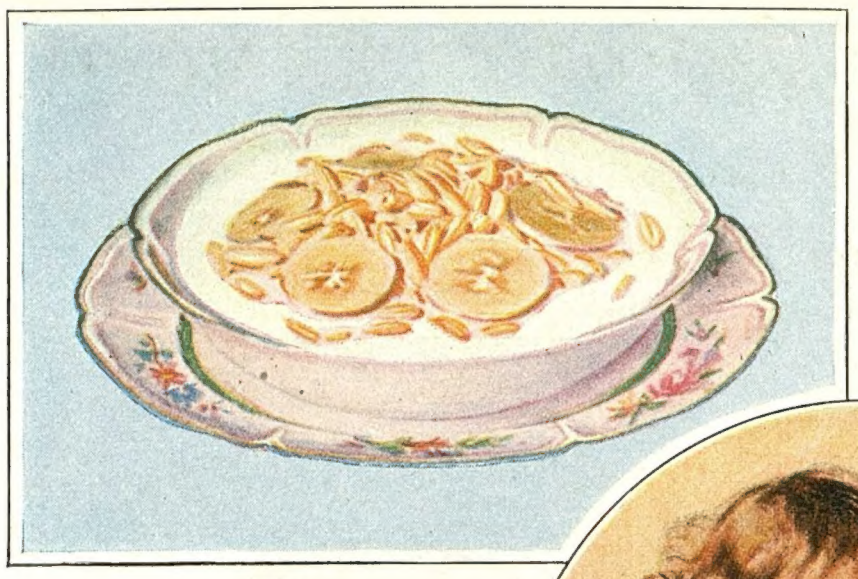
5c

Liberty

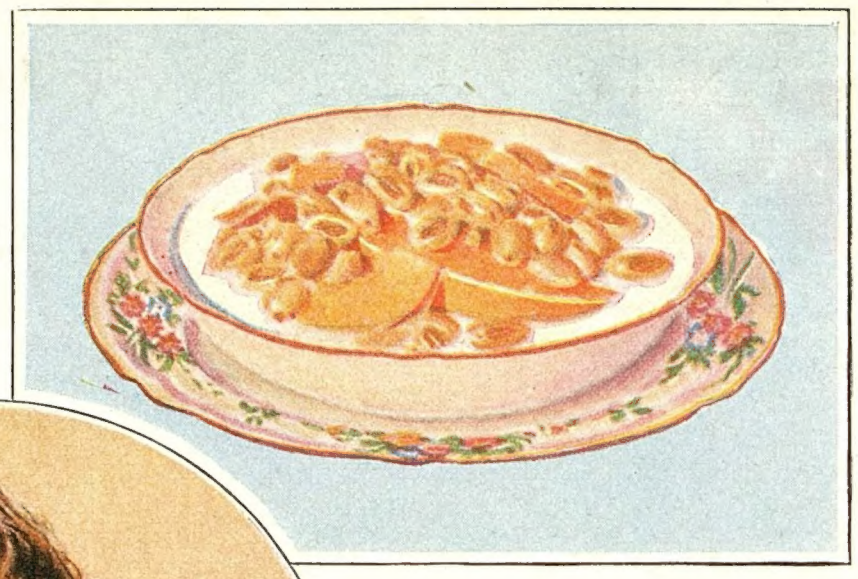
A Weekly for Everybody

In this Issue **FIVE RED DAYS IN THE ARGONNE**— *THE AMERICAN STORY* *THE GERMAN STORY*

Also **THE BIG BOOB** *by* **RUPERT HUGHES**



Delicious, appetizing... try sliced bananas with your Puffed Rice



Another delightful variant is—Puffed Wheat with peaches

FINDING VARIETY *to Relieve* BREAKFAST *of its Monotony*

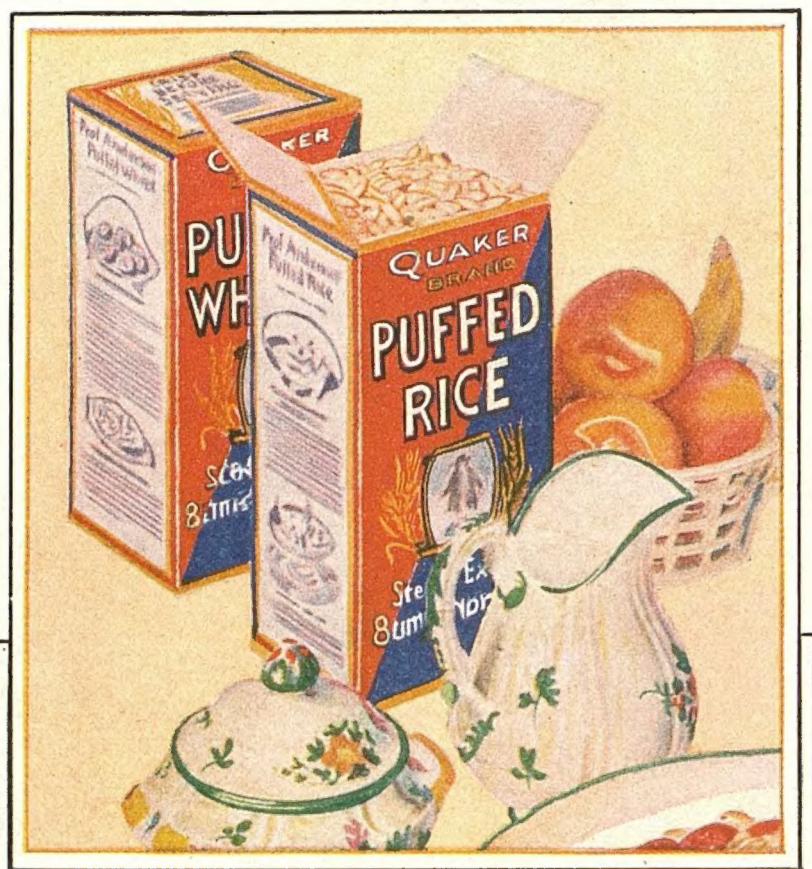
A cereal food different from any other known—that supplies the great adventure of a change at breakfast

A CHANGE, above all things, is what most of us want at breakfast. No appetite but wearies of the same old dishes, served time and again.

If breakfast fails to attract you, don't blame it on your appetite. If your child is reluctant to eat this important meal, don't try to force the eating of food that does not appeal. Try a complete change. What happens will surprise you.

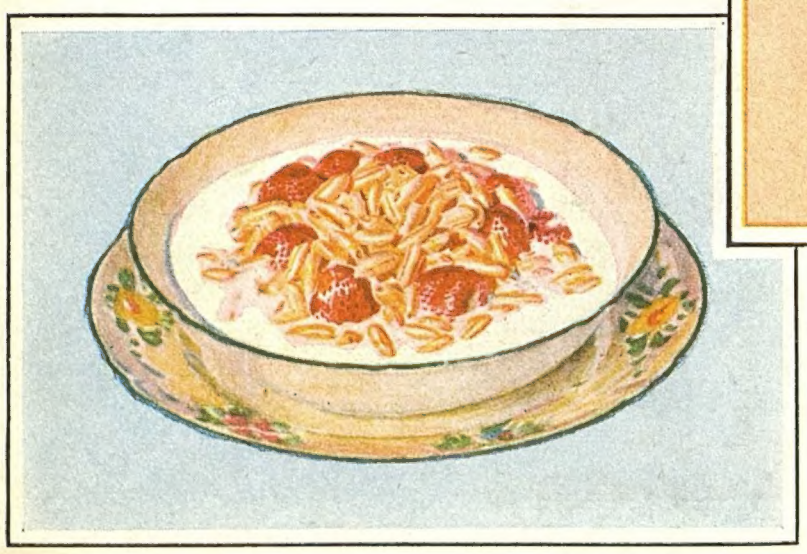
Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice are different from any other cereals known. They taste different. Their appetite appeal is different.

Their food value is that of rich grain foods. The Puffed Wheat is almost 20% bran; but you would never know it, so delightfully is it concealed. Each grain is puffed to 8 times its normal size with every cell broken to make digestion easy. Think of crisp, fresh toast. And you'll get an idea of their delights. Taste toasted nutmeats. And you'll get an idea of their flavor.



Never before a cereal so enticing. Children love them like confections. Thus they meet, in every way, the modern idea in diet, which is to tempt the appetite with food that is "good for you" that you do not eat for that reason; but eat because you love it.

There are many delightful ways to serve. Note the illustrations. Try, too, as a luncheon dish—at home, or in any restaurant. Serve as a before-bed snack that does not impose on the digestion. Give to the children, in place of sweets, as tid-bits between meals.



Quaker Cereal Products

Quick Quaker — Quaker Oats — Quick Mother's Oats
Mother's Oats — Quaker Puffed Wheat — Quaker Puffed Rice
Aunt Jemima Pancake and Buckwheat Flours
Quaker Farina — Quaker Milk Macaroni — Quaker Cornmeal
Quaker Hominy Grits — Quaker Milk Spaghetti
New Pettijohn's — Scotch Brand Pearled Barley
Quaker Flour — Mother's Flour

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Frigidaire brings *new delights* to your table *new ease* in your kitchen

Have this freedom from constant planning and marketing

FOODS that are kept full-flavored by colder refrigeration, delicious desserts and salads that are easily prepared by freezing, cooling drinks well iced with colored and flavored cubes—these are a few of the new delights that Frigidaire brings to your table.

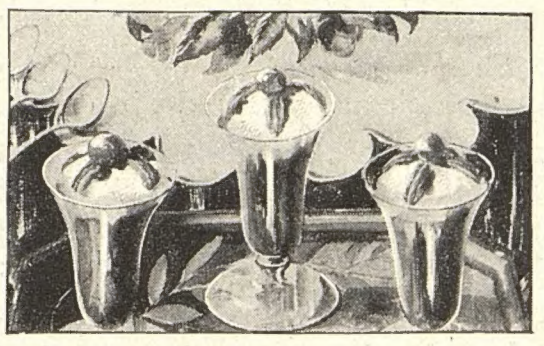
And with Frigidaire helpfulness comes new ease in your kitchen. Because Frigidaire is automatically kept 12° colder without ice, you can safely buy larger quantities and wider varieties of perishable foods. You are entirely independent of outside ice supply. You save the trouble of frequent marketing. You find it easier to plan well-balanced meals—days in advance if you wish.

Give yourself the pleasure and convenience of Frigidaire now. But when you buy, be sure it is a Frigidaire. Be sure that you are getting all the advantages enjoyed by 300,000 Frigidaire users—more than all other electric refrigerators combined.

(1) Complete and permanent independence of outside ice supply.

(2) Uninterrupted service—proved by dependable performance in more than 300,000 homes, apartments, markets and stores.

(3) A food compartment that is 12° colder without ice—temperatures that keep foods fresh.



(4) Direct frost-coil cooling and self-sealing tray fronts giving a dessert and ice-making compartment always far below freezing.

(5) Beautiful metal cabinets designed, built, and insulated exclusively for electric refrigeration.

(6) An operating cost that is surprisingly low.

(7) Value only made possible by quantity production, General Motors purchasing power and G. M. A. C. terms.

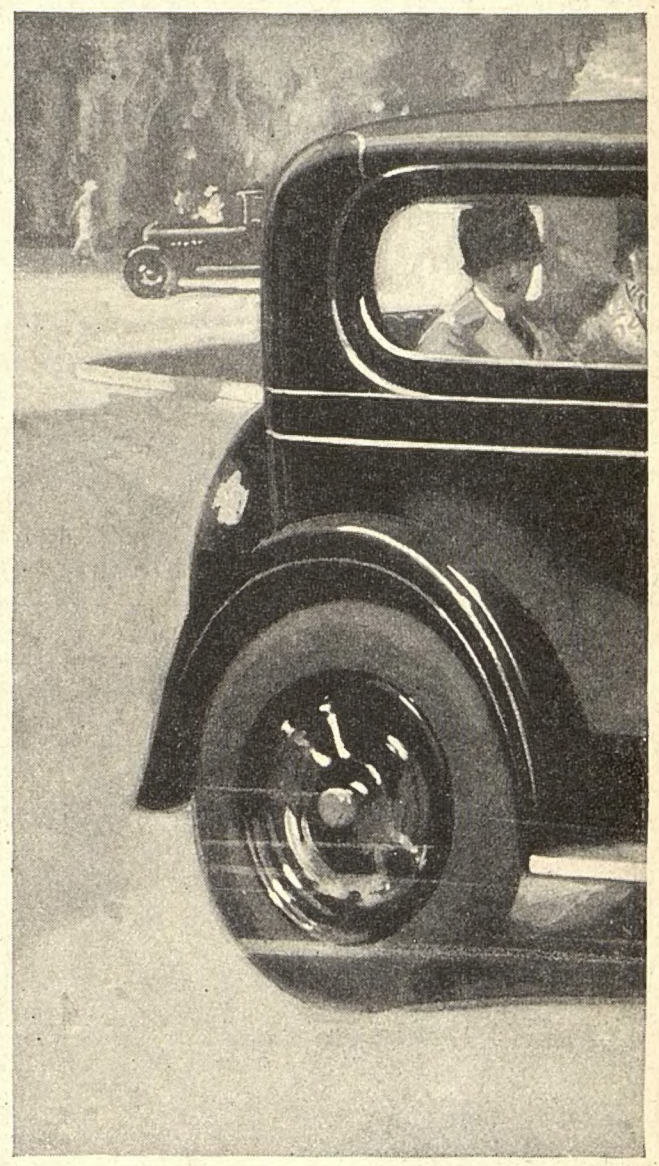
Call at the nearest Frigidaire Sales Office today or write for complete information.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation
Dept. W-62, DAYTON, OHIO

Frigidaire
PRODUCT of GENERAL MOTORS

This New Six a World of

America's Closest-Priced Six with 10% Extra Quality



Extra quality—in appearance, comfort and performance—is so unmistakable in the new Hupmobile Six that buyers all over the country recognize it as the closest-priced six in America.

In the minds of thousands, it is top-rank beyond all question among medium-priced sixes because it combines all that the highest-priced six offers by way of performance—with many obvious betterments in the smart new bodies—at prices which represent substantial savings to the purchaser.

Rivals the Finest

For Hupmobile believes—and is proving day by day as sales multiply—that the finest and most brilliant type of six-cylinder performance can be built into a car to list for less than $1500.

To make sure that this Six is all that any six should be, Hupmobile has deliberately raised its quality ten per cent without raising its price one single cent—with the result that the Hupmobile Six very evidently offers *more quality per dollar of purchase price than any other six on the market.*

Eye-Compelling Beauty

Viewed in any assembly of the best of medium-priced sixes, the Hupmobile Six is instantly recognized as a leader—by the *chic* of its style, by its eye-compelling beauty of line and color and finish, by the wealth of its equipment.

And there's never any chance of mistaking the brilliance of Hupmobile Six performance—its superb sweep of power, giving getaway like lightning and top speeds with most unusual smoothness and ease of handling.

If quality means something more to you than mere showy appearance—if you want the six that gives really usable and pleasurable speed—then inevitably you will single out the Hupmobile Six as the car of soundest value and surest satisfaction in its medium-priced field.

Hupmobile dealers invite you to try out the new Sedan or Brougham—to experience the thrills and delights of highest-grade performance which it assures you at a very marked saving.

The "Plus" in Hupmobile Manufacture

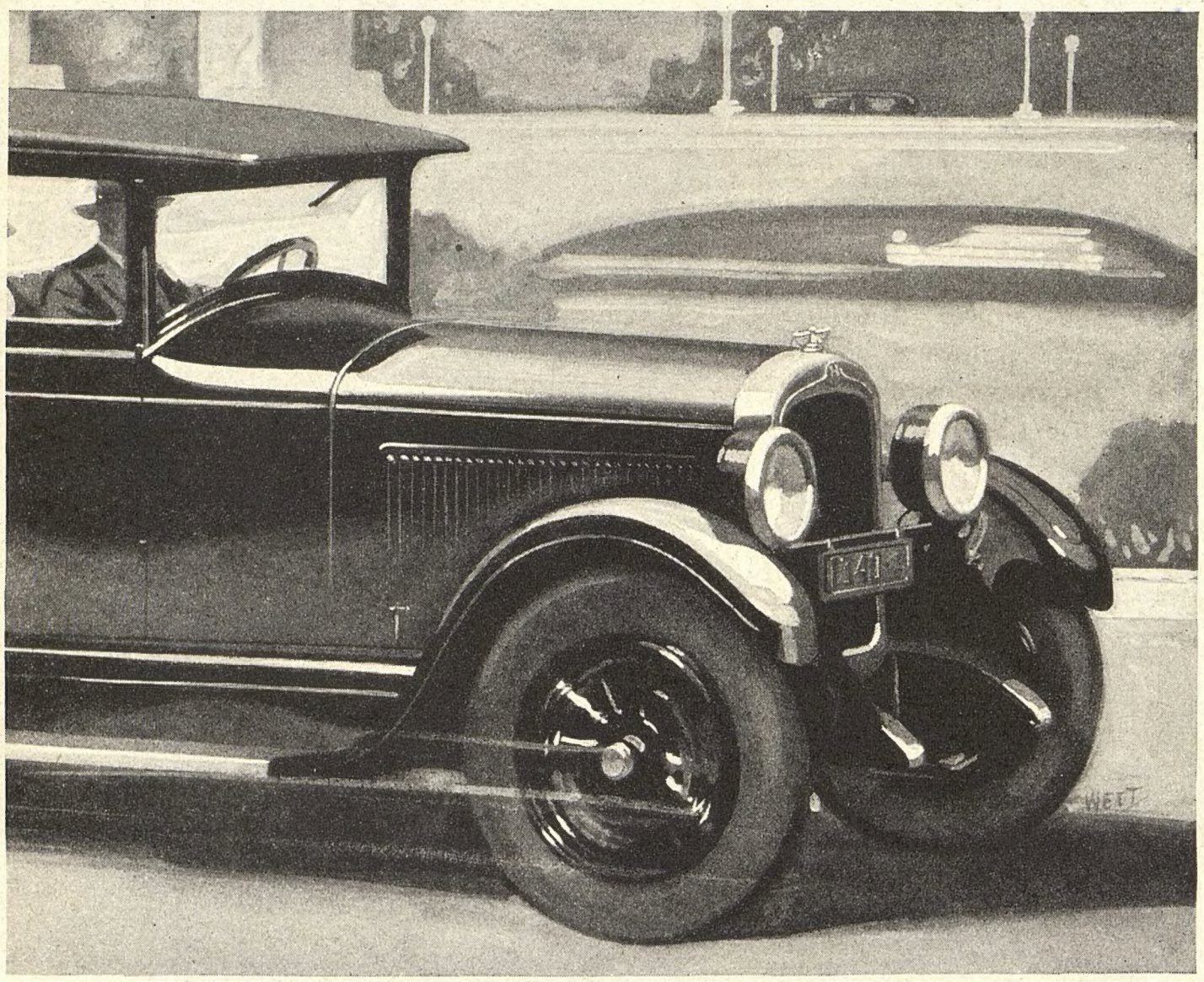
Made to regular Hupmobile standards which have for years been recognized as higher than average, the Hupmobile Six would rank as one of the foremost quality cars in America.

But Hupmobile has raised the quality standards of its Six a further 10 per cent—insisted on even finer quality materials throughout, even more precise workmanship and even more exacting tests and inspections.

While thus adding 10 per cent to its overhead and cutting into the selling margin, Hupmobile has not increased its purchase prices. As a result, the Hupmobile Six is acknowledged to be the closest-priced six in the industry—and by far the finest quality six anywhere near its own remarkable, moderate price.

Hup

Puts New Meaning into $1385 Hupmobile Six



Clear-Vision Bodies: Composite construction with narrow front corner pillars of steel. Genuine plate glass in all windows. Convenience and compactness are outstanding.

Vision-Ventilating Windshield: Affording a wide range of unobstructed vision; with constant fresh air without draft, whenever desired.

Beautiful, Durable Lacquer Finish: Color treatments are refreshingly varied. Contrasting "reveals" around the windows of enclosed models.

Genuine Mohair Upholstery: Interior hardware attractively patterned and of high-grade silver finish.

New Type Manifold Heat Control: Shortens the warming-up period after starting a cold engine. A built-in thermostat normalizes engine running temperatures.

Vibration Damper: In addition to the extra heavy and extra rigid crankshaft, a vibration damper completes Hupmobile mastery over vibration factors at every speed.

Handsome New Instrument Panel: All instruments, including gasoline gauge, conveniently grouped together under glass, indirectly lighted.

Light Controls on Steering Wheel at the driver's finger-tips. Tilting beam headlights.

Four-Wheel Brakes: Gas filter; oil filter; full-pressure lubrication; balloon tires and snubbers; cam and lever steering gear; automatic windshield cleaner; rear view mirror; solid walnut steering wheel—every feature that the modern car should have.

Sedan, five-pass., four-door -	$1385
Brougham, (ill.) five-pass., two-door	1385
Coupe, two-pass., with rumble seat	1385
Roadster, with rumble seat -	1385
Touring, five-pass. - -	1325

The worth of a man....

THE man behind the wheel. What is his worth to his family—to his business? A question for wives and mothers, sons and daughters, partners and stockholders.

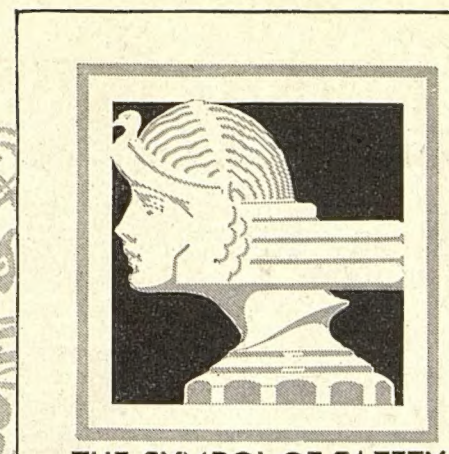
To illustrate, if his income is $10,000 a year he has an unsentimental cash value of $250,000 invested in Liberty Bonds at 4%.

A quarter-million in *money* rides in an armored truck. Many quarter millions in *man* ride in motor cars built with no especial thought to safety.

In all the world, one private passenger automobile built for *safety first*—the Improved New Safety Stutz.

Yet this car is second to none in dashing beauty, in luxurious carriage, in obedience to the wheel, in sturdy reliability and marvelous performance.

Stutz Motor Car Co. *of* America, Inc., *Indianapolis*



THE SYMBOL OF SAFETY

V.B.S.

A complete line of standard, de luxe and custom-built body styles, meeting every possible requirement of style, body appointments and price. The choice of 60 body styles and appointments, with unlimited combinations in many of the models.

The Improved New

SAFETY STUTZ

MAY 14, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 4 No. 2

Printed and entered as second class mail at Chicago, Illinois. Western Office: Tribune Square, Chicago. Superior 0100

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York City. Telephone: Ashland 4160

Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

LORDS OF LANGUAGE

The late Oscar Wilde liked to refer to himself as a Lord of Language. We think he somewhat exaggerated his claims. He was, perhaps, a Baronet of Language. There were purple patches in his writings, but they weren't so very purple and they weren't so very big. However, there have been Lords and Dukes of Language—the great poets and especially the great English-speaking poets.

There is an impression, and a false one, that the English are essentially bulldogs who blunder through to the rulership of other peoples; that the English have not the artistic qualities of the Italians and French, and so on. But the truth is, when it comes to poetry, the putting of words into rhythm—perhaps the highest art of all—the English are first.

We have said that for the average man the most essential thing to learn during his younger days is language—French, German, Spanish, and especially his own language, English. There is no better way to know the flexibility and beauty and the strength of English than to know English poetry.

In the make-up of a magazine there are often left-over bits of blank space. These blank spaces may be from half a page to one-tenth of a column. Filler has to be provided to occupy these spaces. We have been using such features as Bright Sayings of Children for filler. Without dropping Bright Sayings, we now propose to use poetry as well—the best poetry ever written, English poetry. The reader is to understand, of course, that we mean poetry written in the English language. A good deal of it has been written by Americans, Scotch, and Irish.

There follows the favorite poem of this writer. It is a favorite because he frequently is irresolute and needs to have his backbone braced up. But can you imagine any concatenation of words more likely to stiffen a backbone than these by William Ernest Henley?

INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

Henley was born in England in 1849. In 1888 he became the editor of the *Scots Observer*. He was a writer and critic, as well as a poet.

We shall welcome suggestions from readers as to which of the great English poems they would prefer to have published in LIBERTY from week to week.

IN THIS ISSUE

PAGE

Five Red Days.....By NORMAN S. HALL and SIGRID SCHULTZ 9
Both sides of the great Meuse-Argonne Battle

The Big Boob.....By RUPERT HUGHES 16
The story of a rough-toss Romeo

Cutting Out the Slush.....By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 26
New movie shows high life of the future

The Gate Women Don't Crash.....By CHARLES S. DUNNING 29
Why there are not more women film directors

The Ringing of the Welkin.....By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS 36
The story of a speech that was all wet

Gene Tunney—Champion de Luxe.....By ROBERT INGERLEY 46
Tea-table exploits of an elegant pug

A Voice from the Suds.....By LOLA V. COWSERT 54
Another argument for the pot-washers

PAGE

Blue Eyes in Trouble.....By ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS TURNBULL 58
The adventures of a pretty girl with a borrowed husband

Bobby Jones—Super-Champion.....By O. B. KEELER 68
The story of golf's greatest amateur (Part Three)

Come to My House.....By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE 83
The story of one mad hour in a girl's true love (Part Four)

Ford Against the Field.....By WILLIAM F. STURM 91
The small-car race in the motor industry

News of the World (p. 15); Sam Loyd Puzzle (45); For the Love o' Lil (55); Bright Sayings of Children (55); Twenty Questions (56); Cross-Word Puzzle (57); Children's Story (76); Food (79); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (81); Poem (88); Fashions (89 and 90); Patterns (90); Vox Pop (94).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN was Broadway's most eccentric genius. He did unheard-of things, and got away with them. He imported Mlle. DiDio, the French star, and then hissed her on her New York première in his own theater. He played leapfrog with Mary Garden, and when Melba refused to sing for him he charged into her bedroom and showered thousands of dollars on the floor before her startled eyes.

Nobody knew Hammerstein better than GEORGE BLUMENTHAL, his confidential man. In THE HIDDEN FOLIO IN THE LIFE OF OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, Blumenthal tells many unknown details in the explosive impresario's history. This series reveals Broadway in its palmiest days—and nights.

Trub, the lovable young bull terrier of JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE'S imagination, returns next week with some new and delightful chapters from his diary at Gray Gables. You will recall him in LIBERTY some time ago, and his adventures with the *Molecule*, the young scion of the family, who had just been expelled from college; *Flips*, the *Molecule's* sister; and the rest of the household. He starts in now by confessing to the tragedy of the painted baby. He didn't mean any harm when he got into this mess, he says.

GLORIA SWANSON, the movie star, was asked what she did actually to earn the fabulous salary she is paid. In reply she wrote an article giving her daily schedule of work at the studio. In reading WHEN I PLAY A PART, you'll agree that she is not overpaid.

There is a coterie of young dancing men in New York who earn their daily bread by eating cake. In SHARPSHOOTING SHEIKS O. O. MCINTYRE tells how they prey on rich women with silly hearts.

May 14, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 4, No. 2

Entered as second class matter April 30, 1924, at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1927, by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Articles, short and long fiction desired. Address Editor, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk.
Published weekly by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; William H. Field, Secretary; Ronald Millar, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy; by mail, $2.50 a year in the United States. Ten cents a copy; by mail, $5.00 a year in Canada and Mexico. No subscriptions for less than one year. Address Subscriptions, LIBERTY, 247 Park Ave., New York City. Allow four weeks for change of address.

Little dramas in the life of a great newspaper system

PAINTED BY
DEAN CORNWELL

"In Mercy's Name . . . stop the presses!"

A 15-year-old boy had made a legal misstep. And the facts were in the newspaper's hands.

At one minute before the great presses had started their daily roar, the boy's father appeared at the editor's office and frantically begged that the story be killed.

"It's his first offense," he pleaded. "This story means nothing to the public, but it will put a life brand on my son. In mercy's name give the boy a chance . . . and I'll make amends with those he's hurt."

The editor telephoned the press room. The boy got his chance—and made good. The sobering aftermath of his escapade took the kinks out of his character and made a man of him.

A newspaper should be fearless and thorough in its publication of the news. But it also should be humane. It cannot conscientiously shield any adult, whoever he may be, if he makes a place in the day's news. But it may well afford to deal gently with the juvenile who commits his first minor indiscretion.

That has always been the editorial creed of the SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers. Controlled from within, and independent of all outside ties, financial or political, these newspapers cannot be swayed from printing facts that the public is entitled to know.

But to this steadfast policy of printing all the news, SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers make this exception—they delete the names of juvenile offenders, when the offense is palpably one of youthful mischievousness rather than of seasoned criminality.

NEW YORK . *Telegram* SAN FRANCISCO . *News* DENVER . *Rocky Mt. News*
CLEVELAND . . *Press* WASHINGTON . . *News* DENVER . *Evening News*
BALTIMORE *Post* CINCINNATI . . . *Post* TOLEDO . . . *News-Bee*
PITTSBURGH . *Press* INDIANAPOLIS . . *Times* COLUMBUS . . . *Citizen*
COVINGTON . . *Kentucky Post—Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*

AKRON . . *Times-Press* YOUNGSTOWN *Telegram* KNOXVILLE *News Sentinel*
BIRMINGHAM . . *Post* FORT WORTH . . *Press* EL PASO . . . . . *Post*
MEMPHIS *Press-Scimitar* OKLAHOMA CITY *News* SAN DIEGO . . . . *Sun*
HOUSTON . . . *Press* EVANSVILLE . . . *Press* TERRE HAUTE . . *Post*
ALBUQUERQUE . . . . *New Mexico State Tribune*

SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS
MEMBERS OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
AND MEMBERS OF THE UNITED PRESS

ALLIED NEWSPAPERS, INC., *National Representatives*
250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SEATTLE · SAN FRANCISCO
CLEVELAND · DETROIT · LOS ANGELES

Five RED DAYS

The True Story of the 35th U. S. Division in the Meuse-Argonne Battle

The American Account and the German Account of the Same Great Battle

The American Account

By

NORMAN S. HALL

U. S. Official photos

Yankee tanks rolling into action in the forest of Argonne.

WHEAT grows there now, in the valley of the Aire on the edge of the Argonne Forest, precious grain fertilized by the blood of the best manhood of two nations. The old, death-accustomed trenches, weed-grown, still scar the hillsides, but the shattered towns of Cheppy and Baulny, Apremont and Exermont have raised themselves from the dust into which the guns of contending armies smashed them. It is a tranquil countryside now, where today is not different from yesterday, and tomorrow will bring little change.

Yet, if there are ghosts, they will be found there. You will find them in the demolished dugouts, talking of older days, like their garrulous brother veterans in the flesh—talking of the weeks and months and years when Death, Destruction, Conquest, and the other awesome riders on the staff of War held arrogant sway in the valley of the Aire.

They will talk of the five red days when rout and ruin made a shambles of the valley: five red days that began with a victorious advance over obstacles regarded as impregnable, only to end in a retreat that was halted at the threshold of disaster.

An American division was smashed in those five days, sundered and scattered in the red spume of the guns that flashed and spat all night and all day and all night again.

It was a game outfit, that Thirty-fifth Division of Kansans and Missourians that left its heaped dead there—because an organization

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FIVE RED DAYS Continued from Page Nine]

that wasn't game to the point of folly would have fled before the first blasts of the storm.

They were underofficered, insufficiently equipped, and had been overlong on the move, often sleeping in the open and undergoing the myriad discomforts that beset troops in the field. Although wet and cold, tired and dirty, they were ordered into not only their first major engagement, but the mightiest battle involving all arms in the World War, the first phase of the Meuse-Argonne drive.

Despite two months in quiet sectors in the Vosges, they were still looked upon as green troops in the battle sense. Their assignment was a tough one, too.

"Take Vauquois Hill and the Aire Valley," their orders read, and the staff went grimly to work planning the capture.

They knew Vauquois Hill! The Germans had held it for four years, and each day had added to its defenses. It had been mined and countermined, trenched and revetted in concrete. Guns could not crumble it nor dislodge its garrison. Thirty thousand French soldiers had died on its slopes and the poilu looked upon it as invincible.

Le Mont des Morts—the Hill of the Dead—they called it, scowled at its bleak, gun-studded face, and muttered imprecations into their beards. When the French liaison officers with the Thirty-fifth heard the orders, they gathered in a little knot outside Divisional Headquarters.

"*'Cré Nom de Dieu!*" said one. "That thrice-accursed hill again!"

They looked at the wet, weary men about them and frowned. The 30,000 French who had given that devil-owned hill its name were in better shape than these! But, "*C'est la guerre,*" they said, saluted punctiliously, and returned to assist in plans for the attack.

FOUR days before the battle, Major General Peter E. Traub, the divisional commander, removed Brigadier General Charles I. Martin from command of the Seventieth Infantry Brigade, replacing him with Colonel Kirby Walker. A comparison of the military achievements of these gentlemen is pointless here, but it is certain that the Seventieth regarded General Martin with greater confidence.

The next day, Colonel Pierce A. Murphy was relieved of command of the 140th (Missouri) Infantry, Colonel C. E. Delaplane assuming command. Colonel Delaplane had been divisional ordnance officer—a staff position—and was unacquainted with the officers and men of the 140th. He was an excellent ordnance officer, but was unaccustomed to the command of units as large as a regiment.

There were other changes in the commissioned personnel of the Seventieth Brigade, and these transfers unquestionably accentuated the atmosphere of insecurity that pervaded the division.

There was dire lack of company officers, too. When the 140th Infantry—and it is a fair example of the condition of the other regiments—moved from Camp Marquette on the night of September 25, four companies, F, H, I, and L, were without captains. An entire battalion going into action under the command of lieutenants!

The attack was led by the Sixty-ninth Infantry Brigade, comprising the 138th Infantry (Missouri troops, mostly from St. Louis) and the 137th Infantry (Kansas). The Seventieth Brigade, formed of the 140th Infantry and the 139th Infantry (Kansas and Missouri), was to follow. Both units were to have the support of the Sixtieth Artillery Brigade, with a strong allotment of corps and army heavy artillery.

The "show" began at 11 o'clock on the night of September 25. The Meuse-Argonne offensive was on! Along the American front 3,928 pieces of artillery, from the voluble seventy-fives to the slow-spoken, ponderous fourteen-inch railroad rifles, laid waste the land. Down in the lines the infantry crouched and waited, talking a little, thinking too much. Gad, the queer thoughts that pop into a man's head when he's waiting for the skipper to take the last look at his wrist watch and pass the word along the line!

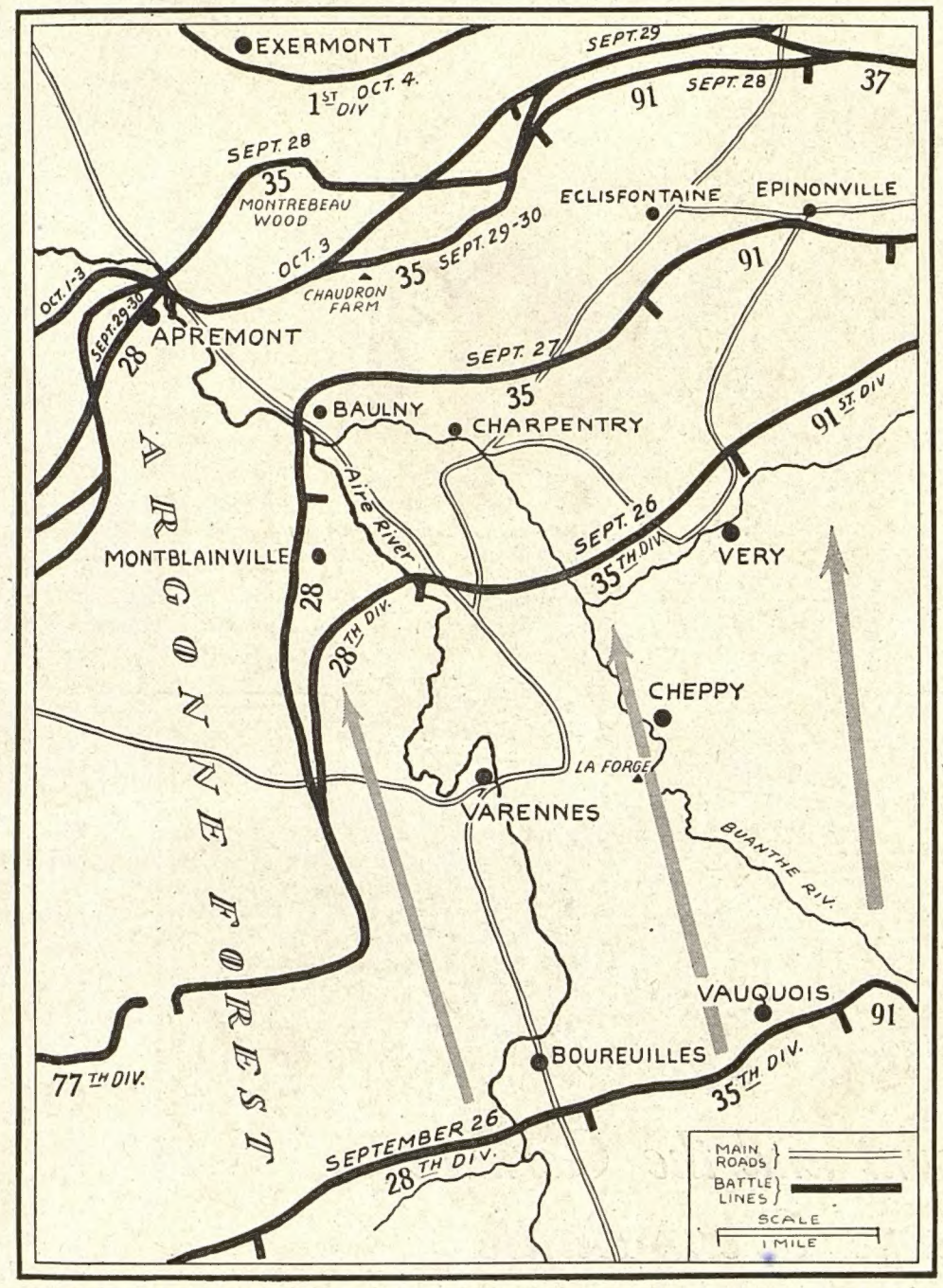
At 5:30, the morning of September 26, they went in.

The mighty menace of Vauquois Hill—*Le Mont des Morts*—is tradition now. The guns crushed it. The 138th Infantry swarmed over it in a fog as thick as a fisherman's shirt, over it and down into the valley of the Aire. There the machine guns got them. Man, they were thick in that valley, those machine guns! They lost their first assaulting waves almost to a man, and, on the left, the 137th Infantry was encountering difficulties because of interrupted communications. Fog and intrenched machine guns are hell's own brew when attacking troops must drink it!

Behind the advance regiments, the 140th and the 139th were mopping up. The boche had concrete dugouts on Vauquois Hill and some of them made the mistake of taking to these instead of retiring. They stayed there.

During the mopping-up, two infantrymen, apparently as free from attachments as church property, swung up over the crest of the Hill of the Dead and headed for the Aire Valley. One of them carried probably the most unusual banner ever seen in battle. On one side it was the Stars and Stripes, on the other the Tricolor of France. Where they got it, or where it went to, nobody knows.

A non-com from D Company squinted hard at them before sounding off.



Where the American line moved on each of the five red days from September 26 to 30.

"Hey, you birds," he bawled; "where ya goin' with 'at flag?"

One of the pair turned and grinned.

"Berlin!" he bellowed. "Where th' hell did ya think we was goin'?"

There's a flag for your museums and a deed for your histories. Two muddy, lousy doughboys out for a stroll through Armageddon with a trick banner!

On ahead, the 138th Infantry was in it up to the armpits. Squads, platoons, and whole companies became separated and lost in the fog. Some units, pressing forward along lines of least resistance, penetrated beyond the enemy's front, were cut off, and died under the leaden hail that streaked the fog.

The Regimental Headquarters detail, augmented to a strength of about 150 men by a platoon from A Company and another from B Company of the 129th Machine Gun Battalion, working toward the spot appointed for its post of command, became bewildered by the fog, and went through the enemy's lines. It brought up in front of the strong point of the Hagen Stellung, immediately south of Cheppy.

Then the sun crept out just long enough to dispel most of the fog, and the boche found them. He cut down with everything he had, and within a few minutes a third of that meager detachment was killed or wounded. For three dragging, awful hours they took punishment that for sheer grueling cruelty couldn't be surpassed by the master mechanics of hell itself. Dying men kept death waiting while they fired a final shot and the kick of the rifle forced the last breath from their bodies in a coughing grunt.

ABOUT noon a fleet of eight French and American tanks, flouncing and jouncing over the ruptured terrain like prim old ladies picking their way across muddy ground, reached the thirty or forty who remained unhurt. Then—and there ought to be some way of cutting this fact into a tablet of imperishable stone to be hung in the sky for the eyes of the world—then this handful of battle-crazed Yanks *charged!* Charged and took 300 prisoners! And it was only a few weeks ago that I heard a sweet-scented jackass declare there is no room in modern warfare for individual courage!

Individual courage was the only thing the Thirty-fifth Division had left, even then, and that was the first of the five red days. It was individual courage that carried them over the River Buanthe and on into Cheppy and Boureuilles and Varennes. It was individual courage that caused members of the woefully battered 138th Infantry to take Very and an entire battery of German seventy-sevens while the 139th Infantry was sweeping the boche from the hills a mile south of Charpentry.

Along that line they dug in for the night. Although the boche maintained fire superiority all night, the Seventieth Brigade, following the original plan of attack, moved forward to be in position to lead the "show" on the morning of the 27th. This was the day of the now famous "mixed orders." According to the battle scheme decided upon before the jump-off, the Seventieth Brigade was to attack at 8:30, after a three-hour artillery preparation.

At five minutes after five the morning of the 27th, the 140th Infantry of the Seventieth Brigade received orders to attack at 5:30, following a five-minute barrage on machine-gun nests.

The 139th Infantry of the Seventieth had made its passage of lines through the 137th the day before and was in the attack position.

The barrage promised the 140th did not materialize. That has never been explained, nor has there ever been an entirely satisfactory

explanation for the almost complete failure from then on of the artillery supporting the Thirty-fifth Division in this action.

It should be remembered that the fall rains, the restless feet of moving armies, and the heavy shell concentrations had churned the entire battle area into a quagmire through which it was almost impossible to move guns, and the infantry had advanced rapidly.

The 130th Field Artillery (heavy) had been delayed by blown-up bridges, while the 128th and the 129th Field Artillery (both light) faced a serious remount problem. Their animals were fatigued, and when a gun team becomes weary, all the "saviors of democracy" applesauce ever dished up won't budge them.

Time after time, the seventy-fives were hub deep in the mire. Then it was, "Cannoneers on the wheels!" and heave and push and shove until they got them top o' ground and "in battery" again. With the next five rounds the damned things would kick themselves breech-block deep back into the mud. Take it from any member of the Sixtieth Brigade, soldiering in the field artillery isn't all riding a crow-bait and smiling at the gals!

DESPITE all this and myriad other difficulties, including signal equipment that wouldn't work, they got guns up to Charpentry and Cheppy and Varennes. On September 29, when the entire division seemed to be folding up—collapsing—Major Miles ordered his battalion of the 129th Field Artillery to fire point-blank if necessary, but to man their pieces. The remainder of the outfit might take it on the lam, but Miles and his red-legs were going to see it through! Write that down for the field artillery when you come to add up!

Forced to rely entirely upon runners for liaison, the artillery was hampered by lack of information. Some of the time they were shooting blind at maximum range, praying that each salvo would do some damage to the Hun! Twice the 129th was asked to go out of action because it was firing short when the regiment hadn't fired a round. Later it was pretty generally conceded that these "shorts" were really German flanking fire from batteries west of Montblainville, southwest of Apremont and west of the Aire.

Although the promised barrage was not fired, the Seventieth Infantry Brigade went over at 5:30 the second morning and fought its way down the eastern side of the Aire valley to Charpentry, through it to Baulny, and beyond to the Bois de Montrebeau.

But they couldn't take the woods. Their left flank was lacerated by heavy artillery fire from the heights of the Argonne and the town of Apremont; their front by direct fire from Exermont on the north; and their right by enfilading machine-gun fire from the hills to the east.

All along the line liaison officers and reconnaissance officers, forward observation officers, and unit commanders were mouthing pleas and orders, entreaties and threats, into the dead ends of field telephones.

Divisional communications were smashed beyond hope of repair. They used runners and, days later, the relieving First Division found many of them, their messages still clutched in dead, pain-twisted fingers.

In the early morning of the third day, September 28, the boche counterattacked in force, but the Thirty-fifth fought him back savagely. By this time units had lost their identities and merged with others. Bewildered patrols from one regiment joined another and fought on.

I do not believe any better description of the situation will ever be set upon paper than that contained in one of the many intelligence reports, for each is a terse, brutally dramatic manuscript.

Part of the Thirty-fifth Divison moved over the road to Varennes in this naked valley in the Argonne.

Major General P. E. Traub, commander of the Thirty-fifth (left), and Major S. C. Cordinger of his staff.

The battle-scarred ravine near Varennes through which the division advanced on September25. (Left.)

Some lucky Germans, among the first captured in the drive, being taken to Boureuilles.

From—RIO (Regimental Intelligence Officer), 140 Inf. At—02.3-78.9 (map co-ordinates), Foret d'Argonne, 1-20,000 (map designation and scale).

Date—Sept. 28. Hour—3 P. M. No. 20. How sent—By runner.

To—G-2, 35th Div.

Reg. halted by terrific artillery shelling and concentrated M. G. fire. See drawing forwarded by 70th Brig. We are flanked by artillery fire from every side but our rear. Our own artillery gave no support during the attack. Enemy planes over our lines during attack, flying low, directing artillery fire on our troops. At 1 P. M. 15 enemy planes flew over our lines firing on our troops with their M. G.'s, causing losses. We have suffered heavy losses in killed and wounded. Men are now in dressing stations that were wounded yesterday. Numbers of wounded men have not been carried off the field. We are short of ammunition which is very badly needed in case of a counterattack by the enemy. The adjutant has been gassed and the C. O. has not been seen since the attack started. Runners unable to find any trace of him.

TRUMAN
RIO.

Colonel Delaplane, the lost C. O. (commanding officer), was found later. He had become separated from his command early in the engagement and was carrying on despite a severe shrapnel wound in the leg. At 6:45, the evening of September 28, he sent a runner message to Divisional Headquarters from Chaudron Road, where he was hemmed in with one company of the 129th Machine Gun Battalion and about sixty straggling infantrymen who had lost touch with their outfits.

ON the fourth day, Sunday, September 29, the Thirty-fifth attacked. There had been a feverish reorganization under constant shell fire the night before, but the four regiments were hopelessly intermingled.

And they hadn't eaten. There had been one attempt to bring up soup kitchens, but the boche had smelled them out and shelled them out. The iron ration—bully beef and hard-tack—had gone long since, and drawn-faced, weary men muttered to each other:

"Geez, if we could only eat!"

Conflicting, hurried orders sent Major Murray Davis and his Third Battalion of the 140th Infantry in before reorganization had been completed. Again there was no friendly barrage, and the casualties were appalling.

About 10 o'clock Major Davis was killed a few hundred yards southeast of Exermont. That finished the Third Battalion. They'd have walked up and tweaked the Kaiser's mustache with Davis to lead them, but without him they were whipped, and knew it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FIVE RED DAYS Continued from Page Eleven]

The advance was pushed to the heights above Gesnes Creek and down into the Exermont ravine, but the Hun resistance was strong and the deep, narrow valley had been treated with the utmost military skill. From both flanks and from directly in front, the Yanks received a sweeping machine-gun cross fire that mortal man could not face.

The Thirty-fifth retreated.

The advance units crumbled and sagged before the order to retire came from the Seventieth Brigade headquarters about 1 P. M.

Convinced, at last, that an utter rout could be avoided by little less than a miracle, General Traub, the divisional commander, had sent orders through the rear areas that the slightly wounded men should arm themselves and return to the line!

He also ordered the 110th Engineers to intrench on a line from Hill No. 231 in the Bois le Bouleaux on the east to L'Esperance on the west with the center resting on Chaudron Farm. To this line the shattered remnants of the Thirty-fifth retreated.

Even here was confusion, chaos. The casualties among officers had been tremendous, and men, game men still willing to fight, milled around because of lack of leaders. At the height of this uncertainty an order, or a false report, to retreat reached the beleaguered line. There is no written record of such an order, and officers competent to issue such a command have denied it. Nevertheless, a second retiring movement began.

TRUMAN—Captain Ralph E. Truman, Intelligence Officer of the 140th Infantry—heard the whisper spread, saw a group start back, and jumped to a rise facing the defaulters.

"For the love of God, men, don't regard that order!" he shouted. "If we retreat over this hill, we're lost!"

It wasn't an order, it was a plea. One desperate officer—one lone, puny human spitting into a caldron of Hades to stop its boiling! But it worked!

Farther down the line, William L. Hart, a Knights of Columbus chaplain, was rallying a detachment of the 139th Infantry without officers.

"You're a captain," he said to one brawny sergeant. "Take command of that group over there and form them on the right of the engineers.

"You're a lieutenant," he said to a corporal.

A mop-up detail advancing through the smashed wire entanglements of the Hagen Stellung.

"Take these men here and straighten them out."

Their minutes were crowded, but they had one for amazement as they regarded this odd figure they associated with rest billets and free cigarettes giving hard-voiced, definite orders. What the hell?

Then they got it. If a K. C. sin-buster with no more gun than a jack rabbit could come out here and organize 'em, by gad, they'd stay organized! They did. The wounded men that Traub had ordered back began to trickle in. They repulsed a vicious counterattack at dawn of September 30, the fifth red day.

On the night of the 30th, the First (regular) Division under Major General Summerall relieved them.

Out on the bloody ground that they had won and lost, Thirty-fifth Division men, wounded four days back, were dying of exposure.

IN five red days of the bitterest strife American troops ever have participated in, the Thirty-fifth Division lost twenty-four officers and 531 men killed; 195 officers and 5,704 men wounded; and six officers and 507 men temporarily missing.

That's not battle. It's slaughter!

Those twisted dead and the battered bodies of the wounded were the price of somebody's blunder. They went in without officers, and men died because of that. They went in without sufficient equipment, and men died because of that. Their communications broke down or were blown out, and men died because of that.

Their food gave out and they fought an intrenched, well-fed enemy on empty bellies. Their ammunition gave out, but they fought on, cursing the Staff. God, how men in the line come to hate the Staff at a time like that!

They had to let their wounded bleed to death because there wasn't time to twist a tourniquet about the arm of a man who had shared his last skag with them.

Somewhere there is a man who is responsible for all that. The buck can be passed just so far, but there is always a last man. The last man has a lot to answer for.

Wounded men lying out there in the dark—calling, calling, calling. Wounded men tearing off their wound tags and going back in for more. Wounded men loading rifles for those who could stand to shoot.

Dead men, face up in the rain. Dead men hanging to the wire of the Hagen Stellung in front of machine-gun emplacements twice their number couldn't have taken. Dead men clinging to messages. Dead men, crumpled!

Gad! I'm glad I'm not that last man!

The German Account

By

SIGRID SCHULTZ

"GUTS and again guts."

"God knows how much material."

"Dead-shot artillery."

"Triumphant youth at its best."

These are the tributes paid to the American forces engaged in the first five days of the Argonne drive by more than half a score of former German officers interviewed for LIBERTY.

Temerity bordering on foolhardiness and lack of training figure on the other side of the score.

That men of the Thirty-fifth Division survived those five red days was due to the brilliant preparatory work of the American artillery, and also, to a tremendous extent, to the fact that they were protected by the fog, and that the German artillery and machine guns were short of ammunition—German leaders who stood in the thick of the battle declare.

Others add that the Argonne drive, begun on September 26, could have been carried forward after October 1 if the American officers in command had been trained to act on their own initiative, derived from a thorough strategic training. The five red days, Major von Stephani declares, reveal conclusively that you can stamp men out of the ground—brave men; you can teach them the main military principles: but that does not make an army of them, an army capable of exploiting all the chances offered by Mars at the lowest risk possible.

This art the Germans learned through many centuries, from the beginning of the Christian era until the nineteenth century, while the armies of Europe were clashing on German soil.

Barbarians fought Romans, French fought Austrians, Swedish Protestants fought Austrian, Spanish, and French Catholics. France and Austria, France and Russia, fought their battles in Central Europe until Germany herself awakened, united her factions, and formed armies that had learned military tactics from twenty centuries of watching others make war.

When the American army began its big drive into the Argonne in 1918, the war had been raging for four years and seven weeks. The entire front, which barred northern and eastern France, was like a huge, fantastic molehill filled with mines and deadly explosives.

The ruins of Exermont, where the advanced American units first crumpled.

Between the big battles, when guns of all calibers and all descriptions were rending the air, rocking the very earth, the plain soldiers in the quiet sectors had established an almost friendly relation with their enemies. Behind the backs of their officers, they exchanged cigarettes. Stories are told of how they tacitly agreed not to disturb each other when celebrating a birthday festivity or the arrival of parcels from home, becoming enemies again when the big guns gave the signal for new attacks.

"When the artillery started you could not get a Frenchman to stick his head out of the dugouts and underground tunnels," a German officer told me; "but as soon as the Americans arrived, they would crane their necks over the parapets and scan the field, ready to fight."

The first Americans, who came as advance men, were put into French uniforms, but their eagerness betrayed them. The Germans knew they were not French; they were Americans straining toward battle.

On September 23, German raiding parties that crossed the Aire brought back American soldiers newly arrived in France. This meant battle. Rush orders came from General Headquarters to the Aire district—to the First Guards Division, to half a field artillery regiment of the Forty-fifth Infantry Division, and to the Fifth Guards Division, which were holding the Aire front. They were sorely depleted. Of 3,000 men who had started out in each of the seven Guards regiments, refilled time and again, an average of only thirty-eight officers, 132 non-commissioned officers, and 718 men were left to battle on September 26.

The leader of the First Guards Division was Prince Eitel Friedrich, the only commander in

the German army whose name will stand beside that of Hindenburg and Ludendorff when the soldiers of yesterday tell their grandchildren of the World War.

Eitel Friedrich was the Drummer of Colonfay to his men. He acquired this title in 1914, when his troops had been ordered to seize Colonfay village without artillery support. He went with them. With them he fought in the man-to-man battle for the burning village demanded by the General Staff.

When feverish preparations for the "American Battle" began on the Aire front, September 26, 1918, the division of Eitel Friedrich had just arrived from the Marne. Since March 1 they had been in the mêlée at Saint-Quentin, Chemin des Dames, and at the crossing of the Marne on July 15—all death-spelling battles. They were sent to the Argonne to rest and replenish their decimated ranks. Together with the Fifth Guards Division they were scattered around Vauquois Hill along the Aire to Exermont.

General Headquarters ordered the bulk of the troops to concentrate on a main line of resistance stretching from Varennes over the Charpentry Ravine to the wood of Very. Only

Montrebeau Wood, as seen from the German positions, where the Seventieth Brigade waded in.

130 men were left in the 4,500 meters of front lines, the German records show. The others abandoned their underground tunnels and sought shelter in machine-gun nests along the new lines of defense.

On the morning of September 26, when the Americans began their historic drive, "orders for the troops in the front trenches had not been received at all points," the day-by-day records of the first regiment of the First Guards show. These records point proudly to "the excellent morale of the men, despite the fact that they were without clear instructions in a terrain they barely knew. Officers and men were convinced of their ability to repulse the enemy, as heretofore. But we must have moderately clear weather. In dense fog it would be impossible to hold the advanced posts, as the enemy could filter in unseen through the widespread gaps of our network. The contact between the different groups of the regiment was still loose because new reserves had been incorporated. The regiment never went into action under more unfavorable circumstances."

NOT only was the artillery unable to pick its targets in the heavy fog, gas, and dust, but the roads were impassable for reinforcements. Only fifty-eight pieces of artillery were left to the First Guards Division. A slightly greater number protected the Fifth Guards Division. Thirty pieces were in the hands of the field artillery regiment of the Forty-fifth Infantry Division. Along the Aire and the Argonne Forest, the heavy guns of the neighboring units lent their help to the First and Fifth Guards divisions. All of them were short of ammunition.

Four hundred rounds to the battery was the average store when the battle began on September 26. Gloom spread in the ranks of German artillerymen when, in the night from September 25 to 26, they heard the rapid fire of the American guns and shells poured down on them, as if the American supply would never end.

"Even the God of War is against us," you read in the day-by-day records of Prince Eitel Friedrich's First Regiment on September 26. These records, official reports, and army orders, most of them confidential documents, were intrusted to LIBERTY to give a picture of the five red days on the German side. Thunders of shell fire surpassing anything ever heard before; hard hitting, continuous shooting, seeking out the very nerve of the resistance lines in a shroud of fog weighed down by sulphur and gas—that is what stands out in the terse reports of the German regiments that fought the Thirty-fifth Division.

> At midnight the cannons are roaring full blast—gas spreads to camps, villages, battery positions. At 2 A. M. the roar increases. The enemy's heavy, low fire hits important traffic junctions, railway stations, villages in our rear. The artillery officers rush appeals for ammunition. The colonel of the First Guards Field Artillery Regiment complains to headquarters that he has only 400 rounds of ammunition for each battery of six guns. No reply. Starting at 3 o'clock gas masks were clamped on. No soldier can venture forth without them. The enemy's fire

Two field officers of the 140th Infantry: Colonel C. E. Delaplane (left) and Major W. L. Mabrey.

> centers on batteries and staff quarters, scarcely grazing front lines.
>
> At 5:30 A. M. silence. Six fresh American divisions launch forward on the whole front. Out of the fog they come and overrun our advanced positions.

Here it is that every single German officer or soldier who was in the battle will tell you of the wonderful pluck of the American soldiers who rushed forward in thick waves when the war-trained Continental troops would advance in wide formation to avoid being mowed down. But the German batteries were short of ammunition. They could not squander it firing blindly into the fog. This saved the Thirty-fifth Division from destruction.

At 9 o'clock the American soldiers stood before the main line of resistance. Man to man they battled for the barbed-wire obstacles. Germans rushed from the underground tunnels only to be pressed back, step by step. No machine gun, no cannon to help in this struggle. They were blind in the fog. Their telephone lines had been shot and silenced in the grueling preparatory artillery fire. The commanders of the regiment lost touch with their men and, in adventurous escape, slid through the advancing Americans, to join those in retreat.

Wedel Battalion stood in the background, ready to help the retreating men make a stand. They fought behind the main line of resistance. Americans appeared in their rear. They had broken through the south and north flanks.

The Germans fought their way through to the second line stretching from Charpentry east of Cheppy and Very. The wood of Very was lost. Rows deep, the bodies of soldiers and officers, friends and enemies, lay there.

AT Eclis Fontaine the Americans almost broke through this second line. Wedel Battalion came to the rescue of the weakening, retreating regiment. In a new attack, the men of the Thirty-fifth Division tried to break through. They could not. They dug in for the night.

While the American soldiers were battling to force the main line of resistance, Vauquois Hill stood menacingly in their rear, locked in a ring of fire and iron.

For four years German sappers had worked day and night to drive bombproof tunnels into the limestone rock. Three hundred feet below the base, level galleries were filled with high explosives strong enough to blow up the entire hill. At times a whole infantry regiment had been concentrated here to defend a section less than a mile in length. On September 26 it was defended by Lieutenant Friedrich von Huellesheim, his seventy-five men, and six light machine guns. Huellesheim was nineteen years old. With pride the German army points to the pluck of this youngster.

This was Huellesheim's first important assignment. For his mother he kept a diary, which he has intrusted to LIBERTY. At Vauquois he wrote that the heavy shellfire

> shook the very foundations of the earth. In strict accordance with my instructions, I ordered my men to remain in the underground tunnels when the artillery fire began. I went to my bunk to study my instructions. One was issued by the division chief and ordered me to blow up the hill in case of emergency and retreat to the main line of resistance with my company. The other, issued by the commander of the battalion, said, "Hold the hill to the last." Pretty fix. There was no possibility of retreat—all roads and paths were under terrific artillery fire—so I stuck to the battalion order.
>
> At 5:30 A. M. the fire subsided and dawn set in. Dense fog surrounded us when we left our dugouts and took our position in what formerly had been trenches. The enemy's artillery had swept away the entire trench sys-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Battery C of the 108th Field Artillery peppering the Germans in their retreat from Varennes.

Battery C of the 130th Field Artillery and some captured German "Schneiders."

[FIVE RED DAYS
Continued from Page Thirteen]

tem on the Vauquois and at the same time enveloped the hill in heavy smoke clouds.

The Germans, emerging from their tunnels, dazed by the heavy artillery fire, could see nothing. Here and there a blurred figure flitted through the fog, too indistinct a target for the waiting machine-gunners. The men heard tanks crash by their right and left flank.

When the fog had lifted a little [Huellesheim wrote], I could see that the enemy had broken through on the right and left wing, thus surrounding the hill from three sides. Soon the Americans had gained the back side and tried to climb the hill in spite of our machine-gun fire. The time had come for a counterattack. I collected all the orderlies and men I could spare under the command of my ensign and ordered them to attack the enemy from the left flank while I ran through the underground tunnel to the right side of the hill where a platoon was stationed in reserve. I crashed into a few stray sappers, who informed me that the platoon had already been rushed to the aid of the Sixth Company.

I knew the game was up. Nothing could be saved but our honor. I despatched two pigeons to carry our last message: "Americans trying to ascend hill on all sides. Shall fight to the last. God save the King!"

At noon the American trench mortars renewed their activity, causing heavy losses among the last men on Vauquois Hill. One after the other the light machine guns went to pieces. Ammunition ran short. There was no possibility of replenishing it. At 6 o'clock Huellesheim was taken prisoner with eighteen men, the only surviving defenders of Vauquois.

While the battle was raging around Vauquois Hill, on the main line of resistance, Regiment Tauentzien of the Fifth Guards Division was ordered to Montrebeau Wood, between Charpentry and Exermont. It was about Montrebeau Wood that the decisive battle of the five red days was fought. Here the German strategists decided to cut off the American vanguards, rushing toward Exermont and Apremont, from the main body of the troops. Here the man-to-man battle raged incessantly for three long days and nights.

Hectic reorganization orders kept the troops churning in the battle area in the night from September 26 to 27. The Guards regiments reported that

the left flank is strengthened through the arrival in Cierges of two battalions of the 212th Infantry Regiment, which are placed under the orders of Regiment Stephani of the First Guards Division.

The morning of September 27 the line of resistance stretched from Bouson Hill, Montblainville, to Cierges. It was held by the First and Fifth Guards and by units of Infantry Regiments Nos. 20, 117, 150, and 157. A raiding party of the Sixth Company of the First Guards broke through to Very and brought back a much-needed battery with the help of only two horses.

The American artillery had been placed in new positions. At 2 A. M. new dead-shot fire. At 3 o'clock the enemy's infantry advances in compact masses, but cannot break through. The batteries commanded by von Studnitz fire into the rear of the American forces, paralyzing the movements behind their lines. On the right flank the enemy forces the line with tanks. The first regiment of the First Guards retreats.

Counterattacks of the German regiments take them to Baulny and Montblainville. At 1 P. M. the division staff reports the Americans retreating into Cheppy Wood. Almost the entire Second Regiment of the First Guards was wiped out in this engagement. Nine hundred and fifty-eight men and officers out of 1,000 were killed, wounded, or taken prisoner.

At 4 o'clock the division reports Montrebeau Wood taken by the American forces.

At sunset the Germans held the line in front of Bromlay Wood and the northern outskirts of Cierges Forest to Franzenhof, with the Americans pressing hard on their heels.

During the night the First and Second battalions of the 212th Regiment and Machine Gun Detachment No. 71 were placed in line.

Orders for a simultaneous north and east attack on Montrebeau Wood were issued for the following day. As regimental reports state:

September 28 the enemy is concentrating before our lines. Wedel Battalion makes a counterattack toward Marienthal Fort. Enemy breaks down against our well directed artillery fire.

Again Montrebeau Wood stands out in the division reports. General Staff ordered artillery stationed in the Argonne Forest to advance to the east borders of the forest and direct its fire against the Americans there.

At 8:45 A. M. the Division Information Office forwards the aviators' report that Montrebeau has been taken by storm by the Americans.

At 11:30 o'clock American tanks break through the Germans massed at Chaudron Farm. The enemy is gathering its forces to make an infantry attack out of Montrebeau Wood.

Those in Peril on the Tee

By P. G. Wodehouse

A story of two men who hated to be loved—

And yet, they were forced into it

In Next Week's LIBERTY

At 12 o'clock Regiment Elizabeth is ordered to advance toward Apremont.

The Fifth Division is ordered to take Montrebeau Wood. The division commander refuses. His forces are spent. His artillery is almost gone.

As Major von Stephani assured me, one of the batteries of the Fifth Division had only six rounds of ammunition. Nevertheless, headquarters reiterate the order to take Montrebeau.

Boys of the Thirty-fifth resting between gusts from the battle's inferno.

On the morning of September 29 the Americans advance on the whole line covered by tanks. The attack is repulsed. At 8 A. M. new American attack; the Americans break through and take Exermont. This victory is useless unless they can hold Montrebeau Wood.

The 111th Infantry Regiment is placed into line under the Fifth Guards Division to take part in a big counterattack on Montrebeau.

At 4 P. M. half of the Fifth Division has reached the east border of Montrebeau, sweeping the Americans before them. The Fourth Guards Regiment and Regiment Elizabeth are advancing slowly, since the enemy is firing numerous machine guns at top speed from the north end of Montrebeau.

American counterattacks pushed back the Germans. Headquarters issued new orders against the American methods of attack of infantry swarming in dense masses. Against the young morale of the Yankees, grenades with quick-acting fuses should be used.

After an all-day battle, word finally reached headquarters at midnight that the Fifth Guards Division had reconquered Montrebeau. The next morning at 8:45 o'clock German infantry marches into Montrebeau Wood.

The Americans are determined to get back Montrebeau. Two strong counterattacks were made, but the Americans could not wrench Montrebeau Hill and woods out of German hands. In the evening the First and Fifth Divisions reported to German headquarters that

orders have been carried out. The German forces hold the line Bielmeadow, the south end of Montrebeau Wood.

The First Guards Division and the Fifth Guards Division bore the brunt of this battle. They alone reported 260 dead, 1,022 wounded, and 2,107 missing. These two divisions went into battle with less than 7,000 men. The losses actually were greater, because the figures of the 111th Infantry and other smaller units are not available.

The losses had been so great that on October 5 the Fifth Guards Division ceased to exist.

One million nine hundred and fifty-four thousand men dead; 4,247,864 wounded form the total of men who sacrificed themselves for their Fatherland.

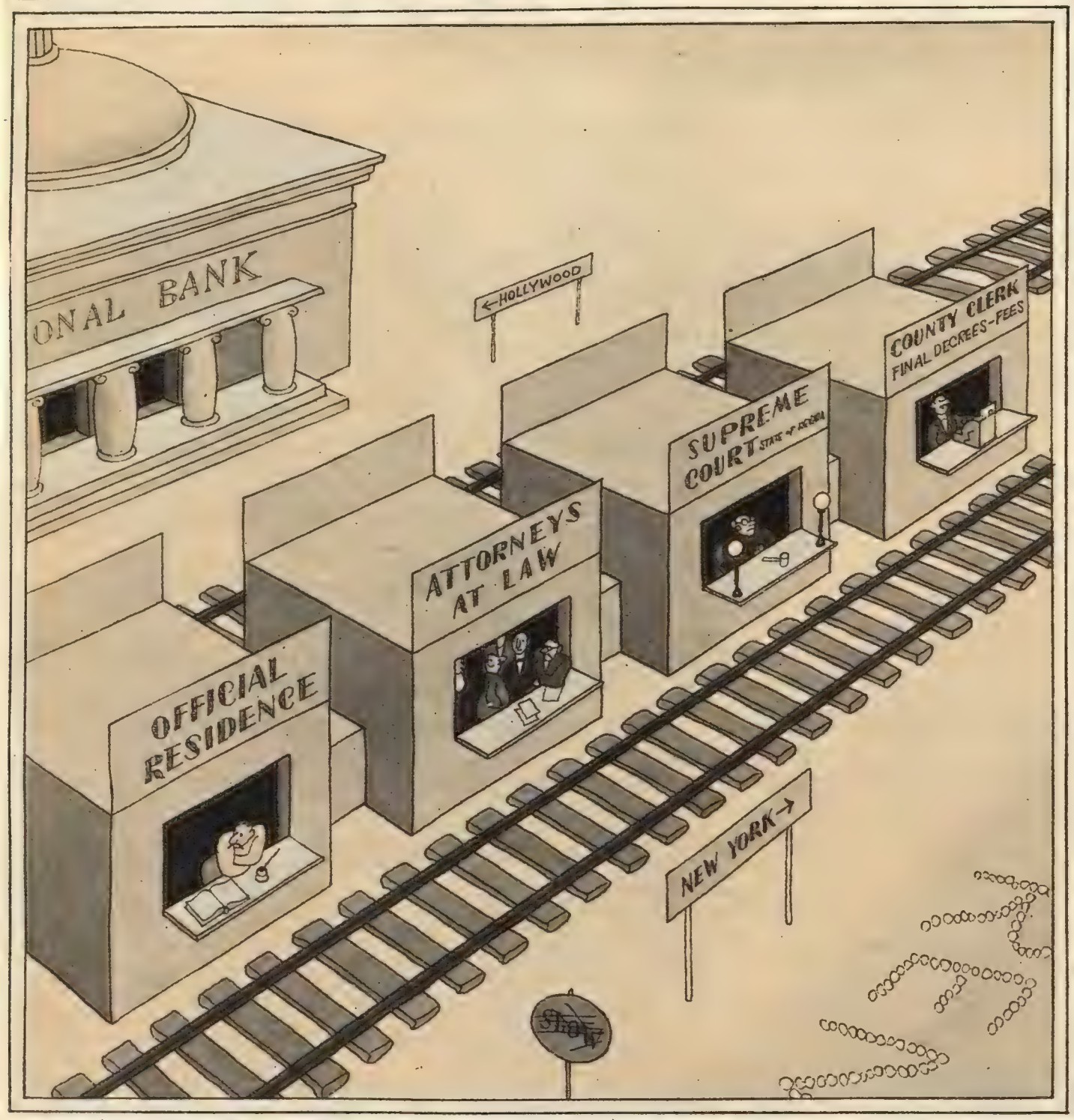
Ask the German survivors of the five red days and of countless other battles on the Western Front: "Who overran the German army?" The plain soldier will unite with the highest ranking officer to declare, "The Americans did it." The Germans fought twenty-six nations united in arms against Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey. But "American pluck, American material saved the war for the twenty-six nations," is the unanimous statement of more than half a score of the most prominent men who witnessed the five red days in the Argonne, Meuse, and the big battles on the Western Front.

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

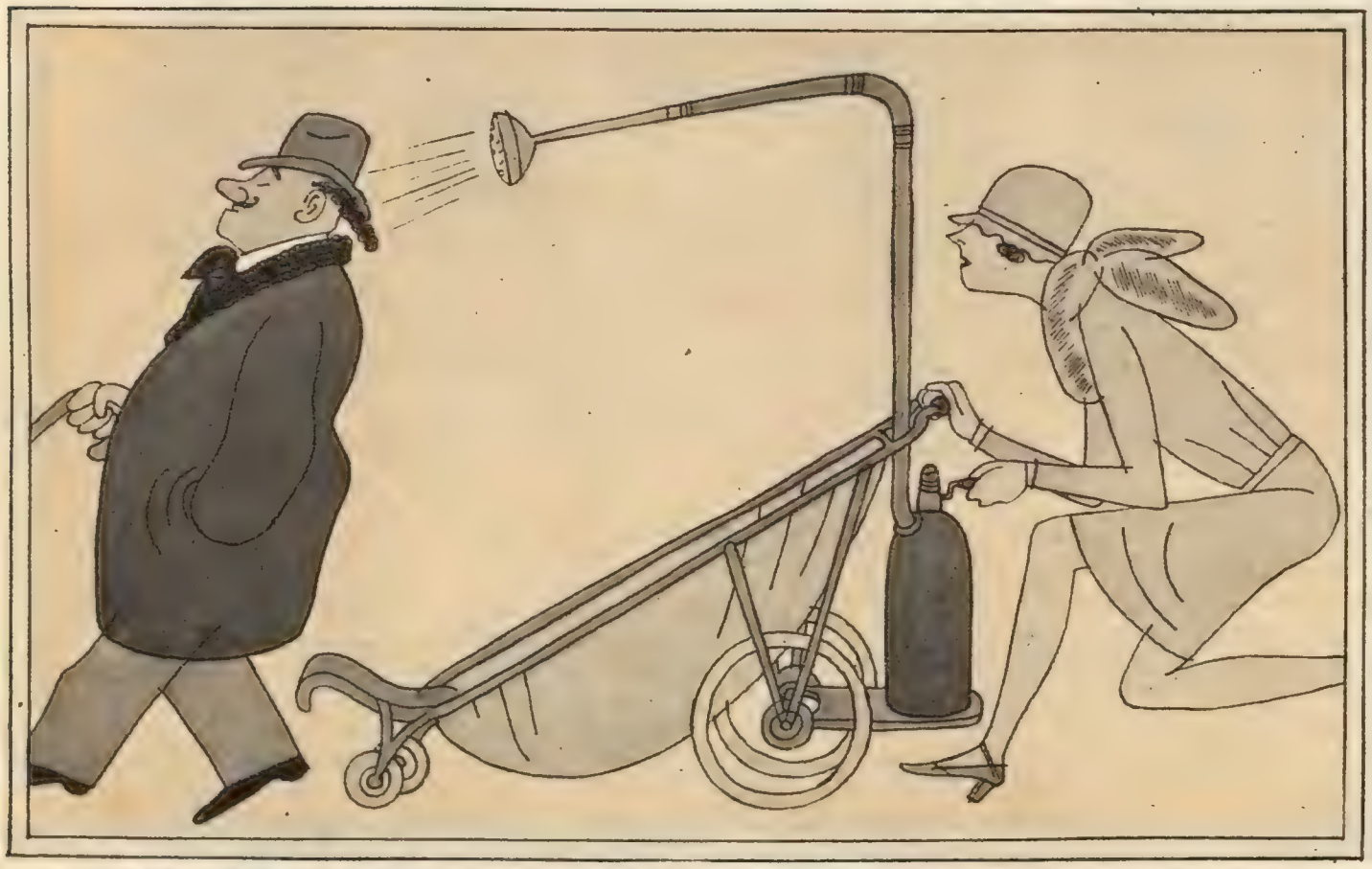
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



RENO THUMBS ITS NOSE AT THE DIVORCE-WHILE-YOU-WAIT FACILITIES OF PARIS AND MEXICO. Having slipped a bill through the Legislature cutting the required length of residence in half, the up-and-coming Nevada city opens up its new row of Divorce Counters along the railway to accommodate passengers on the fast through transcontinental trains.

MRS. DAISY CUTLUM KLOPP, of our Knights and Ladies of the Right, opens campaign against reducing. Mrs. Klopp says that thin women are ugly, unhealthy, and un-American.



A CLEVER NEW DEVICE TO AID SOCIALLY AMBITIOUS hostesses in securing celebrated people as dinner guests. The rubber-tired transporter is pushed vigorously into the back of the celebrity as the manipulator releases a spray of sleeping-gas from the tank.

ESKIMO DRAWING OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN, made from a description by an explorer of our prohibitory and Comstockian laws that take such good care of us.

The BIG Boob

A Short Wh

"NOT so tight, please! I can't breathe!" She whispered it as they danced, and added with incredibly exquisite tact: "You forget how strong you are!"

What man ever lived that would not have preferred praise for strength above all other praise? Tom Stafford stood at the head of the junior class. He was going to graduate with first honors if he could keep his stride. But when Lois Pierce gasped, "You forget how strong you are!" all academic honors and ambitions became mere bubbles—empty inflations of soap and water. The only decent thing for a man to be was *strong*.

Trust Lois to say the perfect thing! Tom was big compared to Napoleon's four foot eleven, but he was small compared to George Washington's six foot two. Which was the exact height of Tom's classmate, Big Dillard, the anchor of the football team and the envy of all the other men in college. Dillard was one of those human landmarks that make the passer-by exclaim, "Oh, who's all that?"

Those had been the very words of Lois when they first entered the ballroom for the junior prom. It was her first visit to Tom's college, and she and her mother had come to town as his guests. Among all the swarming collegians, she had selected the towering Dillard for her first comment.

"Oh, who's all that?" she had squeaked. And Tom had paid to Dillard the tribute of homage due the man on whose strength the athletic prestige of the college chiefly hung. He had compared Dillard in the Thanksgiving football game to Leonidas at Thermopylæ.

Immediately, as if he had overheard the eulogy and wished to repay it, Dillard drifted toward Tom and greeted him with a friendliness unprecedented. This gave Tom the further thrill of presenting to Lois an athlete whose name was eminent among the headlines.

It was not till later that Tom understood the dastardly purpose back of Dillard's hypocritical cordiality. He wanted to meet Tom's importation to the prom, and as soon as he was presented he proceeded to bore in, bunt Tom aside, and completely hide him with his battleship beam.

Tom's first reason for inviting Lois had been that she was even smaller than he was. She made him look tall by comparison. She was distinctly becoming to him. Secondly, she was the prettiest thing he had ever laid eyes on. Thirdly, she was awfully "intelleckchal" in conversation.

When Big Bill loomed over him, Tom felt suddenly insignificant, diminished, Lilliputian. He did not like Dillard nearly so well as he had a moment before. But Lois looked even prettier than ever in her tiny perfections as she gazed up to Dillard and he looked down on her.

And then Big Dillard cut in, and gave hi

TOM, shunted aside and concealed, was resolving within himself that brute strength is the lowest attribute of the human race; that mere bulk is even less admirable. What was Dillard, anyway, but a monstrous chunk of beef? And as for strength—why, the stupidest baby elephant could bunt him over!

Then he heard Dillard—the big boob—asking Lois for the first dance. The fathead did not even know enough to wait till she had danced it with her host.

Lois put him off with a gracious "Later, perhaps, I'd love it!"

The music struck up and Tom triumphantly danced Lois out from under the shadow of Dillard. It was like steering a little flivver out of a garage. The other fellows began to popeye at Lois over their partners' shoulders and make signals to Tom for future introductions.

Tom's ecstasy was such that he hugged his prize too tight, and she squealed, "You forget how strong you are!" Marvelous words! They would go beautifully in Latin.

And then Big Dillard had to cut in! With a thrust of his gorilla paws, he wedged Tom and Lois apart and gathered Lois in his huge arms.

When Tom protested that by all the sacred laws of junior promdom the whole dance was his, Dillard laughed and gave him a playful jolt with the heel of his hand—just as he would straight-arm some hurtling tackler on the football field.

Tom went backward in ludicrous humiliation, caroming from one dancing couple to another, and landing in the lap of somebody's mother. He apologized and slunk off to a spot against the wall, where he watched Big Dillard wrestling with his girl, whipping her delicate frame around the floor as if she were a rag doll.

AND she was loving it, of course. Tom could read. He knew from all too many books that women adore animal power and enjoy being carried off by the stoutest thug in the wilderness. Lois was looking up at Dillard, laughing into his laughing eyes.

Story of a Rough-Toss Romeo Was Licked with a Laugh

By
RUPERT HUGHES

Pictures by J. C. SHEPHERD

playful jolt with the heel of his hand.

Tom dared not try to cut back on Dillard's cut-in, for fear he would receive another of Dillard's favorite caresses—which was to put his thumb under a fellow's chin, snap his jaws shut, and smear his big hand all over a fellow's face, then shove him backward over a bench or a chair or something. Oh, a choice humorist!

And now Tom suddenly realized why firearms were invented. They had to be, to protect men of a proper size from the outrages of abnormal freaks. Tom had never known before what it felt like to want to murder somebody. Now he understood why murderers are usually so haughty in court, and why they often go to the electric chair with a certain complacency. They have done what they had to do.

Why hadn't Tom's mother provided him with a frame like Dillard's? What if Dillard's big skull were full of mush instead of brains? What did brains get you?

TO avoid watching Lois and Dillard, Tom turned and dashed toward the outer air. He looked up at the stars through rainy lashes. He wanted to die and get out of this rotten world.

He felt on his arm a hand as gentle as a snowflake. He heard a voice still softer. Lois had found him. She was saying:

"Why, Tom, what are you doing off here alone?"

He looked up, thinking to see Dillard hiding most of the sky. But Dillard was not with her. Lois alone was there in the starlight, and her voice was tenderer than the starlight as she said:

"What an abominable bounder that man Dillard is. I had to be nice to him because he was your friend. But I can't abide the stupid idiot! He's like a giant defective out of a museum. Please don't make me dance with him again."

"Oh, Lois! Lois!"

And now Tom was crying the most refreshing tears; and, her arms around him, she was murmuring inspired wisdoms like:

"Why, Tom! Why, Tom honey! You dear, darling boy, you didn't think—why, Tom honey!"

Lois was really too adorable for this poor earth.

Tom began to laugh as foolishly as he had cried, and Lois understood him so perfectly that there must be something in that womanly intuition thing he had read so much about.

They stood out there, arm in arm, till his tears dried and Lois began to grow cold, and then the music called them back.

IT was nice music—jazz of the intelleckchal sort.

And then, just as all was for the best in the best of possible worlds, Tom was knocked off the rainbow he was riding, and his shoulder blade almost went through his chest bone. It was another of Big Dillard's little friendly accolades. And, with the delicious tact of a rogue elephant, he was trumpeting:

"I think the rest of this dance is mine."

Tom was sunk again to the depths of the depths. But he heard Lois gasping:

"Oh! Ooh! I've sprained my ankle, I think. No, don't touch me—it's better to walk on it!"

And she came limping to Tom's side, set her luscious hand inside his elbow, and leaned on his arm. She hobbled ostentatiously out of the ballroom, and Tom, glancing back to see if he were followed, saw Dillard standing like a stupid bowlder in the midst of a high surf of dancers who broke upon him and slid off.

There was a look in Dillard's eyes in which Tom read many things: shame at being snubbed, fierce desire for the little creature that had abandoned him, and an ominous hate for the runt that carried her off.

Tom could not forget that look even in his rapture over Lois' incredible wit when she stopped limping, the moment they were out of sight, and took a few dance steps to reassure Tom.

He caught her in his arms for a whirl on the stone flagging under the stars, but she said:

"Let's go somewhere and hide where he can't find us, and have a good, long talk. I could dance with you forever, but that rhinoceros won't let me alone."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BIG BOOB
Continued from Page Seventeen]

There followed perhaps as momentous a parley as two intelleckchal beings ever held.

Before they stopped talking, Tom had informed Lois that she was God's final triumph, and that existence without her would be a good thing to chuck right there and then.

But she saved his life by confessing that she felt much the same way about him, and that, unworthy as she was of the honor of being tolerated by so great a scholar as Tom, if he would have her she would wait for him till the stars of the desert grew cold.

That was the pity of it. It is the pity of all very young romance. Nature makes the girls *Juliets* at thirteen and the men *Romeos* at sixteen; but the hideous mix-up called civilization compels them to wait till *Romeo* has become a prosperous *Shylock* and *Juliet* is as time-worn as her own nurse before they can afford to get married.

So these two, their hearts afire with yearning, bravely agreed that as soon as he had finished his senior year and had found a job somewhere and had saved enough, they would become man and wife.

It did not look as if it could take so brilliant a man more than two years out of college to prove his worth. It would be, then, only a matter of enduring a thousand nights apart. But so many things can happen in a thousand nights and days!

WHEN Tom had taken Lois to her mother and escorted them both to the boarding-house and stolen a good-night kiss, he walked back to his dormitory, feeling at least eleven feet high. He walked so large that if he had met Dillard he would have stepped over his head at a stride.

But the next morning he was only a college boy on the way to recitation. And when he saw Dillard, Dillard was once more a giant who dwarfed him. Furthermore, Dillard was in an ugly mood. In a dialect that showed how much advantage he had had of his three years in cloistral culture, he growled:

"Hey, Stafford, I wanna put a flea in your ear. That girl you brought out last night is just about my idea of the world's best bet. She's what I been lookin' for and I'm much obliged to you for leadin' her down here. You and I'll be just the best little friends that ever happened, providin' you don't get in my way. I'm nuts about that kid. Honest! Why, I couldn't hardly sleep last night. I'd quit college this minute if it wasn't for the team. And maybe I won't come back, at that. I'm thinkin' quite serious about settlin' down and marryin' that little dame. I wanna call on her today, but I forgot to ask her address. Slip it to me."

"She's leaving on the nine-o'clock train."

"Where does she live?"

"She's not going home. She and her mother are going to visit some relatives in —in California."

"But where does she live when she's home?"

THE old mother appeared and chased him out by the sheer awe of her age.

"She's not going home. From California they're going around the world, I believe."

"Say, *say*, SAY! What's all this travelogue? Are you tryin' to kid me? Are you tryin' to keep me from that girl?" Tom looked up into a poised avalanche. His whole world was blotted out by the vast face of Dillard set on mountainous shoulders.

It was sickening to realize that all of Tom's honesty, his learning, his love, every one of his rights as an American citizen, amounted to nothing in the presence of this superior force. Napoleon said it when he said, "God is on the side of the strongest battalions."

Dillard had but to take Tom and do with him what his whim proposed. Tom could not outrun the fleet giant. He had no wings to fly away with. Dignity could not save him, nor bluff; Dillard was too thick to understand either. There was only one weapon of self-defense available—a lie. Tom was a lad of high honor, and abhorred deception. He had no skill and no practice in the art. He believed that one should perish rather than lie.

THE truth was sacred, but so were so many other sacred things that there was not enough sacredness to go round. Tom made a noble effort to tell a good lie while he was at it.

"Why, Big," he said, "what would I want to kid you for? How could I keep you from Miss Pierce? She doesn't belong to me. If you want her you're welcome to her. I see myself trying to cut you out with a girl—ha, ha, ha!—ho, ho, ho!—that's funny! Miss Pierce is simply crazy about you."

He laughed himself out from under Big Dillard's overhanging clutches, but his brain was in a tumult of anarchy, of resentment against

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

The soup everybody likes!

SOUP
served as Tomato Sauce!

PERHAPS it is "news" to you that thousands and thousands of skillful housewives garnish many different dishes with tomato sauce that comes from a can labeled condensed "Tomato Soup!" You know what a delicious relish good tomato sauce imparts.

Campbell's Tomato Soup, just as it comes from the can and without the addition of water makes the ideal tomato sauce. It is the essence of the very finest tomatoes and, being condensed, offers the richest, concentrated tomato goodness. For condensed tomato soup of the best quality is the puree of luscious, red-ripe tomatoes, enriched with golden country butter and seasoned with utmost skill by experienced chefs. By using this condensed soup you are certain to obtain a sauce of *proved* uniform quality and reputation, for you are thoroughly familiar with the goodness of the soup, know it by the maker's name, and serve it and enjoy it regularly on your table. That is probably the biggest advantage of Campbell's Tomato Soup used as a sauce—*the soup is good, so the sauce is bound to be good!*

YOU WILL be surprised and delighted at the all-round usefulness and convenience of tomato soup as a sauce. Meat and fish of many different kinds take on a new zest and attractiveness when garnished with it. Breaded lamb chops, veal cutlets, Hamburger steak, goulash, hashes and stews in almost infinite variety, sausage and frankfurters, meat and fish balls—these and countless others all "taste so much better" with the addition of this tempting sauce. Of course there is no end to the refreshing and wholesome salads which the clever housewife prepares with the aid of this tomato-soup sauce. Spaghetti, rice, cheese, eggs and vegetables in various combinations, offer an extra appeal to the appetite when this sauce adds its piquant flavor. Housewives regularly use it, also, as a part of other and more elaborate sauces, dressings and gravies to which they wish to give the delicious tomato flavor. It is especially popular mixed with roast beef gravy.

DO NOT overlook, either, the great helpfulness of this condensed tomato-soup sauce in making palatable and attractive, yesterday's meat "warmed up" for today's luncheon or supper. In fact, the sparkling flavor of such a sauce saves many a left-over and converts it into a dish which you are glad to serve and to eat yourself.

This is another reason for the extraordinary popularity of tomato soup. It is the leading household favorite among soups. In addition it proves such an all-round help in the daily preparation of other dishes that no housewife can afford to be without it.

So, when you are supplying your pantry with condensed tomato soup, add some extra cans for use as a sauce. You will discover so many ways of using it that you will decide to keep it constantly on hand—both for soup and for sauce. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Naturally Lovable

"That Schoolgirl Complexion"

—is kept and safeguarded by thousands through following this simple rule in daily skin care

MODERN beauty culture, today, starts largely with choosing a bland complexion soap.

That's the reason millions use Palmolive—a soap made solely to safeguard the skin.

In America, it is the largest selling toilet soap. In France, it is supplanting French soaps by the score!

Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

AS more women become skilled in the ways of beauty, more and more turn to natural ways in skin care.

That means a clean skin; pores kept free of accumulations to perform their functions *naturally.*

Thus modern beauty culture starts with soap and water; its only secret being the KIND of SOAP one uses—and how.

Palmolive is a beauty soap. A soap made of bland and soothing cosmetic oils, solely for one purpose; to safeguard the complexion. A soap made to be used freely, lavishly on the skin.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

Used in the following way, it is credited with more beautiful skins, probably, than any other beauty method. Its results you see on every side today.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

the world and the bully who had scared him into depravity. For perhaps the first time in his life, he was profane. His soul cursed hysterically:

"My God, I'm telling him he can have my girl; I'm giving him that sweet child, my future wife—because I am afraid, because I am a dirty, rotten, skunking coward and cry-baby!"

But those were only his thoughts, and Dillard could not read them. He took out his date book and wrote it down as Tom gave up the address and all hope of Lois. Dillard said he would write to the little peacherino right away, and he thanked Tom with a blow on the shoulder that nearly drove him into the ground.

Later Tom received a letter from Lois inclosing Dillard's effort to express his admiration for her. Lois said she had laughed herself sick over it. The butcher's boy could have written a better one and she'd just as lief go out with him.

Tom saw nothing to laugh at in Dillard's letter. The scrawl was clumsy, but that was because the pen was too small for that mighty hand. Dillard murdered syntax and trampled the rules of spelling underfoot; but so he did with all who opposed him.

He dared not confess to Lois his shame or his bewilderment, and continued to make love to her by correspondence. But he felt that he was carrying on an intrigue with Dillard's girl. Of course there was always the encouraging possibility that Dillard would get his neck broken on the athletic field, or die of the flu or something.

No such luck solved the riddle, but Dillard did accept a position in a lumber camp to keep in training. He wrote Lois that he was doing this to make money so that he could support her like she was used to being supported.

Tom had a summer of extraordinary delight in the company of Lois, the delight enhanced immeasurably by the feeling that it was stolen from Dillard.

WHEN college reopened in the fall, Tom found Dillard there, as big as life and twice as conceited. The faculty had let him come back in spite of his bad examination marks and the suspicions of rival colleges. And Dillard proceeded to stir a national sensation on the football field. His head was so turned that he forgot Lois and ran wild among a mob of female adorers.

Tom did not invite Lois to visit the college in his senior year. He preferred her absence to subjecting her to Dillard's presence, and he cherished a profound hope that the brute's memory was as bad as his powers of ratiocination. But "elephants never forget."

Tom graduated with a *summa cum laude* that did him no harm with the people he asked for a job. They had no knowledge of its meaning; neither had they any jobs to give.

For a time he was driven to clerking in a drug store, where he filled glasses and sloshed them in the dirty cleaning water.

His brain was busy, however, and at length an inspiration came to him. His mother owned a small building containing a long, narrow, dark room that was supposed to be a store. But the tenants were few and stayed only long enough to run up a bill for rent and go bust.

The success of the town's one moving-picture palace inspired Tom to a great idea. One night, when he stood outside it in a long line with Lois for the dozenth time, Tom cried:

"Why not turn mamma's old empty store into a movie palace and take up this overflow?"

"What a genius you are!"

It was a good deal sooner said than done, but Tom managed to interest enough of the village's floating capital to rent folding seats, a piano, a ticket booth, a projection machine, and a series of films.

Lois insisted on contributing her share to the firm, and installed herself in the cage as ticket-seller.

THE other house had contracts with all the more reputable exchanges, and Tom was driven to taking the cheaper and flashier type of pictures. Which was just what the town wanted. The money began to roll in, and Tom and Lois were wont to indulge in dances of wild glee every night when they totaled up the nickels and dimes into dollars.

The classic scholar now tried to talk like a film salesman. He began to forget all he had learned about Greek goddesses and to acquire information on the careers of screen deities.

He and Lois now postponed their marriage solely because they grew more and more ambitious. They would save till they could rent one of the town's best homes for what they were already calling their "love nest."

They had all but forgotten the existence of

HE bent down and roared through the little window: "What! Him? Don't make me laugh."

Big Dillard, when, lo and behold, a big photograph of him popped out of an exhibitor's trade paper—out of *every* exhibitor's trade paper.

Carried away by the success of an even more famous football hero who had made a triumphant screen appearance, an independent company calling itself Fascinating Films announced that it would do a picture to be called Gridiron Grimes, featuring that grim ground-gainer, that household word for heroism, that heart stimulant, Big Dillard, whom they had engaged at a fabulous figure to appear in a series of screen epics.

Tom and Lois groaned. Here he was following them even into this new retreat! Lois, the ever-cheerful, cleared the air with a magic word:

"As long as he stays in Hollywood, we should worry! And one thing's certain: there's no law compelling us to show him in our theater."

But they could not escape his photographs. The publicity men for Fascinating Films managed to thrust Big Dillard's bulldog mug into nearly every known publication.

His published salary—and how it was published!—was dumfounding, even if you took off the two ciphers that had undoubtedly been contributed by the lavishly generous publicity men.

But alas for the hopes of Dillard and Fascinating Films! Success as an actor requires an amount of mental agility, adaptability, and concentration that was utterly beyond his power. His emotional muscles simply would not respond to the director's signals. He was the worst of the world's worst actors. Scenario men wrote and rewrote his scenes, and the director doggedly hounded him through the picture. It was assembled and shown to a group of officials who were simply "putrefied with astonishment." Mournfully the company decided that the film was unworthy of the company's reputation.

Dillard found himself dumped back into private life. The producers did not tell him to his face what they said of him behind his back—that he was the world's biggest piece of cheese. It would have been unsafe as well as unkind.

They told him that he was too big a man to be wasted on a little company like theirs. They told him anything to get him out without a battle.

And kindly nature protected him from suspecting the truth. For a while Dillard sought engagements with other companies and he met some of the most flattering rejections ever received outside of Japan.

TOM and Lois learned through the trade papers, which Dillard never read, that he was known as "Fascinating's flattest flop," and their curiosity was so great that they persuaded an exchange man to give them a private view of the picture. It was miraculously bad. They laughed themselves sick over it.

The memory of his astounding performance would set them off for days.

They laughed while they were signing the lease for the house of their dreams; for they had decided to delay their wedding no longer.

Suddenly they ceased to laugh at the name of Dillard, for the morning paper announced that he was coming to town—Dillard himself, in person.

He "had refused further offers to continue in the films, and had decided to devote his remarkable abilities to the arts of physical culture, of which he was the supreme exponent."

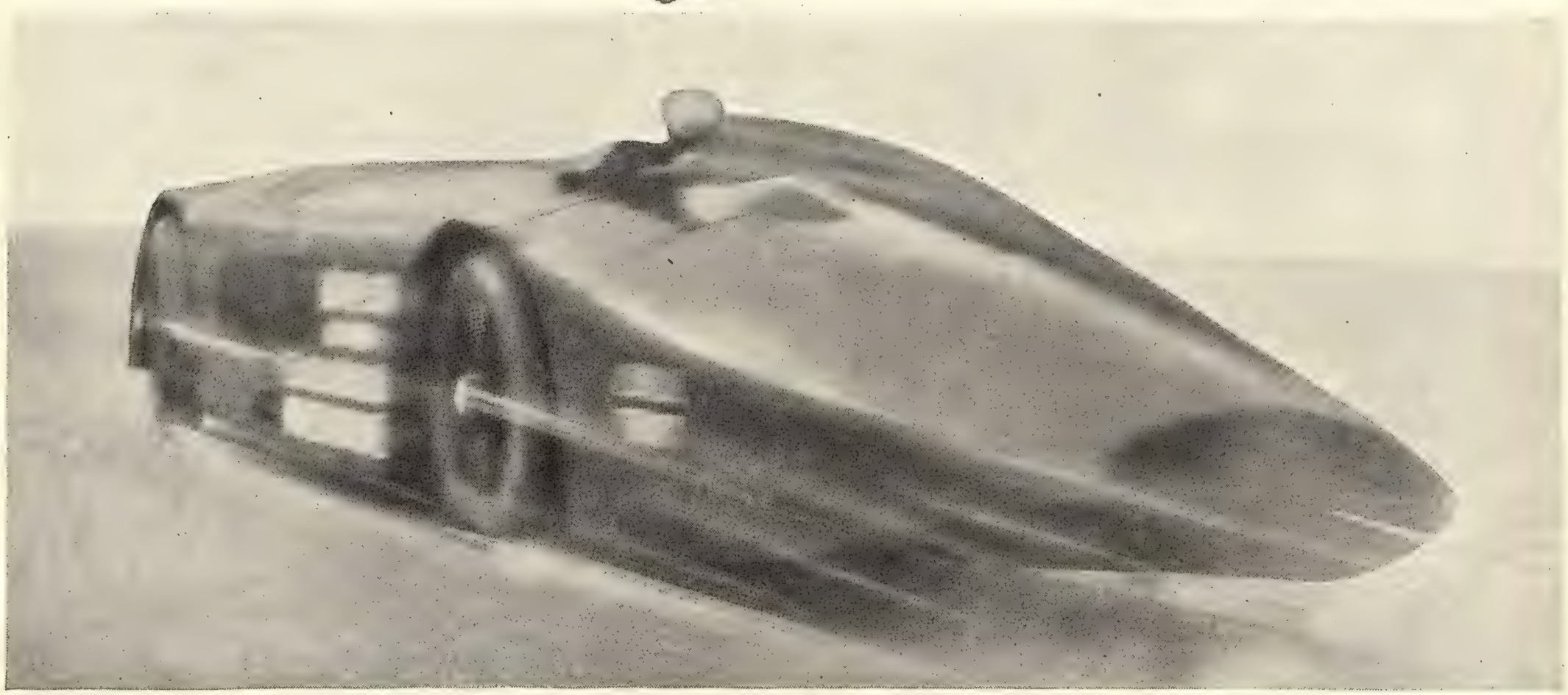
Tom and Lois did not meet him at the train, but the Mayor did. For several days Dillard was absorbed in advertising himself as the savior of the tired business man and the abolisher of redundant abdomens. The bulk of his press matter and billboard paper was taken up with portraits of himself in the almost altogether.

Tom usually read his morning paper as he shaved, and he cut himself the first morning as he tried to contrast his own meager frame with the published portrait of Dillard in full bathroom uniform.

Worse was yet to come. Dillard, passing along the street like a moving-van, caught sight

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

203.8 miles an hour

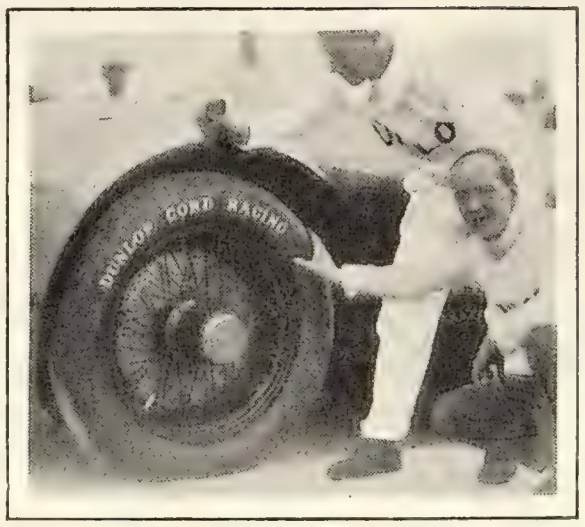


A new world's record for tire-endurance

AT FLORIDA, on Daytona Beach, Major H. O. D. Segrave, in his giant Sunbeam car, shot over the ground at a rate of 30.8 miles an hour faster than any human being had ever done —203.8 miles an hour!

The tires formed the big question mark as to whether this could be done. Such speed attacks tires with the heat of a fiery furnace.

But the tires were Dunlops . . . . they withstood the speed . . . . . they withstood the heat.



Inspecting the Dunlop Tires that carried Major Segrave to his unbelievable speed record. None but the most perfect tires built could stand the terrific heat of such a gruelling test. Put Dunlops on your car.

Dunlop Tires and Dunlop Circular Tubes make good everywhere—on the race track or on the highway.

Thirty-nine years of tire-building experience have taught Dunlop how to build the balanced tire so vital for long trouble-free mileage.

It pays to choose Dunlops for your car, whether you are risking your life in a hurtling racer, or driving along a quiet road.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CO.
BUFFALO . . . NEW YORK

DUNLOP

FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

of Lois in her ticket booth, and parked himself in front of it, keeping a dozen patrons waiting while he told her that his sole reason for selecting her town as his headquarters was because she lived there, and he had never recovered from the knockout she had handed him the first time they met. He had, he confessed, seen no end of dames since then, but they weren't one-two-three with her. He had taken a shot at the movies, but they made him sick and he chucked 'em. Lois had only to say the word and he would announce their engagement at once.

Lois was so dazed that she answered him:

"Just as much obliged, Mr. Dillard, but you're three years late. I've been engaged to Mr. Thomas Stafford all that time."

He bent down and roared through the little window:

"What! Him? Don't make me laugh. Why, a queen like you couldn't throw yourself away on a two-spot like him."

"Mr. Stafford is just my size, Mr. Dillard. We're a pair of deuces and perfectly satisfied."

Dillard was moved to a hopeless mixture of metaphors:

"Deuces nothin'! You're the queen of hearts and I'm the king of clubs, and I could squeeze the juice out of Tom Stafford like I would out of any other lemon. Did you ever see me do my—say, lend me that telephone book you got there."

She could hardly push it through the tiny porthole, but he caught it from her and tore it in two. He flung the halves aside and snarled:

"I'll send you another book tomorr'. And I'll rip Tom Stafford in two just the same way if he don't look out."

The spectators on the sidewalk were goggle-eyed at his behavior, but they could not hear Lois' soft answer:

"You touch him and I'll kill you dead. That's what I'll do. You just wait and see."

He loved her for this, and laughed uproariously:

"Gosh, but you're great! I love you all the more for your spunk. And I'll let Stafford live just for your sake. But I'm goin' to have you, little woman. Once you come to know me better, you'll learn to love me. I may be rough with the men, but, gosh, how gentle I'll be with you, once I get you."

"Thanks awfully; and would you mind stepping aside so that our customers can get in?"

HE moved off, laughing. He could not imagine that one he loved so much could really be incapable of loving him. The idea was stuck in his brain, like a fishbone in a throat, that he was Lois' ideal mate, as she was his, and he went at once to the jeweler's to arrange for credit and an engagement ring. He had read that if you dazzle a woman with a diamond she will do anything you say.

One reads such remarkable things, it seems as if teaching the young to read is often more dangerous than teaching them any other vice.

Lois was so distraught by Dillard's menaces that she could hardly tear the tickets off the spool or make change.

She resolved not to mention his visit to Tom, but, instead, to ask him to marry her immediately. Once they were wedded, surely even Dillard would realize that she did not love him and would let them alone.

When Tom came out of the theater, Lois broached the matter to him. He was enraptured and demanded that they should dash at once to the license bureau and get their tags. They put one of the ushers in the ticket cage and hurried away to the county courthouse.

There Lois heard with horror that a recent law forbade marriage until forty-eight hours after the issuance of the license. There was nothing to do but wait; and Lois resolved to temporize with Dillard until the minister had joined her to Tom and forbidden any man to put them asunder.

IT never occurred to her agitated mind that the newspapers published the names of all customers at the license bureau. She had not even seen the next morning's paper or the headlines that even Dillard could not overlook.

She was singing at her household tasks when the slam of the front gate caught her ear, and she glanced out, to see Big Dillard striding toward the front porch.

He was brandishing a newspaper like a battle flag; frenzy was on his brow.

Lois opened the door, trying to look like Medusa and succeeding only in looking a little more precious than ever. Dillard smacked the newspaper and bellowed:

"I've learned from experience never to believe a noospaper, but before I go and tie Tom Stafford into a bowknot I'd like to have your denial of this story. Have you read it? About you goin' to marry Stafford, and the license bought?"

Like a wren defying a bulldog, Lois chirped:

"The *Gazette* can't always be wrong. Nobody is perfect."

"You don't mean to say it's true?"

"Well, we've rented the house and bought the furniture."

Dillard barked at her: "You'll never live in that house with that man. Just try it, and I'll break him with my bare hands!"

Movie stuff, but none the less terrible for its triteness. Abruptly he started toward her, but her old mother appeared and chased him out by the sheer awe of her age and fragility. As he left, he announced:

"I'll go over an' call on Mr. Stafford now. Good-by."

This threw Lois into a panic. How could she save poor Tom? The telephone! She blessed the inventor of it for perhaps the first time. She caught Tom at his home, fortunately, and told him the exact truth.

Tom had long since measured his weakness against Dillard's power and had no illusions on the subject. The news of Dillard's wrath against him frightened him almost out of his wits, and he permitted Lois to bully him into dashing out at the kitchen door, crossing two back yards, and hastening down a back street to the railroad station, where a train to the city was soon due.

His discretion told his valor that he refused the duel only to keep Lois from going mad; but he stole silently through the rear door just as Dillard's fist thundered on the front.

While Tom sped toward the station, his mother searched the house in vain for him, and told Dillard that Tom must have gone to the theater. Dillard flew thither, only to find it closed until 2 P. M. He was back at two, and was first in the line when Lois appeared at the window.

He bent down and growled through the little aperture in the glass like a hungry lion sniffing at a trapped rabbit:

"I warn you, honey, if you marry Tom you're goin' to marry a cripple for life, for I promise you I'll make kindlin' wood of every chicken bone he's got in him."

To the little rabbits and foxes and weasels nature has given for defense against destruction the arts of deception and evasion. Lois lied to Dillard with such wide eyes of innocence that he should have known she was lying.

"You certainly are a cave man, Mr. Dillard. And I guess all girls prefer manliness to everything else, so I'll call off the wedding with Tom, and I'll—well, it's awfully sudden and I can't promise to marry you with all those people staring, but—you come and see me soon, and—"

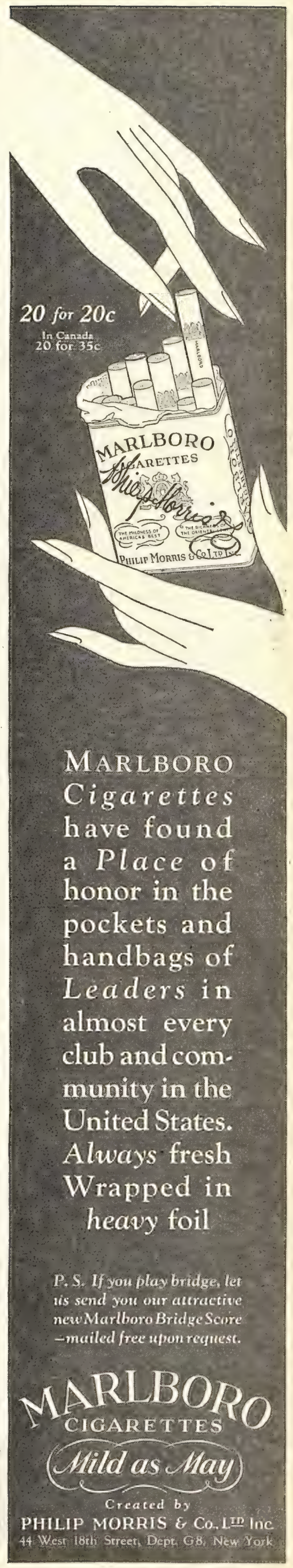
She dropped her eyes and he saw her forehead scarleted with a blush. He grinned and walked away. He was not the first man to believe a woman.

ALL afternoon Lois sat making mistakes in change and devising stratagems. The idea she liked best was to invite Big to tea, and put arsenic in the tea, and feed him sandwiches thickly buttered with rough-on-rats. She rejoiced in the promise: "They die outside the house."

Her next temptation was to abandon the town, join Tom in the city, and flee with him under some disguise to the Orient or the South Seas, where life was so beautiful, according to the films. They could lodge under a palm tree, board at a breadfruit tree, and get their clothes at some other vegetable shop where money was never demanded.

At night Lois grimly remembered the rent paid in advance on their love nest, and resolved that not even a Dillard should drive her out

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



[THE BIG BOOB
Continued from Page Twenty-three]

of town. There is nothing more difficult than to persuade rabbits to leave their chosen runs. You can exterminate them, but you cannot evict them.

When Lois closed up the theater at ten and went home, she was determined that she would drive Dillard out of town or die trying. But how could that be done? Still, David put Goliath out of business and Judith finished old Holofernes.

But not an idea came to her weary head. In her loneliness she asked the long-distance operator to try to find Tom at his hotel in the city. The miracle was arranged and they poured their moans into each other's far-away ears.

"And what do you suppose?" he groaned. "That idiot who tries to sell those awful Fascinating Films asked me if I wouldn't like to run that ghastly mess Big Dillard made. He said that, seeing Dillard was a leading citizen of our town now, there might be a market for it and he'd let us have it cheap."

"What did you tell him?" Lois asked.

"I told him I'd see him in—in Hollywood first," Tom snapped.

"And a good thing, too," Lois agreed. "Can you see us, of all people, celebrating that man?"

"You should see the printing they had made up, calling Dillard the greatest screen find in years. Do you remember how we laughed?"

Sad as they were, they began to giggle over the blundering of that bull in the china shop of a love story. And out of that laughter came the first (and perhaps the last) great stroke of genius that ever struck that little woman who wanted to be nothing but the housewife of her little househusband.

THE next morning—Lois the impresariess had only mornings now—she sent for Dillard and told him that, before she announced her engagement to him and gave up her partnership with Mr. Stafford, she would like to do something wonderful to show the world how grand a man her new choice really was.

"Once the people of this town see your picture, they will love it as I did, and they will understand why I felt unworthy of you. Perhaps, when they all show you how marvelous you are, you won't want to waste yourself on a little nobody like me."

"A fat chance!" Dillard laughed poetically.

She filled him so full of her own genuine excitement over the sensation the film was going to make, that he graciously consented to make a personal appearance. He even consented to let Tom come back and handle the exploitation.

"I always liked that little runt," he confessed. "Aside from his wantin' to marry my girl, I got nothing against him. Tell him to come on back and he can have anything I got, except you."

So Tom came back. He announced in the paper that he had dashed off to the great city to secure, at vast expense, the first run of the wonder film exploiting Mr. Dillard.

All the billboards broke out in a scarlet fever of Dillard. Huge letters nearly as big as Dillard reeled across the hoardings. The theater was almost hidden by the lobby display.

As a special feature it was announced that Mr. Dillard would appear in person at the first performance, would make a speech at the end of the picture, and would shake hands with all who wished that honor. The theater was packed to the doors. The fire chief winked at Lois and told her to stand 'em up and never mind the rules.

Dillard went to the theater alone, and as he marched to the aisle seat he shook Tom's hand into a paralyzed mass of pain.

It was a sad evening for Tom. He had never been able to share the enthusiasm of Lois, and misgivings filled his bosom with all the anxieties of an author on a first night, combined with those of a lover engaged in an untried form of combat.

THE film began with the usual grandiloquence of titles. At last Big Dillard floated in, a Samson in size and a magnificent piece of meat altogether. At first he played the poor country boy eager to work his way through college and acquire learning enough to pay off the mortgage on the farm and put his dear old mother in a home that suited her.

He made a noble appearance as he followed the plow across the hilltop in long shot and close-up, and Tom's blood ran cold as he noted how Dillard lifted the heavy plow and held the plunging horses as if he would break their necks.

He paid Dillard all the terrified and venomous homage that a homely girl pays a beautiful girl.

He could feel the audience simmering with admiration. Lois and he were ensconced in a nook at the edge of the screen, where they could watch Dillard's face in the light dimly reflected from the screen. They knew the picture by heart.

Suddenly Tom could feel a mystic change come over the ghostly faces of the audience. Lois pinched him eagerly and whispered:

"Here's where he gets good. He's going to bid his poor old film-mother farewell."

It was a hard scene for any actor to play without mawkishness. And Dillard spread the pathos on poisonously thick. It was impossible to believe that anybody could do so simple a thing with such complex falsity. Somebody in the crowd snickered. People who did not believe in laughing at a scene of filial love frowned and hissed and held themselves in.

When Dillard moved off down the road, turned to wave his waving mother farewell, and paused to brush a tear from off his eye, he executed the familiar gesture with such a Brobdingnagian emotion that two of the solemnest old ladies in town suddenly cackled aloud. That set everybody off.

Dillard could not understand. He looked around, wondering what joke he had missed.

Then came the scene where he met the poor professor's pretty daughter. This was played for awkward comedy. But there is such an exquisite grace required in the mimicry of awkwardness that it can never be intrusted safely to a blunderer. A burly cinnamon bear trying to be funny *is* funny, but in unintended ways. There are mysteries and subtleties in successful nonsense and horseplay that only the gifted makers can analyze. The public feels and responds without understanding any more than it understands the electricity that runs its trolley cars and rings its doorbells.

Dillard kept ringing the wrong bell and getting off his trolley.

When Dillard shyly courted the shy daughter of the professor, the audience began to boil over like a caldron of hot water on a stove.

When the rich bully came along in his smart roadster and insulted the timid heroine, Dillard drew himself up in defense of virtue, and denounced insolent and immoral wealth with gestures, lip movements, and facial athletics that brought whoops of joy from the people.

When he took the roadster by the running board and turned it and its foppish occupant over into a muddy ditch, there was a moment of respectful approval for his vigor.

But in the next scene he had to be an actor again. The football coach had seen him display his giant's strength and invited him to join the team. Here the conceited oaf had to pretend to be bashful. The audience went into convulsions again.

The climax came for Dillard when he played a moonlight love scene with the girl. There was a hyena mockery in the barking laughter of the audience now, and the big bully was crushed by the biggest bully in the world—the ridicule of the mob. The audience laughed so hard that it laughed itself out. It grew sick. There was a sense of disgust. Tom and Lois felt ashamed of themselves. They understood what Dillard understood—that he would never dare show his face in town again!

The victim of misplaced self-confidence was realizing that after this joy ride was over he was expected to go on the stage and make a speech; he was expected to shake hands with his fellow citizens. He could hear what they were saying about him all around him:

"The big boob!" "The big stiff!" "Ouch, what a lousy actor!" "Oh, gosh, how rotten!" "Whew! Why didn't we bring some henfruit?"

Lois and Tom, remorseful and aghast at their own success, saw Dillard groping beneath his seat for his hat. They saw him rise and slink up the aisle. None of the spectators in the seats saw him. Even the standees packed at the back hardly noticed who it was that broke through them.

DILLARD rushed to where his car was parked and dashed through the streets lined with the gaudy signboards ironically trumpeting his name and holding his image up to scorn.

While the projection machine was chattering forth his celluloid domination, he was hurling his clothes into his suitcases and hurling his suitcases into his car.

He left a note saying that he was "suddenly called out of town on importent buisness and would comunicate his adress later." Spelling had been one of the many things Dillard had escaped learning in college.

He sped from the hated town just as the audience gasped its last weary laughs at his sentimental fade-out in the arms of the heroine while the collegians cheered him to the echo with all the noiselessness of pantomime.

The lights went up to stupendous applause—the threatening, sardonic applause that American audiences substitute for foreign boos and hisses and catcalls.

The audience began to cry: "Speech! Speech!"

Lois pushed Tom forward, and he faltered something about Mr. Dillard's unavoidable absence and pointed to the vacant chair. The audience understood, and ghoulish laughter rocked the building.

The streets were filled with laughter, and groups of citizens paused in front of the lithographs to lean upon one another and rattle their aching ribs.

Tom and Lois put out the lights and went sadly along the street. They lingered a long while on Lois' front porch, mourning their vanquished enemy. There is nothing that can endear an enemy like a complete defeat of him.

Still, all is fair in love and war, and they had used the only weapon they could find in defense of their future altars and fires.

Never would they permit anybody to speak slightingly of the moving pictures, or of Hollywood, whence had come their help in the hour of need.

THE END

Gloria Swanson

takes you with her on the set and behind the scenes in an illuminating article called—

When I Play a Part

In Next Week's LIBERTY

New FANDANGO AUTO SEAT COVERS

Now $14.50 COMPLETE

Feature these

4 EXCLUSIVE VITAL IMPROVEMENTS

1. Only FANDANGOS snap on or off in 10 minutes—by the watch.
2. Only FANDANGOS are attached with absolutely no tacking or sewing.
3. Only FANDANGOS leave upholstery and interior unmarred when removed.
4. Only FANDANGOS have the new patented fasteners whose features insure perfect satisfaction.

COMPLETELY covering the upholstery of your car they protect light dresses and do away with dust raising whisk brooms which wear out upholstery fabrics. No need now to scrub at spots with costly cleaners to keep the *inside* value of your car as great as its *outside* value. FANDANGO Auto Seat Covers keep cars and clothes clean, and are easy to clean after long service.

They Fit Perfectly

As smooth fitting as the original upholstery FANDANGO covers protect your car's interior, your garments and increase your car's trade-in value. They fit perfectly, because master patterns are cut for every model car listed as soon as exhibited at the shows. Remember—the serial number on your engine no longer wholly governs your car's worth. Its worth is what your dealer thinks he can sell it for.

The beautiful FANDANGO striped fabrics in restful greys, and exquisite blues, with perfectly harmonizing Spanish art leatherette reinforcements at all wearing edges, improve the appearance of many *new* cars.

You Get 10 Pieces in a Set

The sets consist of covers for seats, backs, side panels, arm rests, and door covers with large pockets. The back part of the front seat cover reaches the floor, thus offering protection against the feet of the rear seat occupants in the car.

Money-Back Guarantee

FANDANGO Seat Covers must satisfy in fit, workmanship, material, and appearance—or you can return them. Over 100,000 car owners adopted FANDANGO Covers in 1926. We are the world's largest seat cover manufacturers. $50 to $75 made-to-order seat covers cannot fit, look or wear better than FANDANGOS. Our low price indicates the quantity we sell, not the quality you get.

On or Off in 10 Minutes Without Harm to Upholstery

Unlike other methods the new patented FANDANGO Snap-on Pin, found only on FANDANGO Covers, leaves no marks, lies flat, and needs no sewing. This exclusive feature enables you to attach or remove the covers easily. Complete instructions come in each box.

Important Reasons Why You Should Own Fandango Seat Covers

1. *Beauty*—The handsome striped seat cover materials and harmonizing art leatherette trim beautify the interior of many *new* cars as well as old ones.
2. *Protection*—Frolicking children, greasy hands, muddy feet, road dirt have no terrors for a car protected with these seat covers.
3. *Higher Resale Value*—The condition of the interior of your car greatly affects its resale value. Fandango Seat Covers keep upholstery new, clean and attractive.
4. *Sanitary*—Your health and your children's health is endangered by germ laden upholstery. Fandango Covers can be cleaned easily and quickly—then snapped on again.

If your dealer cannot supply you with New FANDANGO Auto Seat Covers, fill out and mail coupon to us direct. Send no money!

PROTECT & BEAUTIFY YOUR CAR *with* FANDANGO AUTO SEAT COVERS

Made for

COUPES	BROUGHAMS
COACHES	SEDANS

4 or 5 passenger cars ..... $14.50 complete
7 passenger cars ..... 18.50 complete

1924, 1925, 1926, 1927 Models

AUBURN, BUICK, CADILLAC, CHANDLER, CHEVROLET, CLEVELAND, CHRYSLER, DODGE, ESSEX, FLINT, JEWETT, HUDSON, PACKARD, HUPMOBILE, LITTLE MARMON, LOCOMOBILE JR., NASH, AJAX, MAXWELL, OAKLAND, OLDSMOBILE, OVERLAND, PAIGE, PEERLESS, PONTIAC, REO, STAR, STUDEBAKER, WILLYS-KNIGHT, WHIPPET, ERSKINE, LA SALLE

FORDS
All models, coupes and roadsters $6.75
Tudors, Sedans, Touring Cars 9.95

SEND NO MONEY — *MAIL COUPON NOW*

DURANT MOTOCOVER CO. INC.
200—6th Avenue, *Dept.* A-3, New York
Please send me one complete set of Fandango Auto Seat Covers. I will pay delivery charge and price of covers upon delivery.
Note: Check full information. Print name and address plainly.

Your name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....
Name of Car ..... Year .....

☐ Model	☐ 4 Cylinders	☐ 5 Passenger	☐ Sedan
☐ Master	☐ 6 Cylinders	☐ 7 Passenger	☐ Blue leatherette trim
☐ Standard	☐ 8 Cylinders	☐ Coupe	
☐ Special	☐ 2 door	☐ Coach	☐ Grey leatherette trim
☐ Light	☐ 4 door	☐ Brougham	
☐ Advanced	☐ 4 Passenger		

DURANT MOTOCOVER COMPANY, INC. 200 SIXTH AVE., DEPT. A-3 NEW YORK CITY

Cutting Out *the* SLUSH

A New Film Showing High Life in the City of the Future

An Article by

Frederick James Smith

Brigitte Helm in the new German symbolical film, Metropolis.

Bringing a steel flapper to life (left).

Miss Helm as a riotous Robot, leading the workers astray.

METROPOLIS, the newest American invader from the UFA studios of Berlin, has all the defects and some of the merits of the German films. Ever since Passion first appeared, with Pola Negri as its star, the German studios have been a bugbear to American picture makers.

These Teutonic photoplays had to overcome a lot of obstacles to get a hearing. One, of course, was the after-war bitterness. But Deception, The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, The Golem, and The Last Laugh came—and upset film-making in Hollywood.

German films have been overattacked and overpraised. Principally, they created a new technique in camera-craft. There is no question that American directors and cameramen have adopted and adapted the Berlin mechanics.

One of the serious faults of Hollywood films is an oversentimentality. This goo and slush is called box-office stuff. It may revolve around a cradle, a canary, or a cutie, but it is nearly always presented in super-saccharine doses. Practically every American film concerns the business of getting married, told with all the false premises of love as seen through Hollywood eyes and without regard for the facts of nature.

This sentimental hokum has had its effect upon the Germans. They avoid sentiment as if it were the very devil. They dodge romantic scenes with camera-craft and, going to the other extreme, eliminate Hollywood's carefully erected barrage of sweetness. Once in a while they touch upon passion, as in the seduction moments of Faust—and then it is something to send chills dashing up and down Will Hays' spine.

Metropolis, the newest UFA feature invader, is a case in point. Metropolis has no more heart than a Vermont money-lender. Fritz Lang, its director and also the maker of Siegfried, started out with vaunting ambitions. He would depict a fantastic tale of the future, when the Moloch machine seemingly has triumphed over man. He would give, in pictures, a body blow to materialism.

So, on the UFA lot near Berlin, the skeleton of a super-Manhattan was erected. Scores of masterly miniatures were built. Then Lang set to work to show the ultimate city—stark and implacable—with its hordes of workers living like moles below the surface earth while the triumphant master-men dwell in skyscraper altars to capital. While the grimy regiments of Robots march to and from work in a rhythmic lock step, their masters whirl from building to building in automobiles over fantastic aerial bridges. Lang intended that this should represent the problem of capital versus labor, raised to symbolical heights.

Lang's background was fanciful enough, but the failure of Metropolis lies in the story, or, at least, the story as it survives after cutting from the original sixteen reels to nine. This tremendous preachment against materialism, this cataclysmic attack upon Mammon, turns out to be just the old story: the son of *John Masterman,* the lead of Mr. Lang's mechanical Utopia, falls in love with a girl worker. The cerebral master of the vast city's machinery tries to break up the affair, but he is just as unsuccessful as any clumsy multimillionaire in a Hollywood hocus-pocus.

There you have Metropolis. A trite and creaky tale laid before a breath-taking background. The glimpses of this city of mechanism are astonishing. True, most of the scenes are like the interior of your radio set, magnified to heroic proportions. But the effect is a triumph for Lang, his technical staff, and Cameraman Karl Freund, who also upset Hollywood with his lens trickery in The Last Laugh.

This Lang has his faults. Principally, he directs in terms of pretty Reinhardtish pictures rather than drama. His Siegfried had this weakness. Lang was born in Vienna and he wandered about the Continent as a young man, doing a lasso-tossing act with a Belgian circus for a while. He was studying art in Montmartre when the World War broke out. Returning to Vienna, Lang served as an officer. After peace came, he drifted into pictures. He is married to Thea von Harbou, a popular novelist, who does his scripts and who apparently has no more sense of drama than her husband. Lang is the only director I know who uses a monocle.

Recently Lang was reported headed for Russia and the Moscow studios. He has dodged American contracts, although he did visit California incog. back in 1925.

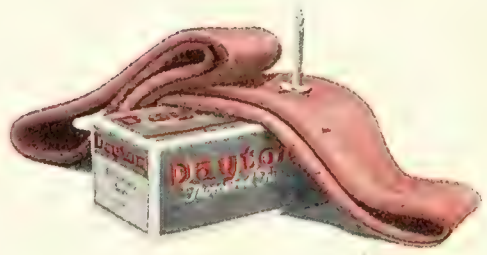
A newcomer in films, one Brigitte Helm, plays a dual role in Metropolis. She is the poor, persecuted working girl, and she also is her evil double, a mechanical girl manufactured by one of the wizards maintained by the city's capitalistic masters. Miss Helm is best as the leering mechanical flapper—a ribald, riotous Robot—who leads the city's workers astray.

Incidentally, the scene where this flapper is manufactured is the best in Metropolis. There you see a manikin of steel and wheels become a palpitating thing of blood and flesh while traveling concentric rings of light whirl all about. This is a moment calculated to give Hollywood's studio tricksters many a gloomy session. Most of the other acting in Metropolis is bad. The hero, one Gustav Froelich, is simply terrible. The smug, resounding subtitles of Channing Pollock, lengthy preachments on the brotherhood of man, sound as if *Elmer Gantry* had written them.

Do you know that—

Jack Gilbert will probably play the lead in War Birds, when it is filmed during the summer by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer? . . . Harry Pollard is to direct Show Boat for Universal?

Dayton Thorobred Extra-heavy Tubes. Grey—of finest rubber. Red—of purest antimony. Steam-welded and reinforced at valve base. They ***will*** *hold air.*



Go *farther* go *SAFER* go *faster* on the unsurpassed Dayton *STABILIZED* Balloon

MEASURED by miles—happy miles, comfortable miles, trouble-free miles—the sensational Dayton *Stabilized* Balloon is the tire value supreme! Experienced motorists proclaim it a noteworthy companion to *the pioneer low air pressure tire*—the Dayton Thorobred Cord.

Stabilized construction was developed exclusively by Dayton engineers. It combines every tire advantage—long life, easy steering, smooth riding, and utmost safety. Stabilizing bands of friction rubber draw center of tread parallel to center of rim thus preventing "shimmying." Flat, center-traction tread has complete four-point road contact. Quick-grip, quick-release non-skid gives lightning "get-away"—no slipping or sliding. All rubber used is specially tempered by an *exclusive* Dayton process and will survive the drubbing punishment of extra thousands of miles of ruts and roads.

Ask any user what he thinks about the Dayton *Stabilized* Balloon. Learn at first hand how they enable you to go faster, go safer, go farther, and go cheaper. Examine one at the Dayton dealer near you before you buy any tire.

THE DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO., Dayton, Ohio

Dayton*

STABILIZED BALLOONS

* ON WHEELS OF LARGE DIAMETER—install Dayton Thorobred Cords—superlative tire values that smash all mileage records. The Dayton Thorobred is *the pioneer low air pressure tire*—the first to combine comfort with safety and endurance.

What the doctor ordered

"One Borden's Malted Milk—daily." That's exactly what the modern doctor prescribes to brisk up jaded appetites, to drive away that all-gone feeling—to vitalize both mind and body to a keener pace.

More than that, he practises what he preaches. He does himself "his daily Borden's".

For the doctor, better than anybody else, recognizes the real food value of Borden's Malted Milk. He values its quick energy. Its rich, all-round, exactly balanced nourishment. Its miraculous and immediate effect on the physically and nervously fagged. Truly stimulating. Never depressing. Always exhilarating.

Follow the doctor's advice—his own good example. Drop into the nearest fountain where you see the Diamond Sign displayed. Order yourself a Borden's Malted Milk. Make this a daily habit. You'll be banking everyday dividends of health.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

For home use in convenient glass packages 7 and 15 oz. sizes.

Borden's MALTED MILK

The ideal food-and-drink for you *~at your favorite fountain*

The GATE Women Don't CRASH

The Story of Lois Weber, Famous Film Director, and Why There Aren't More Like Her

An Article by
CHARLES S. DUNNING

LOIS WEBER stands alone of her sex among the wielders of the megaphone.

Photo by Spurr

FIVE years ago Lois Weber retired from motion pictures with about $2,000,000 in cash and property, a nervous breakdown, and the record of being the only woman who had been able consistently to stand the gaff of directing.

Now she is back in the field, her health recovered. Latest reports from Hollywood are that she is dangling a number of tempting contracts, trying to decide which one to accept. She turned down the job of directing the tempestuous Duncan Sisters as Topsy and Eva, after that difficult assignment had been given to her by Joseph M. Schenck, the shrewd chief of United Artists, deciding that comedy was not her forte.

Hollywood is watching for her next move with interest. There are some who predict that she will never "come back," but Miss Weber refuses to be perturbed.

"I'm going to take my time, and when the chance comes to do the sort of thing I want to do, and know I can do, I'll do it," she says without a trace of doubt or hesitancy.

There you have, in a way, the key to Lois Weber's character, and the explanation of why, for nearly twenty years, though the field has been open, theoretically, to all comers, she has stood alone of her sex among the wielders of the megaphone.

Few realize the tremendous nervous drain of directing a motion picture. All responsibility in the making of a film comes to rest on the director. He works from twelve to eighteen hours a day, with no let-up, and plans the next day's labors for the company when he goes home to sleep.

The picture business is so specialized today that nobody can obtain the sort of training that prepared Lois Weber to hold down her job. She went into it in 1908, after trying for two years to make her way as a concert singer in New York City. In the midst of this battle her father died, and she returned to her home in Allegheny, Pennsylvania. She offered to sing in the church choir, but the deacons wouldn't allow it because she had sung on a stage in New York.

"My grandmother told me not to be a hypocrite," she said, in recalling this. "'If you have chosen a worldly career,' she said, 'don't pretend to be religious.'"

Miss Weber's eyebrows smiled with her eyes as she spoke. Her eyebrows are her most expressive feature—so heavy, curly, and black that they startle you. They laugh with her and cry with her, and grow sad and stern by turns.

An uncle who lived in Chicago told her that folks out West were more broad-minded, and offered to help her with her studies and prepare her for missionary work at the same time. He succeeded so well that she joined the Zig Zag Company as a soubrette, touring New England and Pennsylvania for six months.

She made good on the stage. Her wavy dark brown hair framed a face that was radiant with intellect and character rather than mere prettiness, and she was blessed then, as now, with an abundance of that elusive quality called personality. It does not require much effort of the imagination to see the earnest, ambitious little concert singer of twenty-five years ago in the magnificently poised, vibrantly magnetic Lois Weber of today.

Her build is solid, her carriage erect and decisive, and her head is set on her shoulders, even in repose, at an angle of command. Her figure and her entire manner suggest unusual physical strength. She is compactly put together, deep of chest and resonant of voice, with a vivid vitality that bespeaks tremendous reserve energy.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

Now a new idea in Vacuum Cleaners

A great improvement every housewife welcomes

Complete with all these attachments

Introducing a three-speed device—an exclusive feature of the Sturtevant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Now three degrees of suction, instead of only one. At the touch of a finger! Makes cleaning three times easier.

Today's latest refinement

NOW new efficiency, greater ease in vacuum cleaning. Now a cleaner under complete control. Now the touch of a finger brings better cleaning than ever before. A Sturtevant triumph!

Now, high speed, medium speed, low speed.

The *right* suction for each operation. The motor responds to your demands. Not too powerful, not too weak—but just the precise speed you want. Makes cleaning quicker, saves labor. Gets all the dust—but with the *correct* suction.

This new-type Sturtevant offers better cleaning than ever before!

This invention is one of the outstanding achievements of years in vacuum cleaners. One of the finest developments in the use of electricity for cleaning. Now the motor is controlled as never before—a better servant.

This remarkable refinement is a fitting climax to years of perfections created by Sturtevant engineers, the world's foremost group of specialists in air moving machinery.

The Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaner is used in thousands of homes. It is the supreme product of a famous concern, 62 years old and with assets of nearly $10,000,000. It is approved by Good Housekeeping Institute and Modern Priscilla Proving Plant. The Sturtevant is light weight (12½ lbs.). It has every refinement, every advancement. Because of its superiority it has long been a favorite. Now it is more wonderful than ever before.

See the new Sturtevant with this simple, unique device which regulates the motor. See how simple it is to control the three speeds for suction—how cleaning is made easier and better than ever. Observe the many perfections of the Sturtevant, the supreme product of a world-famous organization. Note our money-saving plan, explained at the left.

B. F. STURTEVANT COMPANY

Hyde Park, Boston, Mass.

Save $26

This is our unique plan of selling:

The Sturtevant is sold direct from our factory to you, thus making possible the very low price of $43. Were we to sell it in the ordinary manner we'd have to charge about $70. Without your sending us one penny in advance, we ship the Sturtevant express prepaid for 10 days' free trial. Use it as if it were your own. Make comparisons. Keep it or return it. You are your own salesman. If you decide to keep it, pay only $3.00 after 10 days, then $5.00 per month until paid for. Free demonstration does not obligate you in the least—you do not risk *one* penny. The Sturtevant must sell itself. The coupon brings it, or further information. Check which.

Deliveries prepaid from our nearest plants in Boston, Mass., Camden, N. J., Berkeley, Cal., or Sturtevant, Wis.

FREE TRIAL

B. F. STURTEVANT COMPANY, Dept. 222
Hyde Park, Boston, Mass.

☐ Send me a Sturtevant electric vacuum cleaner for ten days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $43 as follows: $3 at the end of the trial period and then at the rate of $5 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

☐ Please send, without obligating me, descriptive booklet of Sturtevant vacuum cleaner and complete information.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....*State*.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

She is of medium height, and her hair is still thick, brown, and wavy.

The quick, nervous eagerness of youth has remained with her, while years of experience and authority have mellowed and crystallized her personality. Nevertheless, watching Lois Weber, either busy on a set supervising an important production or in repose among the flowers that surround her beautiful Hollywood home, you sense that hers has been a natural, inevitable growth.

She speaks with assured authority now. You imagine her on concert tour at seventeen just as sure of herself, fundamentally, as if an inner consciousness had whispered the secret to her long years ago that she had been chosen for a major part on the stage of life.

HER mind is an admixture of masculine and feminine traits, with a man's capacity for abstract visioning and the strictly practical, womanly ability to concentrate on the thing in hand. Above all, she is sympathetic, as all artists must be. In her earlier days she used to drive herself and her associates unmercifully.

Bill Carr was a husky prop man, one of Miss Weber's chief assistants at the studio.

"Bill wouldn't sit down until I did," she said, with eyes twinkling. "After we'd been going about fifteen hours, he finally had to. After that, I made it a point to try to remember to sit down every once in a while so the rest of the company could get some rest. Myself? I never felt the need of it as long as there was something to do."

In Holyoke, Massachusetts, after the tour with the Zig Zag Company, Lois Weber joined a company playing Why Girls Leave Home. The turning point of her career came when she married Phillips Smalley, stage manager of the company. Ellen Terry advised the young couple to stick together if they wanted their marriage to be successful, and the movies offered the only opportunity. Mr. Smalley had a position with the old Gaumont Company, and she joined him on that lot rather than accept a better paying position on the road. They lived together happily for many years, but are now divorced.

On the Gaumont lot she plunged with an irresistible torrent of energy into the interpretation of life through the fascinating new medium, the movies. It is characteristic of her that she directed the first picture she had anything to do with. It was a talking movie, made in the New York studio of the Gaumont Company, and to tell the story they had a phonograph record.

"I wrote, or rather devised, the story as we went along," says Miss Weber of that experience. "There was no technique, no settled method of procedure, and no one had had much experience. The public merely wanted to see the pictures move. My principal task was to synchronize the plot with the words and music of the record. As I knew more about stories, or thought I did, than anyone there, I took charge of the directing. I played in the picture too, of course."

She had been writing since she was a little girl. Her father, an interior decorator who kept a livery stable as well, used to write stories and read them to her. Her grandfather was a preacher, and her great-grandfather Snamen, on her mother's side, founded Dutchtown, near Pittsburgh. All his descendants grew up in that part of the country.

"Many people think I am Irish," she said, "but I'm Pennsylvania Dutch. My forebears on both sides came from Germany."

Her father, who was artistically inclined, with a fine feeling for line and color, used to take her on long drives through the country to show her the sunrise. He was never without a manuscript of his own writings, and used to read them to her.

WHILE she was with the Gaumont Company, all that she inherited from this father and perhaps a more dynamic mother had ample play for development. She helped to design costumes, laid out the sets, ran the camera occasionally, cut and edited film, wrote titles, found props and locations, acted, and directed.

Those were wildcat days in the financing of motion pictures. The Gaumont Company, a French organization, through a series of mergers became a part of the Universal Pictures Corporation, brought together by Carl Laemmle and still under his control.

Old records show that Laemmle paid Lois Weber under one contract a salary of $5,000 a week, a figure that has been exceeded by only three or four directors in the history of pictures. Under another contract he paid her $2,500 a week, plus a third of the profits of her pictures. Her biggest money was made under the banner of Famous Players-Lasky, who paid her $50,000 apiece for four pictures a year, plus half the profits; an arrangement under which Miss Weber's earnings probably exceeded half a million a year.

Carl Laemmle says of her:

"I would trust Miss Weber with any sum of money that she said she needed to make any picture that she wanted to make. I know that she would bring it back. She knows the motion-picture business as few people know it and can drive herself as hard as anyone I have ever known. I am very sorry that I could find no more pictures for Miss Weber to direct just at this time, and had to let her go to United Artists."

UNCLE CARL, as everyone calls Mr. Laemmle, is isolated from all but the most important business. It took me a week to get Miss Weber's name whispered into his ear, but when he found that I wanted to talk to him about her, an appointment was arranged at once.

We talked about her for half an hour. Like everyone else who discusses her, he stressed her tremendous energy.

"I would like to find another woman like her," he said. "A woman can develop an actress just rising to stardom as no man can. Women understand women and respond to them, but Miss Weber is the only woman I have ever known who could work until two in the morning and be fresh and ready for another day's work at six. It costs from fifty thousand dollars to a million or two to make a picture, and I can't afford to bet that much money on uncertain physical strength. Men are stronger than women. With all other qualifications equal and their strength apparently equal, I would rather risk my money on a man.

"Miss Weber has the strength of a man. She has all the experience of a man, all the hardness of a man, that enable her to concentrate on her work—and all the softness of a woman. She is intensely feminine. Girls love her. Her greatest success has been in developing young actresses."

She made a star of Billie Dove in one picture, The Marriage Clause, after Miss Dove had struggled seven years to put herself over the top.

Claire Windsor was a country

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

DICTATING script to her secretary. "Miss Weber has all the hardness of a man," says Carl Laemmle, "and all the softness of a woman."

Small-bubble lather

weakens wiry beards

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

THE secret of a good lather is in the size of its bubbles. Colgate lather bubbles are smaller. They carry more water down where blade meets hair. See lather pictures at the left.

How "small-bubble" lather works: The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, every hair is cut close and clean. Your face remains comfortable throughout the day.

FREE—A WEEK'S BETTER SHAVES. Prove these claims for yourself at our expense. Just write to Colgate & Co., Dept. 502-E, 581 Fifth Avenue, New York, for a generous trial-size tube—free.

ADDITIONAL DIVIDEND. We will include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that keeps your face looking freshly shaved.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

Keep your face fit with *Williams*

"*Just look at the fine skins of the men who shave with Williams!*"

Many a man has said that. And with truth.

The Williams lather makes an *easy* job of shaving because it softens thoroughly.

It makes a *smooth* job because it lubricates beautifully.

Best of all, when you're done your face is FIT! The rich, mild, absolutely pure Williams lather tones up the pores, invigorates the whole face tissue, leaves a healthy bloom. Not only for ease in shaving but also for face health and face fitness, there is nothing like a daily treatment of Williams lather.

Eighty-seven years of intensive, specialized study of lather, beard and skin have gone into its manufacture.

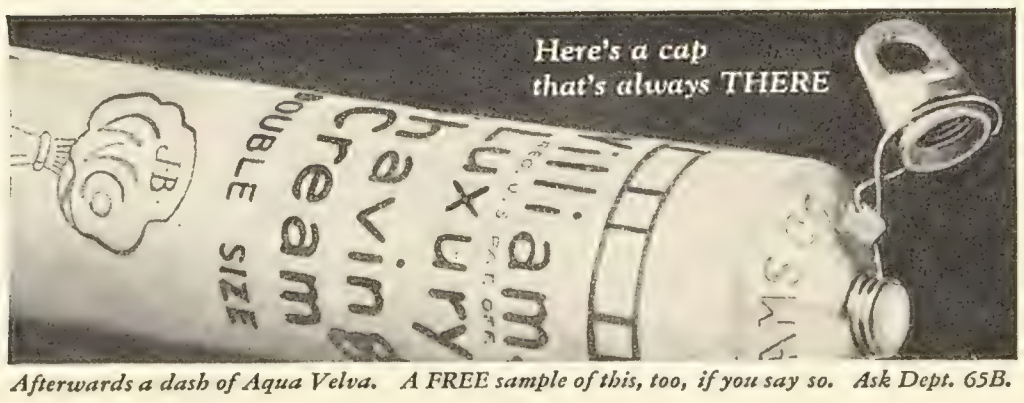
Perhaps that's in the drug clerk's mind when he says, "*Oh, yes . . . but they all come back to Williams!*"

Next time say "a tube of **Williams Shaving Cream** *please"*

TWO SIZES — 35c and 50c

or — would you like to try it first at the cost of a stamp, or post card? A five to ten-day tube of it, with a tidy little hinged cap on the tube (you really ought to know that hinged cap) will be sent you cheerfully and, of course, FREE.

Use the coupon. Or say "Shaving Cream" on a postcard.



Afterwards a dash of Aqua Velva. A FREE sample of this, too, if you say so. Ask Dept. 65B.

For the man from Missouri—or any other place in the U. S. A. or Canada

The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. 65B, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canadian address: 1114 St. Patrick Street, Montreal.)

"Show me" a sample of Williams Shaving Cream.

_____

_____

_____

Lib. 5-14-27

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

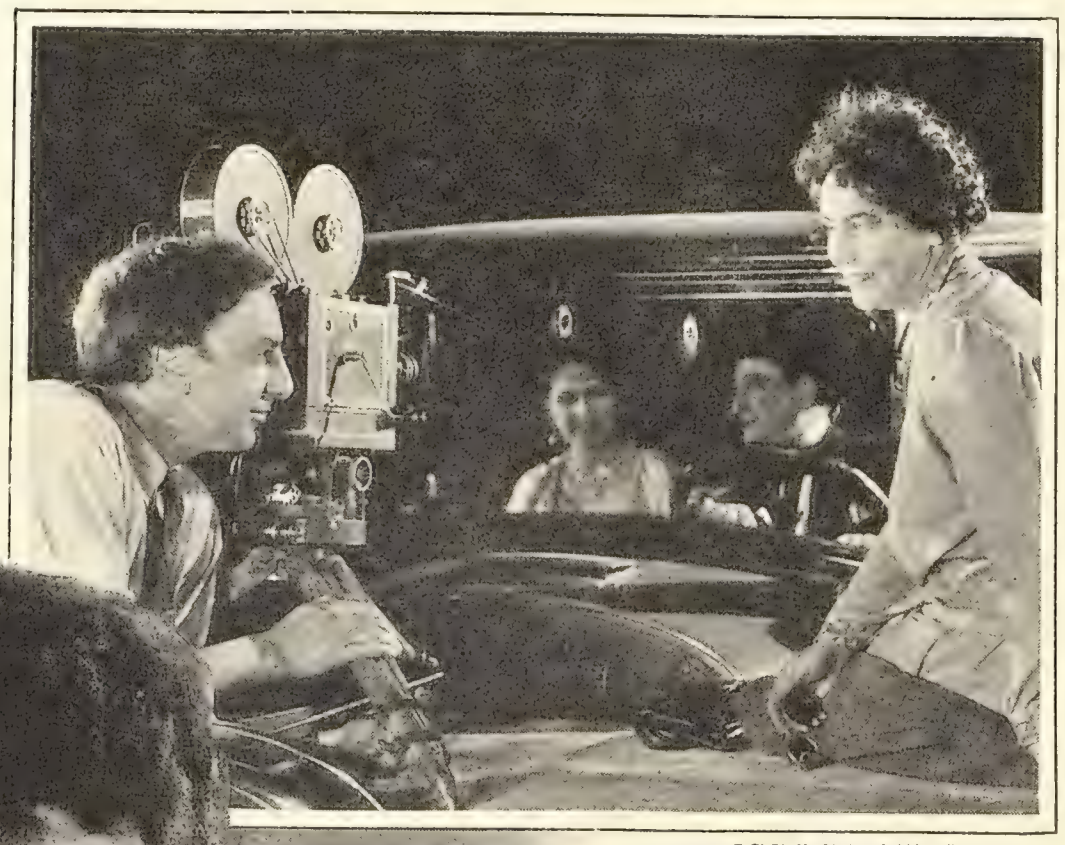
girl when Miss Weber first saw her. She designed new clothes for her, a different headdress, and featured her in What Do Men Want? The blonde and lovely Claire dates her popularity from that time.

A hairdress that Miss Weber designed for Priscilla Dean gave that thriller queen her real start.

Mildred Harris obtained her first real screen opportunity in Miss Weber's company, and graduated into the Charlie Chaplin mansion.

There have been many others.

Cecil B. de Mille is another who believes there are too many eighteen-hour days for a woman to stand up under the strain of directing.



MISS WEBER directing Billie Dove and Francis X. Bushman (in the auto).

SHE made a star of Billie Dove in one picture, after the latter had struggled seven years to put herself over the top.

"They are taking a lot of the hardships out of the job, it is true," said Mr. de Mille. "Most of a director's work is done nowadays on an inclosed, heated stage. You don't have to spend long hours on horseback. There are assistants to perform much of the trying labor. But it's far from a cinch. Lois Weber is an exception. Most other women would crumple under the strain."

Another objection pointed out by De Mille is the technical, mechanical aspect of the director's job. He believes that sort of thing normally lies outside a woman's mind.

"Take, for example," he said, "the opening of the Red Sea in The Ten Commandments. Miss McPherson here," with a gesture toward Jeanie McPherson, famous as the De Mille scenarist, "was with me all through the making of that picture. Yet I will bet you any amount that she can't tell us how the sea was opened."

"No, Mr. de Mille," she replied.

"A DIRECTOR must be dominating," said Mr. de Mille. "That quality is rare in men and almost absent in women. We used to say that a woman didn't have the voice to direct crowds. Today I whisper into a microphone, and hundreds of loud-speakers repeat my words to thousands of people. A woman can do that as well as a man.

"But, once having caught attention, a woman cannot hold it as well as a man can. A director must sway his actors just as an orator sways his audience. There have been few great women orators. There will be few women directors."

Others who should know agree with De Mille, though all do not specify his reasons for their opinions—Fred Niblo, who brought the heartbreaking job of making Ben-Hur to a triumphant conclusion; Ernst Lubitsch, director of Jannings and Negri; James Cruze of The Covered Wagon and Old Ironsides; Jesse Lasky, Louis B. Mayer, and many more.

Miss Weber herself holds out no very encouraging prospect to the girl ambitious to direct.

"Don't try it," is her terse warning to all aspirants.

"If you feel a heaven-sent call, take careful stock of your qualifications," she advised further. "If you haven't got superabundant vitality, a hard mind that can be merciless in shutting off disturbances, and the ability to keep going from sunrise to midnight, day after day, don't try it. You'll never get away with it.

"Few women can stand the strain. Few get the opportunity for the test. There are easier ways for a gifted woman to make fame and fortune equally as great as can be found in the motion-picture business—opportunities that were not open to me when I first saw a camera."

JEANIE McPHERSON is one of the few women who have actually borne the responsibility of directing. She directed a picture a week for nine months back in 1913—two-reelers. She wrote her own stories and played leads in them, but The Tarantula is about the only one that Hollywood remembers. The work was more than her health would stand and she never went back to it.

Frances Marion, noted scenario writer, directed Mary Pickford and Fred Thomson—now Miss Marion's husband—in The Lovelight, and could probably go on directing if she cared to, but apparently she does not. Her last contract calls for $175,000 for six screen stories. Why look for trouble?

Lillian Gish directed her sister Dorothy and Bobby Harron a long while ago. Nazimova tried directing her own pictures and lost a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

An Organization with a Single Purpose

THROUGHOUT the entire history of this company the officers have steadfastly adhered to the most conservative principles of sound finance, and have not deviated from the policy of a business built on one type of investment.

Putting aside opportunities in other lines of investment, this organization has centered all efforts toward selecting safe first mortgage bonds.

A history of this kind is convincing testimony to the investor who knows the reward of perseverance and tenacity of purpose.

We have published a short, interesting booklet that you should read before making your next investment. Send for it.

Ask for C. C. 500

AMERICAN BOND & MORTGAGE CO.

Established 1904 Incorporated

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS OVER $9,000,000

127 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
345 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Albany, Detroit, Rockford, Cincinnati, Davenport, Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Utica, N. Y., Peoria, Boston, St. Louis, Syracuse, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Grand Rapids

AMERICAN BOND & MORTGAGE CO.

AN OLD RESPONSIBLE HOUSE

8 INCH LOW BACK 8 INCH DEEP SINK 8 INCH DEEP FRONT

Low enough to go under lower windows—deep enough to prevent over-the-rim splashes—smarter in line—the newest "Standard" Sink offers advantages you have always longed for but have never had before.

The beautifully proportioned, deeper, more massive front makes this sink as attractive in appearance as it is convenient to use.

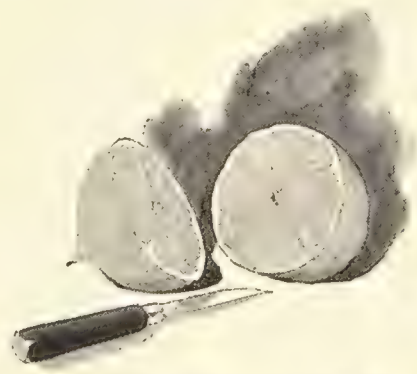
These three "eights" make new sink history

"Standard" Sinks are made with the Acid Resisting Enamel that fruit and vegetable acids cannot roughen or discolor

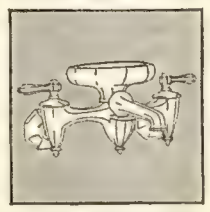
HERE is the first modern Sink that is low enough to go under a big, cheerful window—that has the deeper Sink compartment to protect your dress from over-the-rim splashes—that has the deeper front to give the smart, low line—that has the beautiful Acid Resisting Enamel that *stays* smooth and glossy.

This exclusive "Standard" Enamel cannot be harmed by such fruit and vegetable acids as lemon and tomato juice, by the minerals in water, the ingredients of cleansers. It is harder and more durable than any other Sink enamel. It saves scouring and makes it easy to keep your Sink spotlessly clean.

Besides the new design features and the New Enamel, this Sink has the graceful new Faucet in the Swinging-Spout style, with a full thirteen inches of working space beneath. There is, also, a directly attached Garbage Container of Vitreous China containing a covered aluminum receptacle—easy to remove and empty. The new Swinging Spout Faucet has the exclusive Chromard finish with the beautiful sheen of platinum. Proof against common acids—easily cleaned with a damp cloth—will not tarnish or corrode.



Even lemon juice does not harm the lovely luster of this New Enamel.



New Faucet with Chromard Finish

Convenient Built-in Garbage Container

A range of styles to choose from. You may have this new Sink in three styles and seven sizes in both single and double drainboard models On the right end of each the trade-mark "Standard" will be seen clearly impressed into the Enamel.

On display near you. These newest Sinks are on display in "Standard" Showrooms in more than fifty cities. One is near you—and you are welcome as a visitor. See address in telephone book.

Write for booklet. It tells the complete story of the newest "Standard" Sinks. Send today for a copy.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

fortune. Natacha Rambova directed and produced What Price Beauty just before her romance with Rudolph Valentino crashed, but the picture never has been exhibited. Elinor Glyn helped to direct a picture that is still on the producers' shelves.

Marion Fairfax directed a picture or two after gaining success as a producer, but soon handed the megaphone to Maurice Tourneur. Ruth Stonehouse directed some two-reelers in the old days, as did also Elsie Jane Wilson, the wife of Rupert Julian. Others who have had a try at it are Mme. Blache, who directed a series of French pictures many years ago, Ida May Park, Vera McCoy, and Mrs. Joseph de Grasse, all names that have been forgotten in the newer era of the films.

There is no prejudice against women workers in Hollywood. Among the highest-paid scenario writers are Miss Marion, Miss McPherson, June Mathis, Bess Meredyth, Sada Cowan, and Bradley King. Anita Loos got her start in the movies. Women do most of the cutting and editing of film, and some of the titling.

SHE may go over as the second one of her kind.

One girl, who started typing script seven years ago, now threatens to crash the gate into the exclusive company of permanently successful directors. That is Dorothy Arzner, whose latest film is Fashions for Women, made on the Famous Players-Lasky lot.

It is too early to predict what Miss Arzner's career will be, but if determination, grit, and hard work can duplicate Lois Weber's success, she will go over as the second one of her kind.

MISS ARZNER was in the ambulance service during the war and met William de Mille, who afterward gave her a job. Then she worked on the set with Nazimova for a while. Later she cut and edited film for about four years. Next, a couple of years of screen writing. Finally her chance came—a job with James Cruze.

She worked night and day with the hardest working director in the business, with Cruze all day on the set, watching rushes, cutting and editing at night. He has confidence that she will win.

"Dorothy Arzner will pull through all right," he predicted. "She was with me all the time we were making Old Ironsides and she stood the gaff when most of the men were all in. She was working every minute that I was working, and anybody who can do that can do anything."

Miss Arzner's cameraman and most of her crew are devoted to her personally because she told them all months and years ago that she would want them when her big chance came and she got her first picture. They try to relieve her of all the work they can. But on the day I met her limping across the Lasky lot, hurrying from the stage to the projecting-room, she remarked:

"Now I know why there are not more women directors. It's damned hard work. I'll be here until nine tonight, and I didn't leave until eleven last night, and tomorrow it will be midnight before we are through shooting."

THE croakers had their say when Lois Weber essayed her "comeback." Her friends retorted indignantly that there would be no "comeback" in her case, because she'd never gone back. They are confident that her instinct, which was unerring in Hypocrites, Truth, and Where Are My Children?—box-office wallops of bygone days—will adapt itself successfully to changed screen conditions.

Miss Weber is still young, barely past forty; junior to most of our successful megaphone wielders. Cruze is forty-two; Griffith, forty-seven; Cecil de Mille, forty-six; and his brother William, forty-nine.

The public has seen only one of the two pictures she has directed since her return to activity. This is The Marriage Clause, which was so successful that it gained her a contract with Schenck. Sensation Seekers is due for release soon. Miss Weber says she is dissatisfied with the way it was cut and edited.

Meanwhile, she faces the future with supreme confidence, happily married to Captain Harry Gantz, keenly interested in her hobby of educational films.

The woman who climbs to share her eminence will travel a long and wearying road.

THE END

The Famous *Interlocking—Self-adjusting* Principle

Automatically seals cracks between sash and frame. Windows can be opened and shut freely under all conditions.

One tube (a) on a floating seam which is fastened at (b) on the frame slides in a tube (c) which is fastened to the sash.

This exclusive patented *Interlocking—self-adjusting* Principle adjusts the floating seam to keep crack closed when wood shrinks or swells.

"In the four winter months we have been running our heating plant we have saved $3,800 over the lowest of three competitive estimates . . . . This I attribute to the efficiency of the Monarch Weatherstrips."

H. W. SMALLWOOD, Supt.,
Pittsburg, Y. M. C. A.
December, 1924

The Monarch *Interlocking—Self-adjusting Principle* creates savings because it permanently reduces the inleaking air to a fixed minimum.

Science has established, through tests, that more than one-half of your fuel is consumed to heat the air that leaks in through cracks around windows and doors. Only Monarch, with its patented *Interlocking—Self-adjusting* Principle, will keep these cracks closed regardless of shrinking, swelling or warping of woodwork.

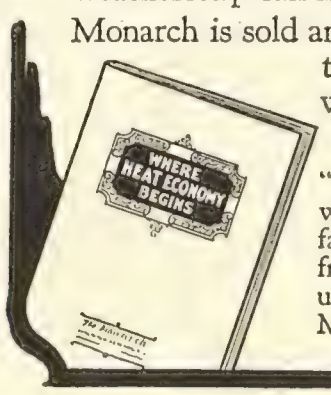
Here is a principle that makes weatherstrip performance so definite that all other methods become obsolete.

MONARCH *Interlocking-Self-adjusting* WEATHERSTRIP

has the first new principle since metal weatherstrip was invented more than 40 years ago. Installed in any building, new or old, it creates savings that more than pay its cost in from one to three years.

Monarch performance is built in the product before it leaves the factory, so that it does not depend on the skill of installation for efficiency. That is why Monarch *performance* is guaranteed by the factory,—guaranteed to reduce the volume of inleaking air to a fixed minimum and to maintain this efficiency for the life of the building. No other weatherstrip can meet such a guarantee.

Monarch is sold and installed only by licensed factory representatives and carries a factory to you guarantee on workmanship, material and *performance*.



Send for This Free Book

"Where Heat Economy Begins" and learn how Monarch will affect the fuel bills in your home. It is full of interesting facts that every home or building owner can use. Get a copy from our representative, who is listed in your phone book under Monarch Metal Weatherstrip, or write, Monarch Metal Products Company, 5025 Penrose St., St. Louis, Mo.

The Ringing of the WELKIN

The Story of a Speech that Was All Wet

By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

Pictures by REA IRVIN

OUR worthy Lycurgus arose and got a full nelson on the eagle and made the poor old bird scream for forty-five minutes.

ED TOWNS dropped into the seat beside me and borrowed a cigarette.

"Hello!" I greeted him. "I hear you made a speech the other night."

"Well, I hope you heard good," he told me sourly, "because you'll never have the opportunity to do so again. That's positively my last appearance. I shall rest on my poison ivy and leave the brow-twining laurel to those whose skins are as thick as their heads."

"How come?"

"Didn't you hear about the riot?"

"No. Shoot."

And this is the version that Ed told me:

I RAN into Tom Wilson on the street, and says he to me, with a tear in his voice, "Say, Ed, I want you to do me a favor. We're having the annual banquet tonight at the Legion Hall and you've got to help me out!"

"How can I be of service to the Legion?" I inquired innocently.

"The State Commander, the General commanding this corps area, and an Admiral were all lined up for a speech and we'd done a lot of advertising. Now, at a quarter past the eleventh hour, this storm has torn up the roads and they've all wired that they can't come. I'm up against it. After all this advertising, I've just got to have a celebrity to make the welkin ring."

"But I'm no celebrity, and I can't make a speech," I offered as an alibi.

"Well, you're going to be a celebrity for tonight," says Tom. "I'm going to give you an introduction that will let the boys know who really won the war. You got a couple of medals and that's enough for purposes of oratory. We don't care how you hornswoggled them, and you needn't tell us about the mistake. But please help me out. I'm in a bad jam. The banquet is all arranged and not a single union rhetorician! You can have the floor for an hour."

"Thanks," I told him; "but an hour is just fifty-five minutes too long for any rhapsody from me."

"Don't kid me," says Tom. "There never was a man who knew when to stop spellbinding. Here's your chance."

"Not me," I insisted. "What would I talk about? Mademoiselle from Armentières? Or should I tell them about King Darius and the three thousand virgins?"

"No, be patriotic," Tom advised. "Wave the flag! Win the war! Lick the Kaiser and tell your open-faced audience that the Legion is the logical successor to the Ten Thousand, the Six Hundred, the Prætorian Guard, the Old Guard, the Liberty Boys, the James Boys, the Lost Tribes, the House of David, and the Lion of Lucerne. I'll write your speech, and I'll give you a good introduction."

"Nothing doing," I told him; "and that's final. I might get hurt. My doctor told me to beware of uncooked fruit."

"Come on and be a sport," Tom urged. "I won't take no for an answer. I'll round up the worst speaker in town to give you a good comparison. One of the boys is going to bring some apple brandy that's been in the keg with peaches for six months, and after the show is over, we'll gather around the flowing bowl and listen to your real speech."

"In that case," I said, "you can expect a note of acceptance from my secretary. But the speech will be witty with brevity."

"All right, just so long as I have bait to sell more tickets with. Seven-thirty at the hall. Don't slip and break a leg on the ice until after that."

THAT'S how I got sucked in. I got all dolled up that night and went down to do a little light drinking before I had to orate. But it didn't work out that way, though I took along a flask in case of emergency.

I rehearsed my speech and practiced all the regulation gestures, so I was ready to die for dear old Rutgers. I was seated at the head table on a sort of platform with Tom and some of our notoriously prominent citizens, and it was out of the question to operate the flask.

There was a professional song leader present, and we had to lift our voices and sing some of those fine old hymns that the boys used to

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

H A V E A C A M E L

To you—experienced smokers . . .

EXPERIENCED smokers, your patronage has put Camel first among cigarettes.

You know good tobaccos. From their taste and fragrance, you know that Camels are rolled of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown.

Your preference proves it. You've paid every price and tried every brand, and you will smoke only Camels. Camel popularity—your vote—shows that Camel is totally unlike any other cigarette that ever was made.

You are also steady smokers, and you have paid Camel the highest compliment: "No matter how liberally we smoke them, Camels never tire the taste. They never leave a cigaretty after-taste."

Experienced smokers, it is your patronage that enables us to produce the best. We spare no expense, we buy the best of everything for Camels because we dare look forward to your appreciation. And you give it beyond all bounds!

There's only one thing more we could ask. Pass the good news to inexperienced smokers. Help them shorten the search for tobacco enjoyment. Extend them the most friendly—because the most helpful—smoke invitation ever spoken—

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

© 1927

PROFESSIONAL MEN SPEAK TO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

You must protect your charm from the acids which attack The Danger Line

Not only are white teeth and firm, pink gums vital to charm and beauty, but physical well-being often depends upon their soundness.

With the vital fascination of good health depending on them, it is fundamental that you must guard your teeth and gums. But how are you to know which is the most effective method of protecting yourself? There are so many dentifrices—so many claims—so many conflicting theories!

E. R. Squibb & Sons decided to ask the dental profession of America to settle the problem. An investigation was started. 50,000 dentists were asked to state as briefly as possible what constituted the greatest threat to teeth and gums, and what was the best means of combating it. The answers are amazing in their simplicity and forcefulness.

Beauty, charm, health . . . they are too precious to risk lightly. This verdict, passed by the entire dental profession, removes all doubt as to what constitutes proper oral hygiene.

95% *of the answers agree that mouth acids are the most frequent cause of tooth decay and irritated gums.*

95% *of the answers state that the most treacherous decay and gum infection occur at the place known as The Danger Line where teeth and gums meet — where a tooth-brush cannot reach.*

85% *state that Milk of Magnesia is the best product to neutralize these acids.* © 1927

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in the most convenient and effective form. Each time you use it, tiny particles of the Milk of Magnesia are forced into every pit and crevice where acids can form. There these particles not only neutralize the acids already present, but remain for a considerable time, to neutralize any acid that may be formed.

Squibb's Dental Cream combines all the ingredients necessary for the correct care of your teeth and gums. It is a thorough cleanser—leaves the teeth beautifully white—relieves sensitive teeth and soothes sore gums—contains no harsh grit or abrasives.

Protect your health and beauty. Follow the advice of these authorities. Consult your dentist at least once every six months, and meanwhile use Squibb's Dental Cream. At all druggists—40c a tube.

E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York—*Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

sing marching into battle. I think this was a roughneck crowd, because none of them knew any of those hymns. If they ever sang anything at all, I'll guarantee the words were never in any hymnal.

Anyway, the vocal enthusiast finally got tired of his solo and we sat down to a nice dinner, which was served by the Ladies' Auxiliary. Then Tom got up and rapped for silence. I began to get cold feet and didn't feel a bit like speaking, as I hadn't figured out any way to make connections between my face and that flask. Tom spoke for half an hour on the Legion and its aims, ambitions, and unpaid dues. He said most of what I was going to say and then proceeded with the introduction:

"IT gives me great pleasure to tell you that we are honored tonight by the presence of a man who is known, not only in this city, but throughout this State. His name is a byword in every home in this fair commonwealth. He is known universally, and wherever he is known he is loved and revered."

I was blushing violently and reached for a glass of water and drank deeply. I thought Tom was laying it on a bit thick, and I tried to kick him under the table, but couldn't reach that far. Then he concluded:

"I now take great pleasure in introducing to you our most welcome guest, the Honorable Cyrus Blabah, who represents you in the Legislature, and who has expressed a desire to say a few words to you."

I heaved a sigh of relief after I caught his last words and became very attentive to the Honorable and wished that my ears were water-cooled.

Our worthy Lycurgus arose and got a full nelson on the eagle and made the poor old bird scream for forty-five minutes. He went back to Charlemagne and traced European politics down to 1914 and proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Kaiser really did shoot the Grand Duke and sent that telegram to Napoleon III. He brought the Germans to the Marne and then led our gallant troops from the coral strands of Texas to the rock-ribbed heights of the Hindenburg Line. He led the assault in person and then took command of the bridgehead at Cologne. He dashed back to Paris and signed the Treaty of Versailles and buried the Unknown Soldier.

Then he got down to the real meat of his speech. He wanted to enlist the support of the Legion in the campaign for the World Court and thus perpetuate the immortal ideals of our martyred President and show the dirty Republicans where to get off. He wanted us to repudiate that group of men who had undone our noble sacrifice, who had dragged humanity in the mud of isolation, and who would go down in history in the same niche with Benedict Arnold, Judas Iscariot, and Lucrezia Borgia. He appealed to us to arise to the defense of justice and our noble womanhood as we had done in those stormy days that tried men's souls and led us undaunted to a heroic sacrifice on the field f glory. He, Cyrus Blabah, expected to be a candidate for Congress at the next election so that he might lead the fight in person.

That didn't leave me much speech to deliver, but after I heard what I was going to say, I was just as glad that someone else had said it. Then Tom got up again:

"It is a great pleasure to have here with us tonight another man who is dear to our hearts. A man who has never faltered in his loyalty to the Legion and his duty to his country. He has always been our friend and has ever listened with sympathetic ears to our appeals for aid and advice. He is a man who has our deepest respect, and I am sure that we will all be delighted to hear a few words from him."

And the rest of my speech was lost as the mob overtook me.

AGAIN I was blushing and got down a half glass of water to lubricate my Adam's apple. Then Tom went on:

"I now take great pleasure in introducing to you Mr. Eight Per Cent Bunk—no, no, I didn't mean that—Mr. A. P. Bunk, the president of the First National Bank, who has volunteered to say a few words to you."

Our leading capitalist arose and praised the Legion. He praised the soldiers, he praised the sailors, he praised the marines, he praised the Red Cross, he praised the Y. M. C. A., and spoke modestly of his own efforts to sell genuine interest-bearing Liberty Bonds, and illustrated his troubles doing so with humorous anecdotes. It wasn't hard to pick his candidate for who won the war. He told in detail how the German horde had been repulsed by our gallant troops after our noble allies had fled, and how the enemy had been defeated and driven back from the very gates of Paris to the banks of the Rhine. He shattered their armies and was only prevented from bombing Berlin by the complete capitulation and surrender of Hindenburg, who handed his sword to General Pershing with that famous remark, "So's your friend Lafayette, too."

THEN he said he wanted to say a few words about another war, that immortal struggle for Union or Disunion, for State Rights or Carpetbaggers. After sixty years had passed down the long avenue of time and those mighty warriors had found a peaceful place to sleep, now that the shaft was in the stone and two lilies bloomed where only one lily bloomed before, the old wounds were being healed by modern therapeutics, and the United States Treasury—by Act of Congress—now had issued a memorial half dollar to assist in carving the immortality of our deathless heroes on the imperishable, eternal, unchangeable, indissoluble granite walls of Stone Mountain.

One sculptor, who was a Yankee anyway, had destroyed his models rather than have them used by another sculptor, but he could not destroy the love in our hearts, and another sculptor had been found who was going to take off General Lee's hat and carve a bigger and better memorial! The coins cost

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

cruise this summer on the D&C lake lines

Mackinac Island.. The Summer Wonderland
Chicago...Detroit
Cleveland..Buffalo
Niagara Falls

On business, pleasure, or vacation, sail between the above points on the luxurious D & C liners—the fastest ships on the Great Lakes. Swift, restful, refreshing, dustless traveling. First class accommodations exclusively. Autos carried. Wireless aboard.

Over-Night Service

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet of D&C Vacation Tours

between Cleveland and Detroit, Buffalo and Niagara Falls and Detroit, and between Detroit or Chicago and Mackinac Island. Also daylight trips between Cleveland and Detroit during July and August.

Round Trip Fares

between	
*CHICAGO and DETROIT	$60
*MACKINAC ISLAND and CHICAGO or DETROIT	$30
*BUFFALO and CHICAGO	$79

	One Way	Round Trip
†CLEVELAND and DETROIT	$3.50	$ 6.00
†BUFFALO and DETROIT	$6.00	$11.00

*Berth and meals included. †Berth and meals extra

On the Detroit and Chicago Division boats there is music, dancing, with hostess in charge, bridge, afternoon tea, golf, horseshoe pitching, radio, moving pictures, and other entertainments. Passengers limited to sleeping accommodations. Radio and moving pictures also on Buffalo Division. Yachting, golf, horseback riding, fishing, etc., at Mackinac Island. Liberal stopover privileges at all ports.

For Reservations or further information, address E. H. McCracken, Gen. Pass. Agt. at Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT & CLEVELAND NAVIGATION CO.

"Even those of us who are not dental cripples do not use our teeth vigorously enough"

So declares a famous dentist in describing the damage that soft food and hasty eating do to our teeth and gums.

Our modern food is soft—over-refined. Often it is eaten hastily—"on the run." These are the two chief reasons for the wide prevalence of gum troubles today.

AS the four quotations on this page will briefly testify, dentists recognize the connection between our habits of eating and the present rise of troubles of the teeth and gums.

And bad as our soft and starchy foods are for our teeth, they are even worse for our gums. For under our rich creamy diet, with little or no roughage, our gums are deprived of stimulation—they become prone to softness, to bleeding, to ill health!

How gum troubles originate

To keep healthy, gums must receive work and exercise—the circulation of the blood within their walls must be quickened by a brisk surface friction such as natural hard food once gave.

But these delicious things we eat are stripped of their fibre and roughage—they are cooked and refined to a soft consistency, to a creamy texture. They have no power to stir our gums to health. And all too often our nervous habit of hasty eating subtracts still further from the scant stimulation that our gums receive from our food.

And there you have, in everyday language, the reason why gums soften and weaken—why "pink tooth brush," the forerunner of worse troubles, is so widely prevalent—and why it is important for every one of us to care for our gums as faithfully as we clean our teeth.

Happily, the remedy dental authorities propose is not difficult. They tell us to devote just a few moments, night and morning, to a massage of the gums—with the fingers or with the tooth brush—to restore to the gums the lost stimulation and to bring a fresh supply of rich, nourishing blood to the depleted tissues.

How Ipana adds to the benefits of gum massage

And thousands of dentists direct their patients to carry out this simple procedure with Ipana Tooth Paste, *after* the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana contains ziratol, a valuable antiseptic and hemostatic which adds to the efficacy of the massage and aids in rebuilding the gums to sound and sturdy health. That is why Ipana has always enjoyed the profession's heartiest support.

Make the full-tube trial of Ipana

The ten-day tube is gladly sent on receipt of the coupon—and it will prove to you Ipana's delicious taste and splendid cleaning power. But the full-size tube from your druggist—containing more than a hundred brushings—makes a better test of Ipana's benefits to your gums. So give Ipana the full thirty-day trial that may change your tooth paste habits for life!

How the dentists condemn soft food and advocate gum stimulation

From a famous specialist:
"In our mouths, resistance to disease is very low. This is because we choose our food unwisely, eat hurriedly . . . . These factors contribute toward sluggish circulation of the blood."

From a radio talk by a well-known dentist:
"If you find that your gums bleed on touch, for instance, when you use a tooth brush—this is the time to take action. It is a signal sent to you by nature that something undesirable is taking place in your mouth . . . . Pyorrhea is easily curable and preventable in its early stages."

From an article in a dental journal (describing massage):
"Beginning with the application of the brush, carry the bristles in between the teeth, pushing in such a manner as to make friction on the gum, and against the interproximate sides of the teeth."

Statement by an authority on gum disorders:
"I have long advocated the necessity of gum stimulation with the brush and have seen the beneficial results in the mouths of my patients for many years."

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. AB57, 73 West St., New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

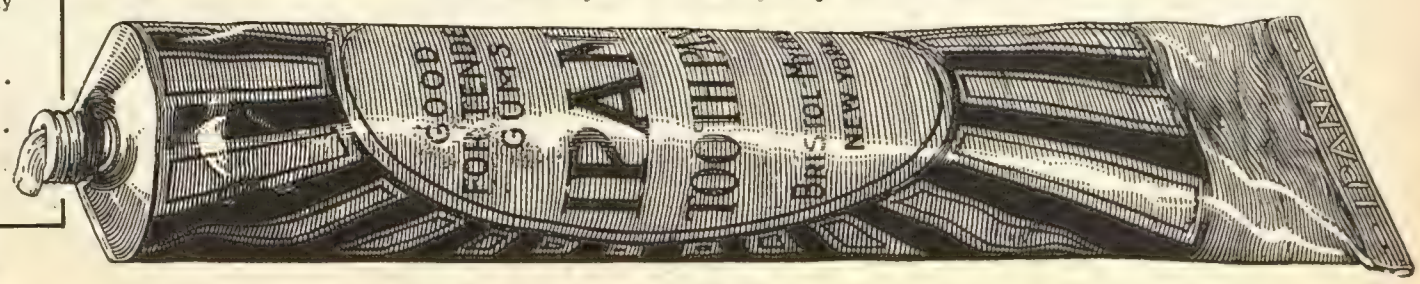
Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

© B.-M. Co., 1927

IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

but a dollar, and at any time that the love in our hearts waned we could bring them to his bank and get four bits for them. His bank had a large supply of them on hand and he hoped to see us all there after nine in the morning.

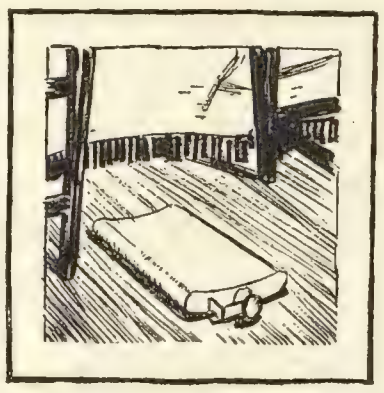
After the Yankees and Gutzon had been vanquished, Tom arose again and said:

"Next on our program is a man from a different walk of life, but nevertheless a man of the same sterling type as our previous speakers—a fearless man, a noble man, a doer of good deeds and an instrument of good in the hands of the Almighty. We are proud to have him here tonight, and he reflects honor and grace on this gathering."

I thought that was much too strong and I took another gulp of water to ease the tonsils and got ready to revive the poor old eagle.

"I take great pleasure," went on Tom, "in presenting to you Mr. Hicky, local superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League. When he heard of this meeting, he at once came to me and offered to say a few words to you."

Mr. Hicky arose and told us that he, too, was a friend of the Legion; that he was sure it was a noble organization, and he felt very close indeed to us, for during the war he had sprained his ankle on the way to a camp where he was to make a lecture to the soldiers.



Then he got down to the business that made him really feel so close to the Legion.

We had defeated the Germans in battle nobly, and now we were called upon to face another and far more deadly foe—an enemy worthy of our mettle—the Demon Rum! We had all sworn to uphold the Constitution, and yet that inspired document was daily flouted in our streets, so magnificently paved by our farsighted taxpayers.

WE had proved ourselves heroes in the hour of trial, when the smoke of battle mingled with the cries of the dying and the booming of the guns echoed to the gates of Hades in a cloud of poison gas. Would we now prove ourselves traitors in the piping times of peace? Would we support murder, robbery, arson, mayhem, hijacking, bribery, corruption, and synthetic gin?

Would we stand idly by while our comrades, our own buddies, who had been miraculously spared a hero's death on the field of battle, fell ignominiously at the hands of those money-grubbing brewers; while the cigarette makers debauched our womanhood who paraded the streets with painted faces and holes in their stockings? No, no, a thousand times, no!

We would rise on the wings of the morning and ascend that path to glory which knows no understanding, and scorn this curse of rum that the devil in a Prussian helmet was digging at our feet and that led but to the grave!

Hell was paved with good intentions and four-card flushes, but the Styx was polluted with light wines and 4 per cent beer!

He had a friend, a worthy man, but he drank! He took a drink every day of his life and sometimes two! And the years went by and he was taken ill and the doctors were called and they diagnosed him. Yes, they diagnosed him! And they saw that an operation was necessary to save his life. So they cut him open; yes, they cut him open, right down the middle of his stomach. And in place of two large pink healthy kidneys, what do you think they found in him? What do you think they found? Two little hard shriveled-up things like a kidney bean! That's all that was left of his kidneys! That was what alcohol would do to your vital organs that God gave you to take care of and not to hide under a bushel.

THUS the man who drank liquor prostituted his own body while he defied the laws of our land and defiled our noble womanhood! But the Anti-Saloon League, like the geese that cackled to save Rome, exhorted us to defend those laws that our noble comrades had died to uphold and had watered Flanders fields with their dark red blood that our womanhood might be purified. Wayne B. Wheeler was in Washington, all was right with the world! Would we beat our mess kits into stills? No, we would not! We would gather at the river and help to place Andrew Volstead beside Woodrow Wilson!

There was prolonged applause at this and somebody shouted: "The sooner the better!"

Then he recited Flanders Fields and sat down.

Tom got up again and announced:

"I am sure that you all have listened eagerly to these appeals for support with synthetic ears. Will someone please close that rear door? The program is not finished yet. And now I have a real treat in store for you. The next thing on the program will bring great joy to your hearts." I got to blushing again and took another large drink of water in preparation. "The next thing on the program," went on Tom, "will be the Black Bottom, done by Miss Amelia Hipp."

And that little girl certainly did put on the Black Bottom for the boys. I glanced at Mr. Hicky, and you could have knocked his eyes off with a spoon. He was trying to see if she had any holes in her stockings. I don't guess she smoked, for there wasn't a hole in her stockings—no, not one.

"And now," said Tom, "we will have a patriotic address by a comrade who needs no introduction." I looked around to see who was going to speak next. Tom gave me a kick. "Go ahead and do your stuff," he whispered. "I ran out of adjectives."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-THREE]

Why men prefer Mennen!

Mrs. John: "How smooth your face feels, dear! A different razor?"

Mr. John: "No, a different shaving cream. It's Mennen, and it's great!"

Mennen Shaving Cream is different—different in composition—different in action—different in results—from any other shaving cream or soap you have ever tried on your face.

The Mennen process—*dermutation* (and it's exclusive with Mennen too)—does not stop at softening your beard more quickly and thoroughly. It flattens the tiny skin "mounds" around the hairs. This permits your razor to cut *smoothly* and *closely*. There's no nicking or scraping of the little skin peaks—therefore no smarting or soreness. Gives speed with comfort.

Mennen Shaving Cream goes even further. It clears the pores—tones up and conditions the skin. Your face feels better and looks better. Five soothing emollients in the cream give you this desirable Mennen result.

Try a Mennen shave tomorrow morning!

After shaving, try Mennen Skin Balm. Healing—antiseptic—mildly astringent. A big tube—50c. For added comfort use a dash of Mennen Talcum for Men. Takes off any face shine. It's tinted to match your face. Doesn't show. 25c a can.

Jim Henry (Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN

The Improved

SHAVING CREAM

The Mennen Company, Newark, New Jersey
The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal

Make every cleaning count for two!

Get twice the dirt every time you clean. And clean less often.

You can, with a Premier Duplex. It has double action for quicker and more thorough work. Its motor-driven brush flicks off the stubborn threads and shakes out the knife-edged grit. At the same time, strong suction is drawing it all into the bag.

And the Premier Duplex is easy to use and to care for. It never needs oiling. Ball bearings, packed in lubricant, in both motor and brush keep it in constant running order. With a Premier Duplex you can clean in half the time—get twice the dirt—and enjoy double leisure for many, many years.

~ ~ ~

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., INC.
Dept. 605 Cleveland, Ohio.

Manufactured and distributed in Canada by the Premier Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., General Offices, Toronto.

Sold over the entire world, outside of the U. S. and Canada by the International General Electric Co., Inc., Schenectady, New York.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

I dragged my sodden, waterlogged self to my feet and tried to stem the hiccoughs. My head was in a whirl from all the oratory, and my prepared speech had been delivered several times. If the orchestra had given me a bar, I'd have done the Black Bottom. I was all tangled up, but I was determined to do my duty by my country and make a speech. Tom was right: when a man sees an audience he's got to make a speech.

"GENTLEMEN," I began, "as General Mitchell said to Secretary Wilbur, it's a poor war that hath no fury like an admiral told to go to hell. Fourscore and ten years ago hell was still wearing roller skates, but you can't skate on good intentions, and four-card flushes are only good for short skates.

"I cannot indorse the sentiments of our speakers too highly. Taxation without representation is tyranny! Vote for me and I'll take Congress to fifty-four forty and fight. Constant dripping wears the stone, and Columbian half dollars will build Muscle Shoals. Down with the skirts! My family lost their fortune in the petticoat business. Away with bobbed hair! You can't fasten a dress collar without a hairpin. But let us be generous to a fallen foe. General Lee kept his sword and Grant wouldn't tell a joke to the gentlemen until he had tried it on the ladies. Let us not judge women by the length of their hair. Remember, it's what's underneath that counts! Nor should they be judged by the length of their skirts.

"Shall we speak of rum? Is it not a topic on everyone's tongue? You all know that the Germans drank beer; the Russians, vodka; the Italians, chianti; the French, wine; and the British, anything. But who won the war? Who won the war?"

There were loud cries: "The marines, the marines!"

"For the reason," I continued, "I can only refer you to General Pershing's famous Paris proclamation, wherein he said, 'America expects every man to drink grape juice, Gridley.'

"I once had a friend, a worthy man, but he gambled, he shot dice. He knew every stroke of African golf and walked many a mile after the galloping dominoes. His numerology called for seven and eleven, and he lived with Big Dick and Little Joe on the banks of Sissy River, that sweet evening stream. When he went to see Ada, in Decatur, he rode the box cars and he was in love with Phœbe with the golden hair. And he was taken ill and the doctors were called and they diagnosed him. Yes, they diagnosed him, and they didn't even use a local anæsthetic. They saw that only an operation would save his life and they cut him open. And when they looked for his kidneys, what do you think they found? What did they find? They found two little white cubes with numbers on them from one to six! That's all that was left of his kidneys! He'd gambled them away. Only quinine saved him, but he was never natural after that.

AND that little girl certainly did put on the Black Bottom for the boys.

"You have heard this evening four clarion messages. Well, I, too, have brought you a message. Yes, I have brought you—"

BUT just at that moment I took a step backward, and I had one of these long narrow flasks that won't fit in any civilized clothes, and it fell out of my pocket and dropped on the floor with a clatter.

"The message!" the crowd shouted. "The message! Give us a message! Pass the message!" And the rest of my speech was lost as the mob overtook me.

And that is why I shall not be overcome by a rush of oratory to the mouth ever again. No, never!

THE END

To men who would like to increase their incomes *every* year 150%

YOUR tooth-paste and shaving cream come in collapsible tubes. This man is president of the company that makes the tubes. Nine years ago he was working at the bench. Read his story.

This is not an advertisement for pikers

TEN years ago Frank J. Lynch was working as a tool maker in a New Jersey factory. Nine years ago he became superintendent of the plant.

To be a superintendent at the age of 26 is a good record. Nine out of ten men would be satisfied with it. They would say to themselves, "Next year I will be making $200 a month, and the next year $250, and so on." Mr. Lynch was not satisfied. The Alexander Hamilton Institute Course came into his life like a revelation. In its text-books and lectures he met the biggest men in American business. He learned their methods; he caught the inspiration of their example. He could see no reason why he should not duplicate their success.

The war came along and interrupted his career as it did that of many another man. He served as a flying officer, but in between his hours of duty he found time to finish the Course. When the war was over his one idea was to put into practice what he had learned—*not* in somebody else's business, but in a business of his own. He gathered together a group of skilled associates, and founded the Sun Tube Company.

In a recent issue of Factory, the magazine of industrial management, appeared an article describing the methods by which the Sun Tube Corporation has achieved its remarkable success. But a briefer and more human statement of the facts was contained in the letter which Mr. Lynch wrote the Institute a few weeks ago. He said:

"Alexander Hamilton Institute to me means the elimination of all business mystery. At 25, employed as a tool-maker and wanting to advance, I enrolled with you. As a flying officer in the U. S. Service I finished my Course. I made flying pictures after the war, returning to business in 1920. In 1923 I was factory manager and vice-president of a successful company and resigned in 1924 to organize the Sun Tube Corporation at 33. Ideas developed from your Course and put into effect have made us tremendously successful in an industry that is terrifically competitive. I owe the Alexander Hamilton Institute for the training to increase my income 1500% in nine years."

After having had a very intimate part in the careers of 300,000 business men, we, who are officers of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, have formed this definite conviction:

The one outstanding reason why more men do not make conspicuous successes is because they do not dare to think in big enough terms.

They say to themselves: "How can I make $25 a week more next year?" when they ought to say "How can I increase my income 100% next year?" They say, "How can I get a little better position than the one I now hold?" when they ought to say, "How can I become president of this company, or have a business of my own?"

The story of Mr. Lynch is one of many business stories that confirms us in this point of view.

Of the 300,000 men enrolled in the Institute, many have used the training to secure for themselves slow but steady business gains. We are proud of these men and grateful for their loyal enthusiasm. But the men in whom we take greatest pride are those who looked upon their enrolment as the beginning of a new attitude toward business and life; who said to themselves, "This marks the end of small things for me. From now on I dare to ask of Life something really big."

We know today better than we have ever known in the past just how to help men to form this resolve and to put it into action. We stand ready to put our whole experience and our personal interest at the disposal of those who will join our ranks and demand the utmost from us. Will *you?*

Will you take the first step by sending for "Forging Ahead in Business," the famous little book that has marked a turning point in so many other men's lives? It is free. It is brief. You can read it in one evening. Send for it now.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

848 Astor Place **New York City**

Send me the new, revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business" which I may keep without charge.

Name.....

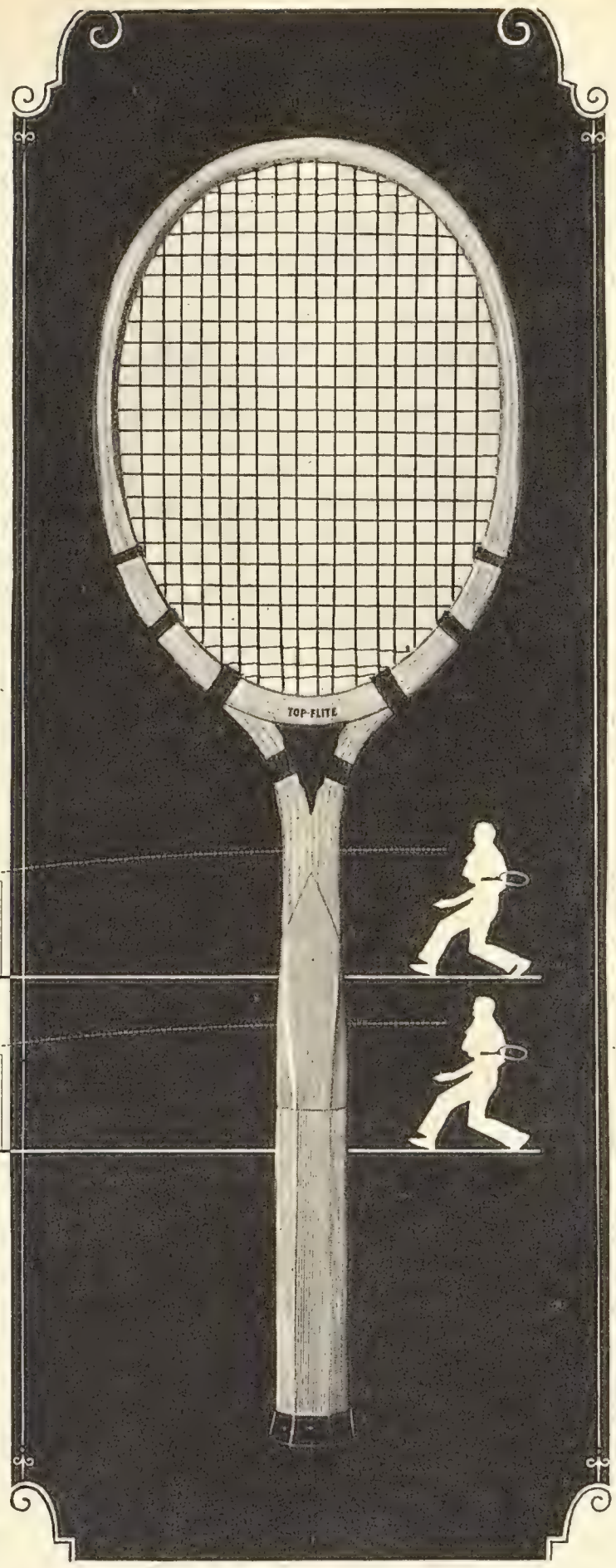
Write plainly, please

Business Address.....

Business Position.....

In Canada address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto

A *new* racket . . faster even than champions thought possible . .



It speeds up your game by that vital split-second!

HERE is the fastest tennis racket the game has ever seen—the new Wright & Ditson Top-Flite! A racket *built* for the smashing, volleying game of tennis that is played today.

Here is its great advantage—a Top-Flite gets the ball there a *split-second quicker*. Losing shots are often turned into winners by that vital split-second margin!

The Top-Flite was built because champions said tennis had become too fast for ordinary bats.

Hundreds of experimental rackets preceded the Top-Flite. But when at last this great racket was created, champions welcomed it, approved it, tried it—and in 1926 won many of the important tournaments with it.

Not only is it faster in itself, the Top-Flite is a bat you can *handle* faster—because of its lighter, smaller head and its new perfection of balance. A bat that will hold its shape. A tighter strung bat, with strength for many restringings—because of its strong shoulder construction. A bat with a whip and pliancy never before known in a tennis racket—because of its open throat design.

You'll find a Top-Flite that will suit you exactly in weight, balance and feel—at your favorite sporting goods or department store. Priced at $15.00.

A. J. REACH, WRIGHT & DITSON, INC.

New York · Chicago · San Francisco · Philadelphia and Brantford, Ontario

Distributors of the Official Lawn Tennis Guide—published by Wright & Ditson—mailed anywhere in the U.S. upon receipt of 35c—coin or stamps.

TWO MORE GREAT RACKETS

THE DAVIS CUP—as famous as the cup after which it is named! Used by National and Davis Cup players the world over. Its patent laminated throat gives it exceptional strength for hard play. Strung with the finest split gut—and priced at $15.00.

THE GOLD STAR—one of the most popular rackets with the leading players. Long, narrow head—a favorite for stroke playing and overhead work. Handle has the same grip its entire length. A racket of great accuracy and driving power. Strung with the finest split gut, $15.00.

THE BALL CHAMPIONS PLAY

The Wright & Ditson Championship Tennis Ball is the world's most famous ball. Made strictly under the rules of the United States Lawn Tennis Association and the International Federation. Two piece, plugless, unstitched. Each ball is inflated to exactly the same air pressure—each ball performs exactly the same. It bounds truly and flies accurately. A patented innerlining prevents air-seepage and retains the life of the ball for an entire season's play. For thirty-six years the Wright & Ditson ball has been adopted for National championships—and for all Davis Cup matches since 1900. 50c each—and always fresh.

Other Wright & Ditson Rackets, $3 up

L.—5-14-27

GET THIS BOOKLET

A. J. Reach, Wright & Ditson, Inc.,
Dept. J, Tulip and Eyre Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free, a copy of your booklet, "The Ten Best Strokes Of The Ten Best Players and An Analysis of Tournament Play," by the world's leading tennis authority.

Name.....

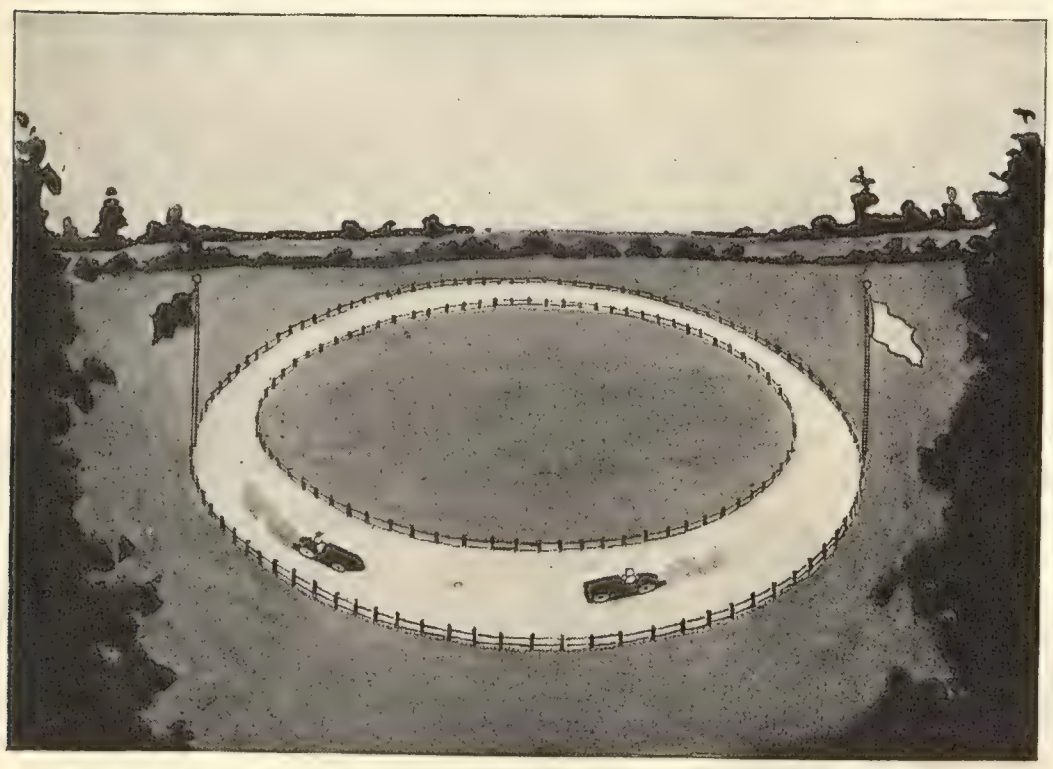
Street.....

City.....*State*.....

© 1927, A. J. R., W. & D. Inc.

Here's a Speed Test for Quick Thinkers

Sam Loyd PUZZLE Nº 3



MY SPEEDWAY PUZZLE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This new series of original puzzles by Sam Loyd is published solely for your enjoyment. The only reward for their solution is your own satisfaction in solving them—if you can. Hold your answer to each and compare it with the correct one which will be published the week following the appearance of the puzzle.]

I PROMISED the hard-hearted editor of LIBERTY something different this week. I was going to make him suffer or bust in the attempt.

But, try as I might, I couldn't hit just the kind of problem I wanted.

Finally, my poor old brain refused to work altogether. It looked as if what I needed was fresh air. So I took a run over to the Speedway.

And right in the middle of the show, hanged if I didn't get the flash of inspiration I needed!

I hurried home and sat up half the night putting it into the form you see illustrated above.

Here's the problem:

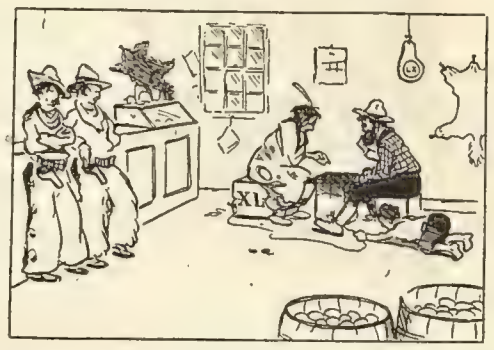
The two cars start simultaneously from the opposite sides of a circular track and race toward each other. In the picture we see them coming together for the first time. They meet and pass at a point 421 yards from the black flag. Their second meeting is 221 yards from the white flag.

From the start up to the time of their second meeting they maintain top speed.

What is the circumference of the track?

I'll give you a tip: it's less than a mile and a half. Next week I'll tell you the exact figure in yards.

How Old Is Ike?



THE ANSWER: First get this problem clearly in your mind. It is tricky and may confuse you, if you don't. Here it is: *Ike is one and a quarter times as old as Big Chief Brown Bear was when Ike was ten years older than the Bear is today, and together their ages add up to exactly 100 years. How old is Ike?*

We will first let X equal the age the Bear was when Ike was ten years older than the Bear is today. Therefore, Ike, being one and a quarter times older than the Bear was then, is now 1¼ X years old.

Let's have Y equal the Bear's present age. Then Y plus 10 will equal Ike's age at the time the Bear was X years old.

Now Y (the Bear's present age) minus X (his former age) must equal 1¼ X (Ike's present age) minus (Y plus 10) (Ike's former age), because the increase in their ages since then has been the same. Thus we have the simple mathematical problem:

Y minus X equals 1¼ X minus (Y plus 10). Or, reducing:

2 Y equals 2¼ X minus 10, or

Y equals 1⅛ X minus 5, the Bear's present age.

And so, since their present ages combined equal 100 years, we have:

1⅛ X minus 5 plus 1¼ X equals 100, or

2⅜ X equals 105, or X equals 44 4/19 years.

Thus Ike's age, 1¼ X, equals 55 5/19 years.

Sam Loyd

Eveready Flashlight Batteries do last longer— *and here's why:*

EVEREADY Flashlight Batteries are made by the makers of the famous Eveready Radio Batteries. They are made with the same precision and care, and are especially designed for flashlight service. Long life is built into them at the factory. Here are six main reasons for Eveready superiority:

1 *Eveready Flashlight Batteries are dated.* You *know* they're fresh when you buy them. An Eveready feature that protects customer and dealer alike.

2 *The "star washer."* This accurately centers the carbon "bobbin" in the zinc can. A patented Eveready feature, insuring uniform current-flow when light is on and consequent longer life.

3 *The rolled-and-soldered can.* More expensive to manufacture than the ordinary "drawn" can. Insures uniform thickness of metal, resulting in uniform electro-chemical activity.

4 *Projecting tip on brass contact.* Insures perfect contact from battery to lamp-base, and from cell to cell. Another patented Eveready feature.

5 *The Eveready jacket.* Consists of asphaltum, sandwiched between two plies of chip-board. Prevents short-circuiting by keeping out external moisture.

6 *The carbon mix.* After all, the real heart of the battery. These "active materials" are prepared by a patented process to give longest service.

Keep your flashlight primed for emergencies with powerful, dependable Eveready Flashlight Batteries. If you do not own a good flashlight, buy a genuine Eveready. $1.25 and up, complete with battery and exclusive features.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., Inc.
New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

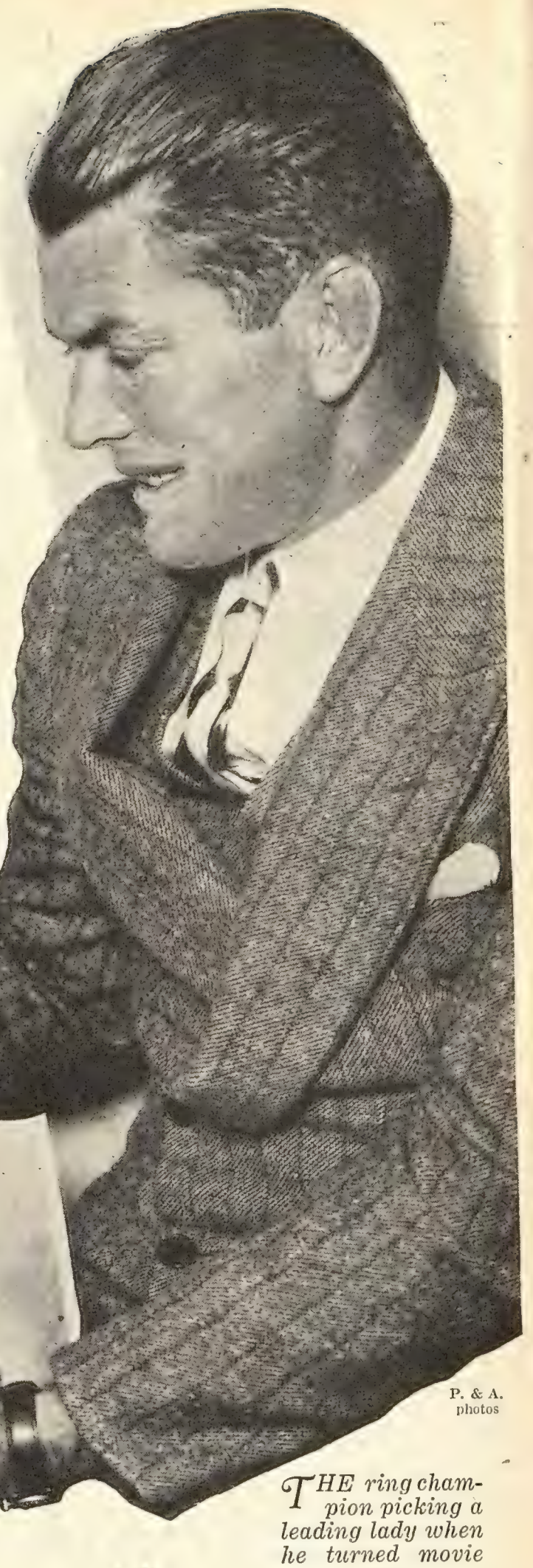
EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES
—"Best in every case"

Gene TUNNEY

Champion de Luxe

Tea-Table Exploits of an Elegant Pug

An Article by
ROBERT INGERLEY



A strange pose for a boxer, but here's how Tunney developed those powerful forearms.

P. & A. photos

THE ring champion picking a leading lady when he turned movie hero.

ONE of the lesser phenomena of a busy metropolis has been the conquest of Park Avenue by Mr. Gene Tunney. Park Avenue as an institution knew very little about Mr. Tunney before last September.

He arrived in New York, shortly after defeating Jack Dempsey, with a world made only vaguely curious about him by newspaper headlines and radio broadcasting. There is an element in Manhattan that goes in for celebrities, and Mr. Tunney was in some small demand. Socially, I mean—of course mobs always gathered in the streets when he passed.

Mr. Tunney, the Champion, already had friends in New York. He was cautiously asked to a party or two. A great many people met him. Presently word went around that the new champion was a charming fellow; modest, presentable, even amusing. Invitations to luncheons and a dinner or two followed.

Mr. Dudley Field Malone, who had in the meantime become his legal manager, took his usual interest in steering his protégé. That fringe of the literati which touches Park Avenue discovered him.

Anecdotes, since become typical, sprang up about him. The ladies circulated one to the effect that he had stopped a gentleman who was telling a smoking-room story. Another related that he was so modest that when introduced he spelled out his name.

It was pointed out that he did not swear and that he could use words of more than one syllable. The envious added that most of his words had too many syllables, but the remark was lost. Mr. Tunney did not smoke or drink. His every action was tea-table gossip.

Then came the interesting news that, although most people who wanted to meet him had been introduced, he was still being asked about. Also that Mr. Tunney's head was not in the least turned.

With the winter season getting under way, Mr. Tunney might be seen speeding toward fashionable Long Island, out to the North Shore; now to Oyster Bay and the hospitality of Theodore Roosevelt; again toward Westbury and the Meadowbrook Club with Tommy Hitchcock, that other ace of hitters, who uses a polo mallet instead of a gloved hand. Conservative Oyster Bay nodded its approval. The gay poloists welcomed him as a curiosity—kept him as a friend.

There was also Harry Davison, F. Trubee Davison's brother, and son of the late Henry P. Davison, the powerful banker and associate of J. P. Morgan, whom he visited. And one of Tunney's closest friends is Carl Fisher, whose Long Island real-estate manipulations nearly made Montauk Point into a second Florida.

In town he was frequently seen with that other lion of the season, Mayor Jimmy Walker. If you saw one or the other present, it was a good party; if you saw both it was made. When the Governor came down the river, "Our Al" could be observed with "Our Gene." He got along very well with the less titled but equally powerful members of Tammany Hall.

AMONG the literati, his hostess was Alice Duer Miller, in whose house he met Laurence Stallings, the other marine—with whom he talked several hours. There the owners and editors of the town's smart magazines met him—Condé Nast and Frank Crowninshield of *Vanity Fair*, Raoul Fleischmann and Harold Ross of *The New Yorker*—and approved the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

Improved by Science—Proved by Service

America's First Scientifically Correct Balloon Tire

Miller dealers will be glad to explain — and service your tire needs

The Tire Builder says:
"If one comes back, I'm penalized"

This marks the passing of all previous conceptions of balloon tire performance

NOW you can buy a tire of proved results—*based on scientific certainty.* The same certainty that science has brought to the telephone, the electric light, the radio.

After years of research — coupled with a wealth of manufacturing experience and millions of miles of road tests—Miller has perfected America's First Scientifically Correct Balloon Tire. And *proved* it on thousands of cars.

This perfection marks at once the achievement of a new and surpassing degree of tire wear and stamina. For here, finally, is a tire that brings you *complete* freedom from *all* the troubles heretofore common to balloon tires.

1 One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls

Gone for all time is fear of cracking joints and the destruction that followed with old ways. Now the husky Miller tread reaches all the way around the tire in one piece from toe to toe. *All joints and hinging centers are eliminated—no chance whatever for cracking.* Six months of actual road service on hundreds of thousands of cars *proved* the *scientific correctness* of this new Miller design.

2 Road-Shaped, Geared-to-the-Road Tread

The broad, road-shaped contact surface of the Miller exclusive Geared-to-the-Road tread runs *even with the road.* With light or heavy load—the entire width of this famous tread is *on* the road—taking wear evenly—and therefore *slowly.* Thus Miller banished uneven, spotty tread wear—the outstanding cause of short tire life. Not satisfied to stop there—a third unique result was obtained.

3 "Uniflex" Cord Construction

Insures uniform flexibility of all parts—completing a perfectly balanced tire. Built to resist curb and rut jolts—springs back from blows to normal shape with the quick, springy action of live rubber—leaving One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls, Bead and Uniflex Cord Carcass secure and intact. Thus the common cause of internal wear is eliminated—and miles added to balloon tire life.

THE MILLER RUBBER CO. of N. Y.
Akron, Ohio, U. S. A.

Miller *Scientifically Correct* **Balloon Tires**
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD — MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

LUXURY with

$895
for the Sedan DeLuxe

2 pass. Speedabout	$700
4 pass. Speedster	785
Coupe	735
Coach	735
Sedan	795

f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax.

Super-Six Performance

The New Sedan De Luxe

This is the finest, roomiest and most beautiful Essex ever built. Naturally it has every refinement and detail of comfort that you would expect in the deluxe model of this line.

And with its superb and luxurious body, remember, Essex is a Super-Six. It differs from all other "Sixes"—not by little margins—but bold, vivid advantages that instantly stand out from all comparison.

Here is 50 miles an hour all day long, with ease to car and comfort to passengers. (Yet that is far below its maximum speed.) Here are size, generous passenger room, simple, positive controls. No car of any price excels its easy riding qualities.

Here is economy, engineered not only to savings in fuel and oil, but particularly to freedom from early depreciation, and to lowest maintenance costs.

There are six new bodies on the Essex Super-Six chassis—beautiful, smart in line, luxurious in upholstery and appointment. It is the greatest and deservedly most popular value Essex ever built.

All say: "Riding is Like Flying"

ESSEX

Super-Six

The Essex starter is on the instrument board. It is simple, quick, and positive, and is especially convenient in starting on hills.

$1,000 for a Name for Lee

Union-Alls Overalls Play Suits

$1,000 in Cash Prizes!

First Prize $250
Second Prize. . . 125
Third Prize . . . 75
Fourth Prize. . . 50
One Hundred Prizes of $5 Each

Enter your names and best reasons for names NOW. Contest closes June 1. Get your entry blank from your dealer today and send it in.

Rules—

1. These prizes will be given for the best names received for Lee Buttonless Work and Play Garments, together with best reasons for the name, written in not more than 25 words. Any number of names may be submitted but each name must be accompanied with reasons.
2. All names with accompanying reasons must be written on a Lee Official Entry Blank. Entry blanks can be secured from any dealer in your town handling Lee Union-Alls, Overalls or Play Suits. There are Lee dealers in nearly every city and town in the U. S.
3. You can get many valuable suggestions for a name by carefully inspecting the Lee Buttonless garments at any Lee store and by talking to any man or boy who wears Lee garments.
4. Send your entries to Prize Department 100, The H. D. Lee Merc. Company, Kansas City, Mo. No entries returned.
5. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, a prize identical in all respects with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.
6. Contest opened March 1st and closes June 1st, 1927. Anyone may compete except Lee employees and their families.

Presto . . . It's Open!
Presto . . It's Closed!

QUICK as a flash you can open or close the new Lee Buttonless Union-Alls, Overalls and Play Suits.

Quick as a flash the whole family recognizes the comfort and convenience of these remarkable new work and play garments.

The Hookless Fastener will not jam, rust or break and launders with perfect safety. It can be had on Lee Union-Alls, Overalls and Play Suits. Same garments available with buttons also.

Ask your dealer to show you the new Lee Buttonless garments. Inspect them . . . pull the Hookless Fastener up and down. Then enter the $1,000 prize name contest.

THE H. D. LEE MERC. COMPANY
Factories: Kansas City, Mo., Trenton, N. J., South Bend, Ind., Minneapolis, Minn., San Francisco, Cal.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]
champion. The more social of the cinema stars, celebrity inclined, gravitated toward him, and he took to the less affected ones.

When he went to Philadelphia he saw, and was received by, Anthony Drexel Biddle, the social arbiter of Pennsylvania. If he went West, there was Cleveland society into which Mark Hanna, son of the Senator, gave him the entry. Among the more famous friends of Tunney is Jimmy Cox of Dayton, Ohio, former Democratic Presidential candidate.

But for the most part Mr. Tunney stuck to New York, as close to his lawyer as a business man should. Bernard Gimbel, the department-store man, who has been behind Gene ever since his marine days, was very proud indeed of his protégé's progress.

MR. TUNNEY'S life since the fight hasn't been particularly adapted to a social conquest. By his own words, his is the life of a business man. Up at eight in the morning, he is busy at calisthenics (he is not one to use such a slang phrase as daily dozen) while his companion from the old days, Bill McCabe, orders his breakfast for nine-fifteen.

Until eleven he holds open court for gentlemen with propositions (among those he turns down are many for social advancement), newspaper men, et cetera. When his labors on the vaudeville stage permit him, he spends the afternoon in conference with his lawyer. Yet, apparently, such social engagements as may be squeezed into such a day are all a versatile young man like Mr. Tunney needs —luncheons and dinners. He is a little scornful of teas.

"It is my impression," I have heard Mr. Tunney remark, "that the term 'afternoon tea' is a misnomer, in that it is a gathering for the consumption of alcoholic beverages." But that was only in jest.

He is, of course, a great favorite with the ladies.

Int. photo

P. & A. photo

HOW far has this boxing business got away from the gas-house district? Well, here's Mr. Tunney (right) playing the gentleman's game. (Above) Hobnobbing with high society at the Miami race track; Joseph M. Smoot of New York is on his right with Gene Sarazen, the golfer, at his left. C. J. Farrell is standing. Seated in front are Mrs. Smoot (left) and Mrs. Sarazen.

"Such a dear, Gene Tunney!" said a young matron who happened to have been near me when he made the above remark. She is the sort of lady who still goes to matinées and has her stage idols, and when she meets a celebrity is choked by the excitement of it.

But when she met Mr. Tunney, as handsome as any two of her old heroes, as virile as ten, and more famous than all, she reports that she did not feel these sensations. In fact, after two minutes her smile was distinctly motherly. A "there, there, dear," appeared in her voice.

She confided that she felt a little shy for him when he made a remark like that above. "It is so obvious what he wants," she went on; "just a little social poise, and any woman could give it to him."

To say that about a man who had his social conquests all over the headlines of the newspapers sounds like sacrilege—a man who's smiled across the table of the Ogden Reids, slapped backs with the other members of Mr. Dudley Malone's celebrity guild. But the lady qualified her remark:

"It hasn't anything to do with his being champion. He's so nice

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Onyx Pointex Silk Stockings

Prominent Artists use Onyx Pointex to emphasize STYLE in fashion drawings

IF you would find a true appreciation of the smartness that Onyx Pointex brings to ankle lines, look to the pages of the fashion magazines. For, here you may note how many prominent artists choose the two up-sweeping lines of the Pointex heel to give smartness, trimness, grace to the ankles of the fashion figures that spring from brush-tip or pen-point.

If *you* would be smartly stockinged—wear Onyx Pointex.

© 1927, G. S. H. Co., Inc.

At last!

a new pipe with the bite *smoked out*

CHEER UP, you pipe-shy smokers—the new Thorobred is tobacco-broken *before you buy it!* Smoked, caked and tamed by a sanitary machine, there's not a balk or bite in it. From the first puff, it gives the mildest, gentlest smoke you ever enjoyed!

Italian briar, centuries old, forms its bowl. Its bit is inlaid with the red triangle of WDC. All popular shapes—plain or rustic finish—$1.00 each—*And . . . they . . . CAN'T . . . bite!*

WM. DEMUTH & CO., 230 Fifth Ave., New York

Makers of Milano, the "Insured" Pipe

$1.00

No. 1011

Thorobred

WE CAKE IT WDC WHEN WE MAKE IT

Genuine BAYER

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds	Headache	Neuritis	Lumbago
Pain	Neuralgia	Toothache	Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe → Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

[GENE TUNNEY—CHAMPION DE LUXE]
Continued from Page Fifty-one

as he is. He's really just a little boy."

And Mr. Tunney—serious, intent little boy—is going after social poise just as he went after Dempsey's jaw. There are those who think that he doesn't know what it means; that he's got it mixed up with his old desire to improve himself; a personal, Algeresque ambition which, with the championship, has expanded into a crusade. He hasn't only himself to elevate, but the title of world's champion, and the whole boxing profession.

If you care to observe how well he's succeeded in this last, talk to one of the old-line fighters. Most likely you'll find him with a book under his arm and his conversation something that Solomon in all his glory could not have equaled.

But Mr. Tunney, today, is a little dazed. Just before he went on the stage he was so dazed that he had to go off to Bermuda for two weeks to think it over. There is said to be in his mind some question as to just what he shall do with all this prestige.

IF you analyze Mr. Tunney's conquests, you will probably find at the bottom that he has an instinctive flair for nice people. Not gay, not fast, not wealthy, not socially prominent (although all these dazzle and fascinate him), but nice, respectable people. He knew plenty of them before he became champion. I can remember him laughing and joking in the Yale Club, where he used to come with Sam Pryor, Jr., the banker's son, who was the Eli boxing champion around 1920. His friendship with Pryor dates back to their return from France on the same transport. All over the country were nice, genteel folk who knew Tunney when he was unknown and liked him in his own right.

It was not until after he became champion, however, that Tunney had a chance to meet so many of the kind of people he wanted to meet, with whom he got along. They came to him because he was champion and stayed because they liked him.

Mr. Tunney is not married, and there are persistent rumors that he is very, very good. I believe them all. I almost believe the story about his protesting against the naughty joke.

Mr. Tunney's own jokes are a trifle complicated. I heard him telling one to some gentlemen of the press once. He worked in a reference or two to Shakespeare, a little mythology, and some sentences so long that only a Germanic mind could have understood them. The newspaper men saw at once that there was no chance of *their* understanding, and were duly impressed. The trouble was, no one else could understand, either.

The strange part of it is that Mr. Tunney's language, with its copy-book phrases all mixed up with new ones he's learned from Dudley Malone, doesn't irritate you more than it does. The reason is, you feel that Mr. Tunney doesn't use long words to im-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now you can sit in any car without hesitancy

Wedford
Evr-Klean
SEAT PADS

PATENTED NOV. 21, 1922; OTHER PATENTS PENDING

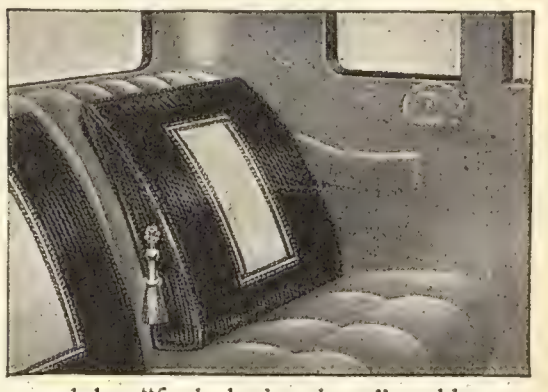
~protect your clothes from dust, dirt and grime and have been used in millions of cars for seven years!

They are clean, cool, comfortable—for everyday motoring or long tours. Save their cost many times over because of fewer cleaning bills and clothes wear. Prove it to yourself that you need Evr-Klean Seat Pads. Take a clean handkerchief or cloth and gently wipe the upholstery—ugh! Isn't it black. Think of *that* soiling *your* clothes!

Evr-Klean Seat Pads come in four styles: (Single width), De Luxe, $2.00; Standard, $1.50; Handy, $1.00. Ovr-All (double width), $3.50. (At your dealer's—Now on display!)

Luxurious Motor Comfort Wedford Air-Spring Cushions

—for back and seat!



—and they "fit the back and seat"—add a note of luxury and comfort to any motor car—must be seen to be appreciated—tastefully upholstered. Ask your dealer (or write us direct) to show you their advantages. Prices and styles for every purse and purpose.

Add thousands of miles to your tires this amazing new Wedford-Kex way

When repairing tube punctures, plug the hole in your casing with Wedford-Kex Vulcanized Rubber Puncture Plugs—keep out sand, mud, gravel and water that rots tires and causes blowouts.

Have your repairman examine your tires periodically. Most repair shops use Wedford-Kex in all repair work. This simple and effective remedy for tire wounds is easy to use and saves many dollars by increasing the mileage life of your tires.

Get an individual outfit today, the handy Tire Repair Kit, complete with inserting tool, assorted plugs, patching rubber, cement and full instructions in attractive carton (as illustrated). Sold everywhere, or price postpaid only $1.00 in the U. S. A. $1.25 in Canada. (Send dealer's name.)

THE WEDLER-SHUFORD CO.

Manufacturers of Wedford Automotive Products

1118 S. Grand Blvd., St. Louis, U. S. A.

$1.00 POST PAID

Every tire user should have this Handy Kex Tire Repair Kit.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

press you, but to impress himself—and for practice. It is a phase that is passing.

His tastes, as a matter of fact, are quite simple. He has, also, sensibilities. A sporting writer told me a story that is typical of the champion.

Before the fight, Tunney decided it would be nice to give some small present to the reporters who had lived at his camp so long.

Instead of some showy gift that would have been characteristic of the profession, he ordered platinum watches of conservative make and design and had simple block letters discreetly engraved on the *inside* of the back cover.

Having gone this far, it suddenly occurred to him that his gift might embarrass the gentlemen of the press. So he took each aside and explained what he wanted to do, urging them to tell him if they had the slightest scruples against taking a present from a man they were writing about. It was the correspondents' turn to be a little dizzy.

Being a social success hasn't changed those characteristics. You are continually conscious that he is making an effort to make you feel at home, and if the construction of a long sentence renders him preoccupied for a moment or two, his smile will presently emerge.

He is sincere, almost to a fault. There is the story of his prescribing for young Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. He met the ex-publisher through Mr. Malone, and when Vanderbilt was ill Mr. Tunney called. He found Mr. Vanderbilt propped up with pillows, surrounded by bottles of medicine.

With a gesture Tunney swept bottles to the floor, dragged the protesting Vanderbilt out of bed, and took him for a "brisk walk."

Presently the powers that be will begin conferring on a candidate to face Mr. Tunney in the ring. But it is a safe bet to say that whomever they choose, when the next "battle of the century" comes, there will be such a turning out of the social ranks to ringside seats as was not even seen in the palmy days of Georges Carpentier. Mr. Tunney has made good socially.

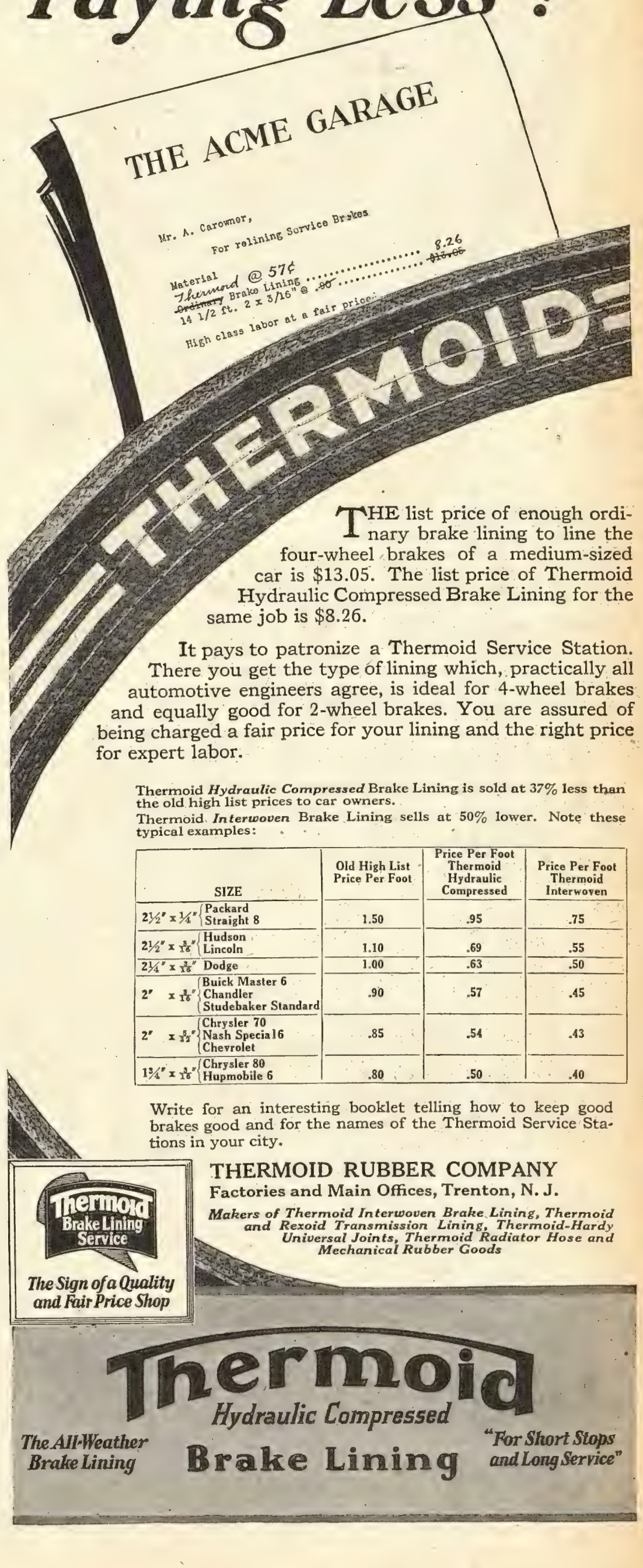
THE END

Wide World photo

Underwood & Underwood

Gene Tunney (above at left) instructs the Marquis of Waterford in the fistic art, while Major H. E. Lyons referees, at Miami Beach. (Below) Gene, wearing the striped sweater, is dallying with friends on the sand at Bermuda.

Any Objection to *Paying Less?*



THE list price of enough ordinary brake lining to line the four-wheel brakes of a medium-sized car is $13.05. The list price of Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed Brake Lining for the same job is $8.26.

It pays to patronize a Thermoid Service Station. There you get the type of lining which, practically all automotive engineers agree, is ideal for 4-wheel brakes and equally good for 2-wheel brakes. You are assured of being charged a fair price for your lining and the right price for expert labor.

Thermoid *Hydraulic Compressed* Brake Lining is sold at 37% less than the old high list prices to car owners.
Thermoid *Interwoven* Brake Lining sells at 50% lower. Note these typical examples:

SIZE	Old High List Price Per Foot	Price Per Foot Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed	Price Per Foot Thermoid Interwoven
2½" x ¼" Packard Straight 8	1.50	.95	.75
2½" x 3/16" Hudson Lincoln	1.10	.69	.55
2¼" x 3/16" Dodge	1.00	.63	.50
2" x 3/16" Buick Master 6 Chandler Studebaker Standard	.90	.57	.45
2" x 5/32" Chrysler 70 Nash Special 6 Chevrolet	.85	.54	.43
1¾" x 3/16" Chrysler 80 Hupmobile 6	.80	.50	.40

Write for an interesting booklet telling how to keep good brakes good and for the names of the Thermoid Service Stations in your city.

THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY
Factories and Main Offices, Trenton, N. J.

Makers of Thermoid Interwoven Brake Lining, Thermoid and Rexoid Transmission Lining, Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints, Thermoid Radiator Hose and Mechanical Rubber Goods

Thermoid Brake Lining Service
The Sign of a Quality and Fair Price Shop

Thermoid
Hydraulic Compressed
Brake Lining
The All-Weather Brake Lining
"For Short Stops and Long Service"

© G.S.R.C. 1927

The *Light-touch* shave leaves you smilingly clean

THE new Gem Blade is too keen to let a tough beard bully it! It is *irresistible.* Little more than the weight of the razor against your cheek is enough to take off *every* hair clean as a whistle!

No need to "bear down" on your skin! No need to "bear up" under painful shaving! No need to scrape and reconnoitre! The Gem Blade has a super-keen edge—and holds it.

The Gem Blade is keener because it's built right! First, it is made of heavier, tougher steel. Second, it is subjected to the most rigorous edging process known to blade making! Third, it is reënforced with a backbone of solid steel.

The result is a microscopically keen blade—absolutely rigid. Gem meets the whiskers firmly and shaves them closely *at the lightest touch! Each* blade *guaranteed* 100% perfect!

Sold Everywhere

We are so anxious to have you try this super-keen blade that we're willing to give you a razor to start you off right. Write us, enclose ten cents in stamps to cover mailing, and a standard Gem Razor and test blades are yours with our compliments. We're glad to discuss your shave problems.

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

GEM *Double Life* BLADES

A Voice *from the* SUDS

By MRS. LOLA V. COWSERT

EDITOR, LIBERTY:

Having read Wild Life Among the Pot-Washers in LIBERTY, I take it that Eleanor Knowles must have omitted much of the glamour of the life of the restaurant kitchen in Slingin' It, which I was not so fortunate as to have read.

Being an ex-hasher myself, the foregoing title appealed to me, and I'm here to say the care-free dishwasher has got it on the waitress forty miles from Sunday. Me for the seclusion of the kitchen every time. Oh, I wish bobbed hair had been the style then! My nerves will never be entirely recovered from the shock and worry of trying to keep unruly hair tidy and becoming while rushing to fill the orders of a cranky train crew. If I put on a net, it made my decidedly Roman nose look bigger.

Yes, like Barry, I'll soap the dish rather than dish the soup. The dishwasher who stays in the kitchen all the time has no need to worry about how she looks.

Possibly she has a neat crepe dress and close-fitting hat to slip on at quitting time. In this day of bargain basements and ten-cent stores, you can hardly tell the stenographer and the pot-washer apart in the street. I've been through the chairs in the restaurant business, and take it from me, if you want a paying job without the rawhiding and with lots of color, just become a dishwasher in an American restaurant.

You hear the waitress raving at the cook about some order that is over- or under-done, but it means nothing in your young life. You just go on washing your dishes.

My first experience as a waitress was in a little railroad town in southern Illinois. I remember a sickly fellow who always ordered milk toast. You of the hashers' cult know that in restaurant lingo this means graveyard stew. We called him this—of course not where he could hear—and pretty soon the name stuck.

One day the proprietor—we'll call him Charley—was cooking a steak. This milk-toast eater stuck his head in at the kitchen door.

Before anyone could say a word, Charley hollered out, "Hello, Graveyard!"

We nearly burst, but we didn't dare laugh until the poor fellow had gone. The name had become so familiar to all of us that Charley spit it out before he thought. But, somehow, we never cared to call him that any more, for he must have been really sick.

Oh, the fun to be had in a restaurant kitchen where you can laugh and make faces to your heart's content. One day I was making pumpkin pies. The proprietor came over to my table and sniffed. "I believe that pumpkin is sour," he said.

I put my nose to the crock of mixture that was ready to be put into the pies.

He gave the back of my head a push and my face went to the bottom of the crock. Sure, I went ahead and cooked the pies.

The winter of 1912 I walked about three blocks to my work—a little restaurant in a railroad town. There was an awful lot of snow that winter. I waded snowdrifts until completely exhausted, and felt somewhat like the tramp who said he was an old survivor. When asked, "Survivor of what?" he said, "The winter of 1912."

Yes, I agree most heartily with Barry, with all apologies to Knowles, that real life and real color is in the kitchen.

THE END

Honeymoon Dreams

Including a Blissful Total Eclipse Under the Full Moon

A Romantic Evening in LIBERTY'S Famous Cover Continuity

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

"IT'S such a lovely night," Lil sighed. "Let's take a walk."

"No," Mrs. Morse answered. She was cutting cretonne curtains. "I want to take it easy." And she went on snip-snip-snipping.

"Are those curtains for the guest room?" Lil asked.

"Yes." Mrs. Morse was humming the wedding march.

"After the honeymoon—what?" had been a favorite topic with the family all spring, and the winning solution had been reached only that week. Lil's and the guest room on the second floor were being transformed into the Bridal Suite by gay curtains and several ninety-eight-cent copies of formal masterpieces: The Three Graces graced the bookcase, Mona Lisa peered superciliously from one wall, and Hope plucked her remaining string over the mantelpiece.

"It'll be such fun having newlyweds in the house!" Ma said.

"We think now we'll take a house later on in Lilac Gardens," said Lil. "They're all Moorish."

"So are the prices, probably," Ma retorted, starting to baste.

"You pay a certain amount down," Lil explained. Then she heard a familiar whistle on the porch. "Why, it's Sandy!"

"I had to come around," he told her between kisses. "I've hired a car—so we can look at the full moon." And before Ma Morse quite gathered what was happening—Lil and Sandy were speeding off.

"Oh," sighed Lil, as they reached the summit of a hill, "it's just like a dream! Where'll we go?"

"Out to Lovers' Leap," he told her, steering with one hand.

Lovers' Leap was a renowned sentimental retreat that attracted engaged couples in the spring—whether in romantic or tragic mood.

"Imagine being engaged—and going to be married next month," Lil whispered, as Sandy stopped the car on the edge of Lovers' Leap.

He took some time lifting her gallantly over a little ditch; then they strolled down the lane.

"I'll be the happiest man in the world in exactly"—he answered, counting up on his fingers—"forty-nine days."

"Dearest, look at the moon!" Lil said.

Sandy went into a blissful total eclipse; she hadn't used that endearing term since the evening he pinched his hand in a theater seat.

"Let's wish!" she went on.

"Forty-nine nights from now we'll be on our honeymoon." And he drew her down beside him on a handy rustic bench.

"Where do you think we'll go?" she asked, watching a large pine-tree's shadows trembling across the path.

Sandy, having collected travel folders for weeks, had an assortment (prices included) describing the Italian Lakes, the Great Lakes, *and* the Wonders of Niagara Falls.

"Dear, we're going to a wonderful place," he told her.

They both sighed, embarked on honeymoon dreams!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Poor Wretch!

Dean and Joan were talking of what they would do when they were grown. Dean got so extravagant telling of all he meant to own, that Joan finally said:

"Oh, you may never own anything; you may only be the father of a family."—E. A. T., Michigan City, Ind.

* * *

Very Likely

After four-year-old Bobby had been told by his mother to wash his face, he returned, showing a very poor result.

MOTHER: Bobby, did you wash your face?

BOBBY: Yes, mother.

MOTHER: You must not have used any soap.

BOBBY: Yes, mother, I used soap, but I guess I didn't use enough.—Miss L. L., Kansas City, Mo.

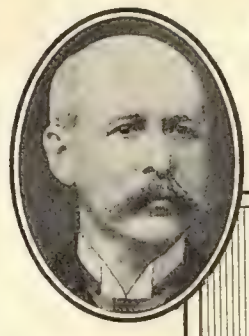
* * *

Father Time Must Wait

Bobby's birthday was on Thursday and his mother told him that, as it was a school day, he would celebrate on Saturday.

That evening his father asked him: "Well, sonny, how old are you today?"

Bobby replied: "I was to have been six years, but mother didn't get the cake baked."—F. G., Fort Worth, Tex.



W. L. DOUGLAS

$5 to $8 Shoes for Men

Lightweight oxford in imported black or medium tan Russia Calfskin.

$7

AMERICA'S BEST KNOWN SHOES

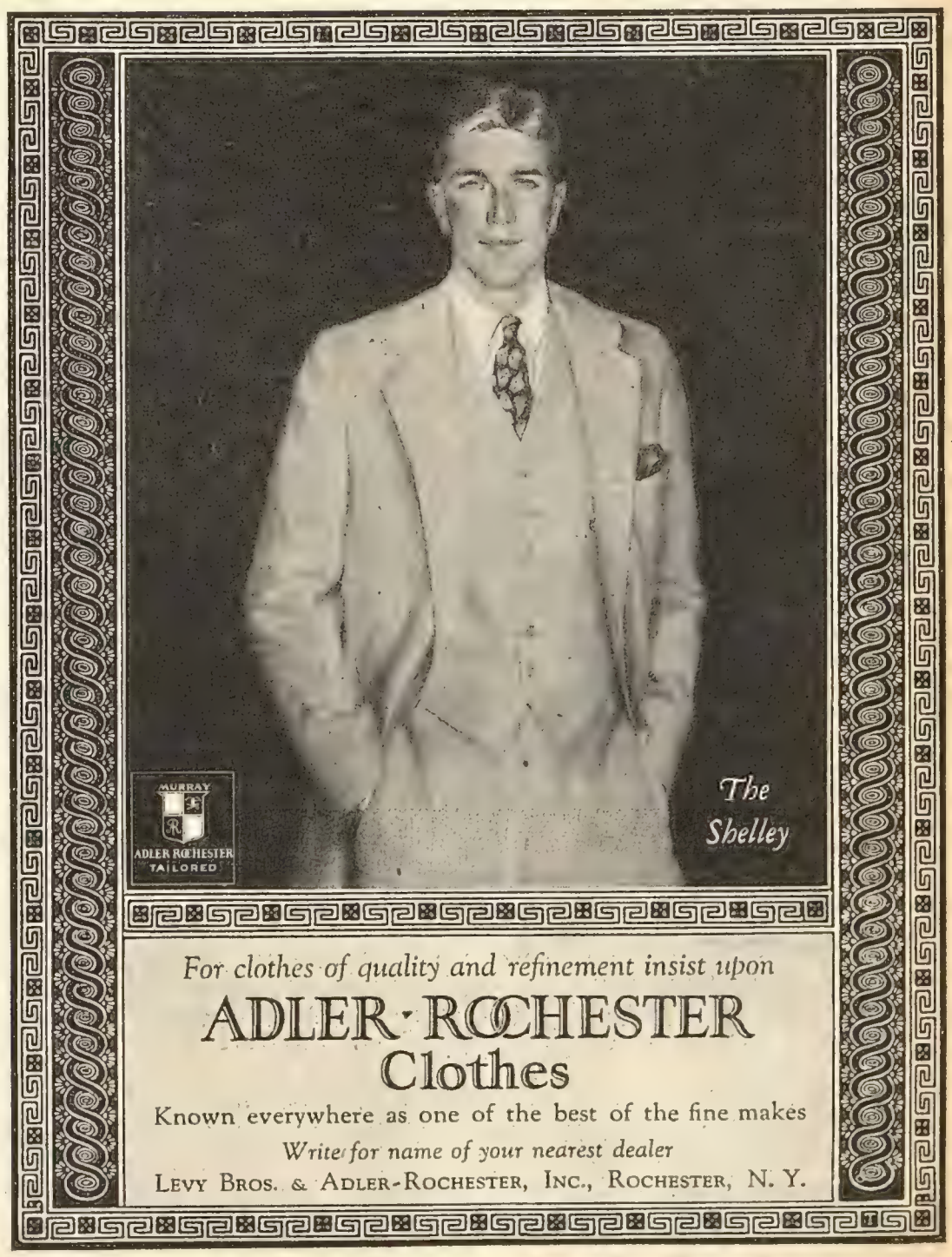
Douglas stores in all principal cities and shoe dealers everywhere are now showing new Douglas styles

It's time for "Lightweights"

It's the little things that count—especially when it's a question of shoes for summer wear. Your shoes may be only a trifle too heavy—but that very trifle means hot weather discomfort . . . Now here's the Douglas "Lightweight" which is made for hot weather—it is a light, cool shoe, yet sturdy and long-wearing as are all Douglas shoes. You'll enjoy the summer a lot more in "Lightweight" shoes!

Women's Shoes $5 and $6
Sturdy Shoes for Boys $4 and $5

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE COMPANY · BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS



For clothes of quality and refinement insist upon

ADLER·ROCHESTER Clothes

Known everywhere as one of the best of the fine makes

Write for name of your nearest dealer

LEVY BROS. & ADLER-ROCHESTER, INC., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Ingersoll
YANKEE $1.50

Advertising Experts have told us we shouldn't mention REPAIRS *in an advertisement*

Well, here goes:

You're changing a tire on your car; out of your pocket comes your $1.50 Ingersoll, bang against the hub. The crystal is broken, the movement is damaged.

What to do? Few jewelers can afford to repair a $1.50 watch, but the Ingersoll Service Department, because it is specially equipped, can do it for merely a nominal charge and do it quickly.

So pack your watch carefully (your dealer will supply you with a mailing box). See that the package is properly addressed, PRINT your own name and address on it, and send parcel post insured to the Ingersoll Service Department at Waterbury, Conn. Your watch will be repaired and returned to you promptly.

We tell you this so that you'll know your Ingersoll will never become a tickless, timeless orphan, which is exactly what eventually happens to low-priced watches that don't have service departments back of them.

The price of the Ingersoll Yankee is $1.50. Do you know of any purchase you can make where you get more for your money? There are 15 Ingersolls in addition to the Yankee. In each you get the same generous value, and back of each is the same courteous, efficient Service Department.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.
New York · Chicago · San Francisco
Service Department: Waterbury, Conn.

The Ingersolls illustrated above are: Wrist, $3.50; Yankee, $1.50; Waterbury in a rolled gold-plate case, $8.00; Junior, $3.25; and Midget, $3.25.

Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week these questions will be republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make.

1—What piece of furniture is the cause of the greatest number of accidents in the home?

2—How many members of the Roosevelt family have held the post of Assistant Secretary of the Navy?

3—Who instituted Arbor Day?

4—From what are kid gloves made, and why are they so called?

5—What is caviar?

6—What public utility in the United States has the greatest number of employees?

7—Why are left-handed baseball pitchers called southpaws?

8—Why are lead pencils so called, when their core is actually made of graphite?

9—Who were the first white men to cross the United States?

10—Why is some persons' hair naturally more curly than others'?

11—What insect helps to produce writing ink?

12—Did the potato originate in Ireland?

13—When were forks first used?

14—When was an antiseptic first used in surgery?

15—What tree sends down roots from its branches to form additional trunks?

16—Where does sole leather come from?

17—What French dramatist aided the American colonies during the Revolutionary War?

18—How many passenger cars were junked in the United States during 1926?

19—Who first used the expression, "solid South"?

20—What is the highest and lowest salary paid to Governors of States in the United States?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—How did the word assassin originate?
A.—From a sect of fanatic Mohammedans organized at the time of the Crusades, who were called Hasheesheens from their practice of using the drug hasheesh to spur them on to murder. They were later called by Europeans Assassins, and this became the common name for political murderers.

2—What is the origin of the bow on the band inside a man's hat?
A.—Formerly hats were made in only a few sizes. To adapt them to varying sizes of heads, a string was woven around the inside of the hat, which could be drawn up or loosened to suit. The bow has been retained because it serves to distinguish quickly between the back of the hat and the front.

3—When did the United States have three different Presidents on as many days?
A.—In 1849. James K. Polk concluded his term on March 3. President-elect Zachary Taylor refused to be inaugurated on Sunday, and did not take office until March 5. As neither administration was in office, David Rice Atchison of Kentucky, president pro tem. of the Senate, served in the interim.

4—When and by whom was the adhesive postage stamp invented?
A.—May 6, 1840, by James Chalmers, bookseller, of Dundee, Scotland. It was adopted in America in 1847.

5—Which is the largest of all bears? Which is the most ferocious?
A.—The Kadiak bear. The polar bear.

6—What is the lowest age at which a girl may marry with the consent of her parents?
A.—Twelve years is the limit in five States—namely: Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, and Virginia.

7—What was the largest diamond ever found?
A.—The Cullinan diamond. It weighed 3,024¾ carats, or about 1.37 pounds, and was found January 26, 1905, in the Premier Mine near Pretoria, Transvaal.

8—What river in South America is named for a former President of the United States?
A.—The Rio Teodoro in Brazil, formerly the River of Doubt, which was explored by Theodore Roosevelt with a party in 1914.

9—Can a city segregate its inhabitants according to race?
A.—No. Two Louisiana laws and a New Orleans ordinance segregating the Negroes were recently declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

10—Is the earth really round?
A.—No. It is flattened at each end and bulging at the equator, forming what geometry calls an oblate spheroid.

11—What city in America had the first subway?
A.—Boston, Massachusetts, whose original subway was begun in 1894 and opened in 1898. New York's first subway was begun in 1899.

12—In what sex does the greater percentage of appendicitis cases occur?
A.—About 80 per cent in males.

13—What birds are most abundant in the United States?
A.—Robins and English sparrows.

14—How many shells did the American, British, and French armies use during the last year of the World War?
A.—160,615,000 shells.

15—What ordinary business message is it illegal to send on a postal card?
A.—A demand for the payment of a debt, threatening legal proceedings if not paid, according to the Postal Regulations.

16—What body of water in the United States is below sea level?
A.—The Salton Sea in southern California, which is 235 feet below sea level.

17—What is the length of the American-Canadian boundary line from the Atlantic to the Pacific?
A.—3,898 miles.

18—How many vessels sail the seas, not counting the navies of the world, and how many are wrecked annually?
A.—32,615 vessels are listed in Lloyd's Registry, and 4 per cent, or about 1,300, are wrecked annually.

19—What foreign country has the largest quota under the restricted immigration laws of the United States?
A.—Great Britain.

20—Which of the Great Lakes is the most treacherous, and why?
A.—Lake Erie, because it is the shallowest of the five Great Lakes.

Your hair well groomed every moment of the day with ACE HARD RUBBER Combs

on arising

To comb out the towsled hair without pulling or breaking, use an Ace Dressing Comb (8 or 9 inch size, wide teeth).

to dress the hair

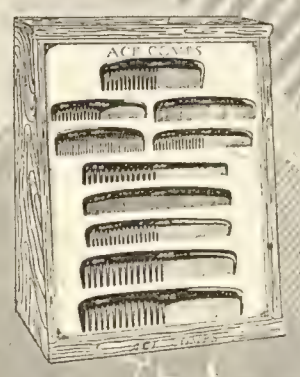
And to acquire that close fitting effect that is popular now, the Ace all-fine tooth Dressing Comb is used and recommended.

during the day

The Ace Pocket Comb is carried conveniently by men and women alike ready for use at any time.

before retiring

The Ace Dry Shampoo Comb is used at night before retiring to remove dust and dandruff from the hair. This reveals the natural lustre.



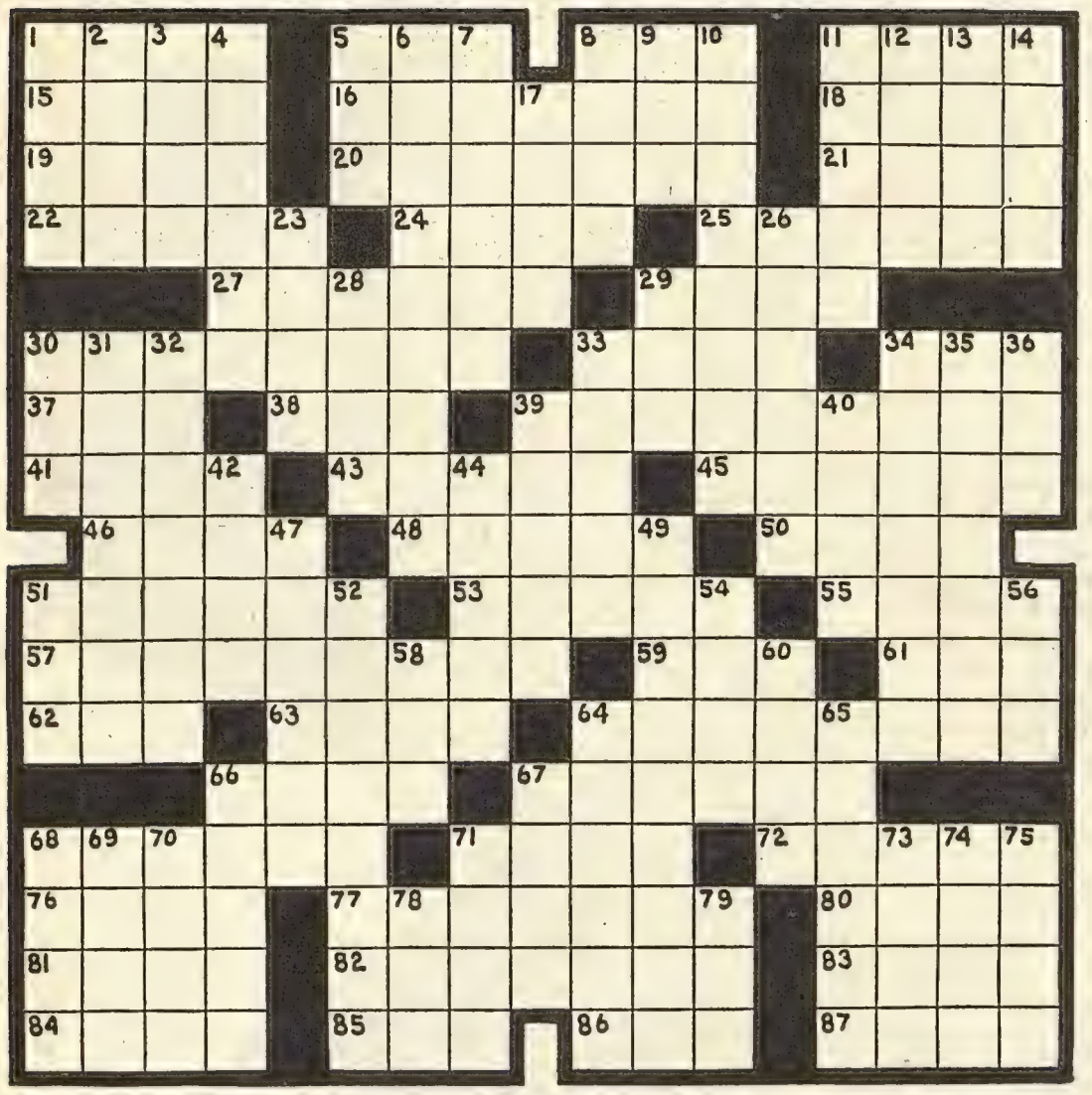
The ACE COMB CABINET is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere

Clip Coupon, fill out, and mail

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER CO.,
Dept. A6, 11 Mercer St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combing."
Name .....
Address .....

TURN YOUR FAD INTO $25

IT'S not exactly easy to win a LIBERTY cross-word puzzle prize, but patience and attention to the rules will eventually bring you success. The pattern must, of course, be symmetrical and interlock. Approximately one-sixth of the squares may be black. Use sparingly, and only when they are to be found in a dictionary, abbreviations, prefixes and suffixes, obsolete, dialect, and foreign-language words. Ask questions! The Cross-Word Editor will gladly answer them, or return your contributions, when accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Ave., New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 36

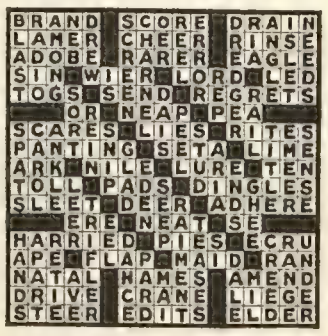
By VICTORIA DEMAREE, Louisville, Kentucky

HORIZONTAL

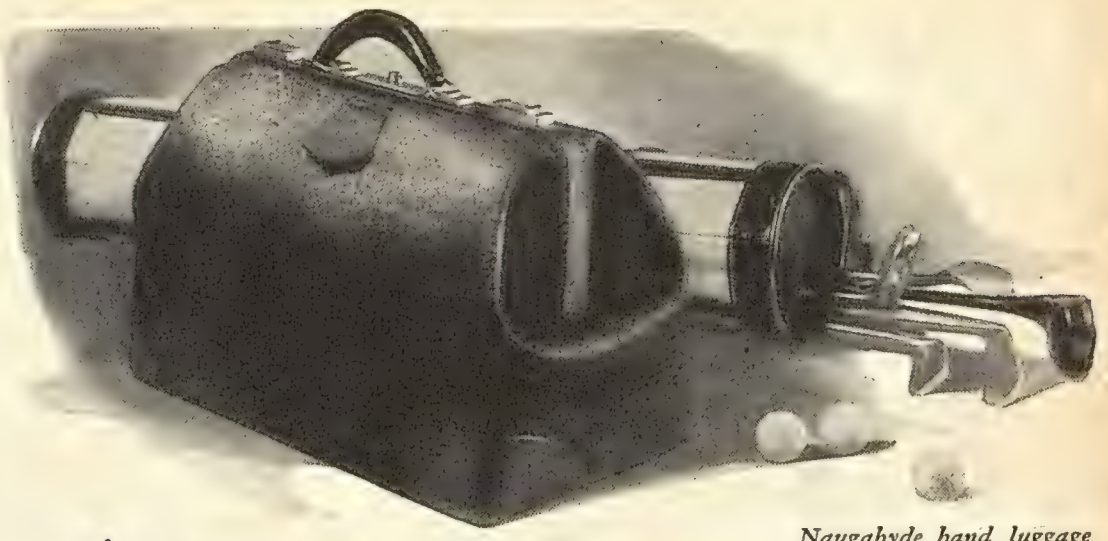
1 Hominy
5 A small flap
8 A sheep
11 To twirl
15 A reed instrument
16 Barriers to be jumped in a race
18 To step
19 An exclamation of sorrow
20 Those given overmuch to thoughts of self
21 Matures
22 Tears
24 A possessive pronoun
25 To check or hinder
27 Defames
29 Watches narrowly
30 Four-wheeled carriages
33 Principal
34 An Australian bird
37 A pronoun
38 An inebriate
39 Devices for heating and distributing air
41 To let fall in drops
43 Birds of the gull family
45 A Mexican article of diet
46 Peruse
48 Sand hills
50 For fear that
51 Percher
53 Deserve
55 Uproar
57 Heretical
59 A fuel
61 A unit
62 Before
63 A native of Morocco
64 To deal out in portions
66 A float
67 Swelled
68 Happen
71 Throw
72 Authoritative statements
76 Wicked
77 Witty thought sharply expressed
80 A sudden calamity
81 Vend
82 Apprehended through the senses
83 Solitary
84 A playing card
85 Rested
86 Stitch
87 Ova

VERTICAL

1 Float
2 Capable
3 Lament
4 A crushing implement
5 Definite article
6 Increased
7 Tumults
8 Other
9 Moist
10 A writer of treatises
11 Masts
12 Messenger
13 Freezes
14 Cozy abode
17 Clamors
23 Perches
26 A rent roll
28 A foot covering
29 Attention
30 A seed vessel
31 Hastener
32 A short aria
33 A niggard
34 Subterfuge
35 A kind of woolen cloth (plural)
36 Custom
39 Addition to a building
40 A Hebrew measure
42 Crown of the head
44 A report
47 Of the skin
49 Decorated with seallike markings
51 A pronoun
52 Homeless
54 An undertaking
56 Mound
58 Dowry
60 Hastened
64 A kind of millet (plural)
65 Esculent
66 Revive
67 Insects
68 Of the highest excellence
69 Always
70 Rank or line
71 Suggestion
73 To encumber
74 A Chinese secret order
75 Inspires with reverence
78 An edible seed
79 Miaow



Answer to Puzzle No. 35



Naugahyde hand luggage is made in several styles at prices $6 to $15

A Smart Bag *for half the money*

THIS smart bag is patterned after the de luxe imported bag. Lustrous ebony color; rich grained surface; tasteful, durable. Tear-proof lining.

But a stroke of inventive genius has cut the cost to you in two. After years of research a remarkable substance was developed. This wonderful new material—Naugahyde—is WATERPROOF—a quality not possessed by any leather—and adding new usefulness for everyone who uses a bag for any purpose.

Any luggage dealer can supply you with a genuine Naugahyde bag.

NAUGAHYDE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

It's waterproof

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

MICHIGAN

This Summer Take a Real Vacation!

The Outing You Seek

Quiet Retreats
Gay Resorts
Camps & Cottages
Modern Hotels
Boys' & Girls' Camps
Fairyland for Children
Water-Washed Air

Every Zestful Sport

Fishing Boating
Golf Tennis
Dancing Bathing
Motoring Sailing
Riding Hiking
etc.

Here Rub Elbows With Renewed Health and Happiness

Visit this Ideal Vacation country.

Lapped by four of the five Great Lakes—Michigan, Huron, Superior and Erie—Michigan in addition has more than five thousand inland lakes and thousands of rivers and streams.

Fifty-seven State Parks, ranging in area from a score of acres up to 18,000 acres each, equipped with free tourist camps; hundreds of community-owned free tourist camps; State and National Forests; Game Refuges, abundance of wild life, feathered and furred; bass, trout, pickerel and other good fishing; hundreds of golf courses, a score of flying fields; monuments important in a nation's history; legendary points of interest and scenic beauties that are lyric are but SOME of the attractions of this region.

More than 20,000 miles of improved highways make every section, some still in their pristine state of primitiveness, easily accessible. Great railroad systems offer reduced rates. Steamship navigation companies touch many points.

There are Vacations here for EVERY Vacation Budget.

MAIL THE COUPON

ADDRESS
Michigan Tourist and Resort Ass'n
Box 25, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
OR
East Michigan Tourist Ass'n
Box 25, BAY CITY, MICH.

Please send me (without charge) information I have checked:

[ ] Summer hotels
[ ] Cottages
[ ] Camps
[ ] Golf
[ ] Fishing
[ ] Touring
[ ] Boating
[ ] Boys' & Girls' Camps
[ ] Hay Fever & Asthma
[ ] General Information

If I come it will be by
[ ] Auto
[ ] Rail
[ ] Boat
[ ] Air
[ ] Bus

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

Blue Eyes in TROUBLE

The Adventures of a Pretty Girl with a Borrowed Husband

Pictures by DOUGLAS DUER

A SHORT STORY

By ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS TURNBULL

THE Judge's head and shoulders were out of the skylight; in his hand was the forgotten gun.

SINCE his first day in New York, everyone had called him Frederick—never Freddy. He was too grave for that, somehow; too earnestly at work in the never-let-up way that all books on the subject tell you spells Success.

Tonight he was wondering if Crane & Morton, jobbers—the firm that had just handed him another week's pay—could get that consignment of canned soup off tomorrow in time to please an old and valued customer. Let's see—if he got to the office a little before eight, and if Hale or Nugent were there, they might catch the ten-seventeen.

He buttoned his coat, edged a broad shoulder into the subway train exactly as he had done every night for five years, and then—he saw her.

He could not help seeing her. She was directly opposite him in the corner, and, while he and she were tall, the crowd between them was short. He looked straight into her blue eyes and discovered they had been crying. Right now he could see tears in them, which made them shine and say, as plainly as possible, "Yes, we are in trouble, and you—no one but you—can help us."

A totally unexpected thing, that, for any girl's eyes to say to Frederick, even from under a tiny hat with a gay little feather. And certainly it wasn't Frederick's way to speak to a strange girl. Yet, by the time they got to Fourteenth Street, he had jammed his way through the mob and reached her side.

"I—can't I do something for you?"

She did not seem the least bit astonished, nor draw back coldly, nor look insulted. And yet she did not in the faintest way suggest that she had been flirting with him or even wanted him to think so.

"Yes, you can help—a great deal—if you will."

"Of course, *you* know that. What is it?"

"I change at Forty-second," she told him simply.

"So do I," came his quick answer.

A barefaced misstatement; he never thought of changing before Eighty-sixth.

"I'll tell you then," she added.

Standing beside her, he was sure her eyes looked less like crying. Of course, she must be more cheerful now, because she could depend upon him. He wondered if it would be a lost pocketbook, a mislaid ticket for a train from the Grand Central, or some other of a thousand commonplace things that happen to every Frederick.

AT Forty-second Street he made a path for her as if she rode in a chariot—or, better, in a sedan chair. He would have thrust the whole crowd off the platform to make it easy for her to walk across to the seat he found in the local.

"Now," he said, leaning down from his strap, "what is it?"

"Not yet," she smiled a little. "But I'll show you the first part soon."

Two stations, or three; Frederick could not

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

The *Special* Sedan on the Special Six Chassis

The Smartest Thing in Motor Car Design

—*the French-Type Back*

With classically beautiful French-type rear contour and French roof design, and its rich ensemble of costly car features, the *Special* Sedan pictured above possesses magnetic appeal for those most keenly perceptive of motor car style and quality.

Furthermore, it offers you a 7-bearing motor—*the world's smoothest type*—whereas older motor designs employ only 3 or 4 crankshaft bearings.

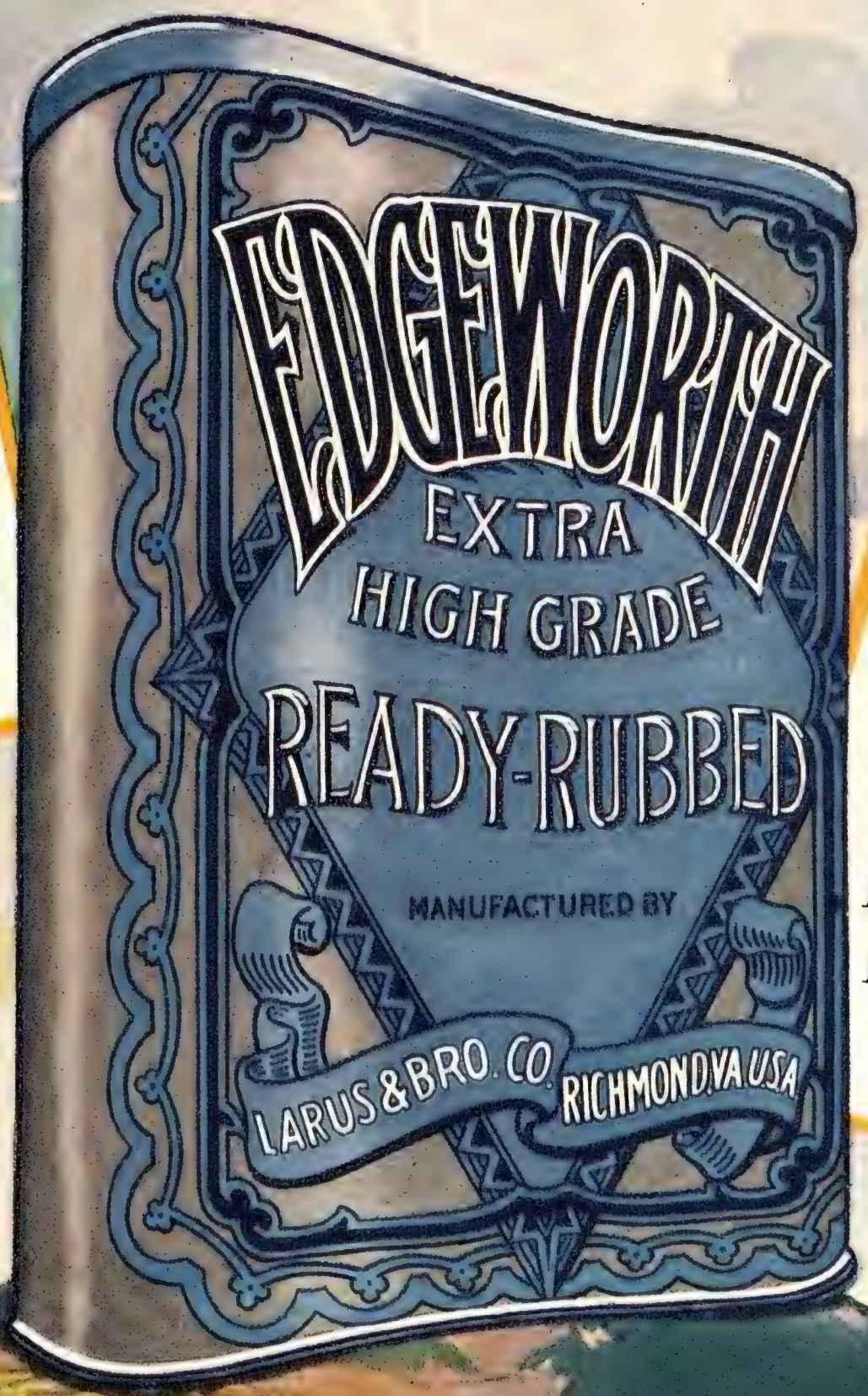
The *ultra*-modern motor has 7 great main bearings—because 7 can do what 3 or 4 cannot—in bringing you performance of far greater power-*smoothness* and power-*quietness*.

So in the *Special* Sedan you get the latest in body style, the latest in engineering, and the latest in fittings and appointments too.

The upholstery is gray Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet, heavily tufted. The steering wheel is of real walnut and the inside window mouldings, door panels, instrument board, and crowned panel above, are of walnut finish.

Included in the surprisingly low price are such notable features of equipment as Gabriel Snubbers at front, 4-wheel brakes of special Nash design, and 5 disc wheels.

EDGEWORTH



Edgeworth smokers rarely change. Ask your dealer if this is not a fact.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth. Put it to the pipe test. Address Larus & Brother Company, 22 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

"The Aristocrat of Smoking Tobaccos"

Frederick whirled upon the Judge just in time to see him reaching out his hand to the drawer of the library table.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

have told which. Then she led him hurriedly up into the twilight; a block north and half a block east.

"Here we are," she announced.

He ought never to have believed that he was awake and staring at the ruin of a house. Certainly he should have balked at the idea of pulling at an old basement door. Instead, when the door refused to budge, he calmly broke the dirty window beside it, carefully helped her through, and followed her into the cellar; into the crumbling remains of a faded brownstone, coming down to make room for twenty floors of cliff dwellers.

"We must hurry! Let's see—it's about—here!"

A small flashlight leaped from her pocket, to circle about her feet, over the back of the wall, and into a corner where some wrecker's tools were waiting for next day's assault upon tradition.

"There! That's a—a crowbar, isn't it? We have to dig—just here."

Frederick threw off his coat, snatched up the bar, and dug.

"You *are* strong—I knew you would be," she remarked.

The mortar split, broke away, crumbled—and down into the earth went the bar. Instantly she stopped him with a hand on his sleeve.

"Gently, now—and make it a little wider, please."

A few more inches this way, a few more that. Then she went to her knees and Frederick, beside her, went to his. Together they scraped, scooped, and lifted the earth—then dragged out upon the floor a box of iron with a queer old lock.

"B-break it!" she ordered, in a shaking voice.

Frederick, the capable, found a hammer; in the rubbish lay a flattish stone. Between the two he smashed the lock, then sat back upon his heels to let her open the box. She had laid the lamp upon an upturned bucket, its beam falling full upon her as her eager fingers tore at the lid—lifted it—and revealed an inner box of wood. Frederick leaned forward.

INSIDE that wooden box lay a case of worn leather—quite plainly a jewel case. Sprung back, it disclosed an old-fashioned necklace of seed pearls; five rows of them, in just such a necklace as our grandmothers wore—if they could get them.

Frederick gasped, but the girl, barely glancing at the pearls, laid the case aside and thrust her hand into the papers in the box. Her fingers flew through the papers.

Almost at the bottom she found a thin envelope—foreign paper, it struck Frederick, with his knowledge of Crane & Morton's correspondence. When she opened this, her fingers were trembling.

"It's this—this letter. Now—come on!"

She would have left the other papers and the jewel case, but Frederick pushed them all into his pocket. Then he followed her out through the window into the falling night, and away from the old ruin.

"We must have a taxi, please," she was saying.

You must understand that Frederick never took taxis. He certainly would have avoided a red meter with its ten cents extra charge. But he hailed the first one in sight, ripped open the door, and leaped in beside her. It had a bright red meter—and he was glad of it.

The address she gave was farther uptown, but at no great distance. "So far, we've done splendidly," she said. And for that "we" he forgave her when she added nothing except, "There's lots to do, yet—I can't tell you anything—please wait."

The house before which they stopped had nothing so pretentious as a doorman, but, whereas Frederick's home was a "walk-up," this one did boast a dingy elevator.

A shock-headed boy, sprawling on the worn cushion, lounged to his feet.

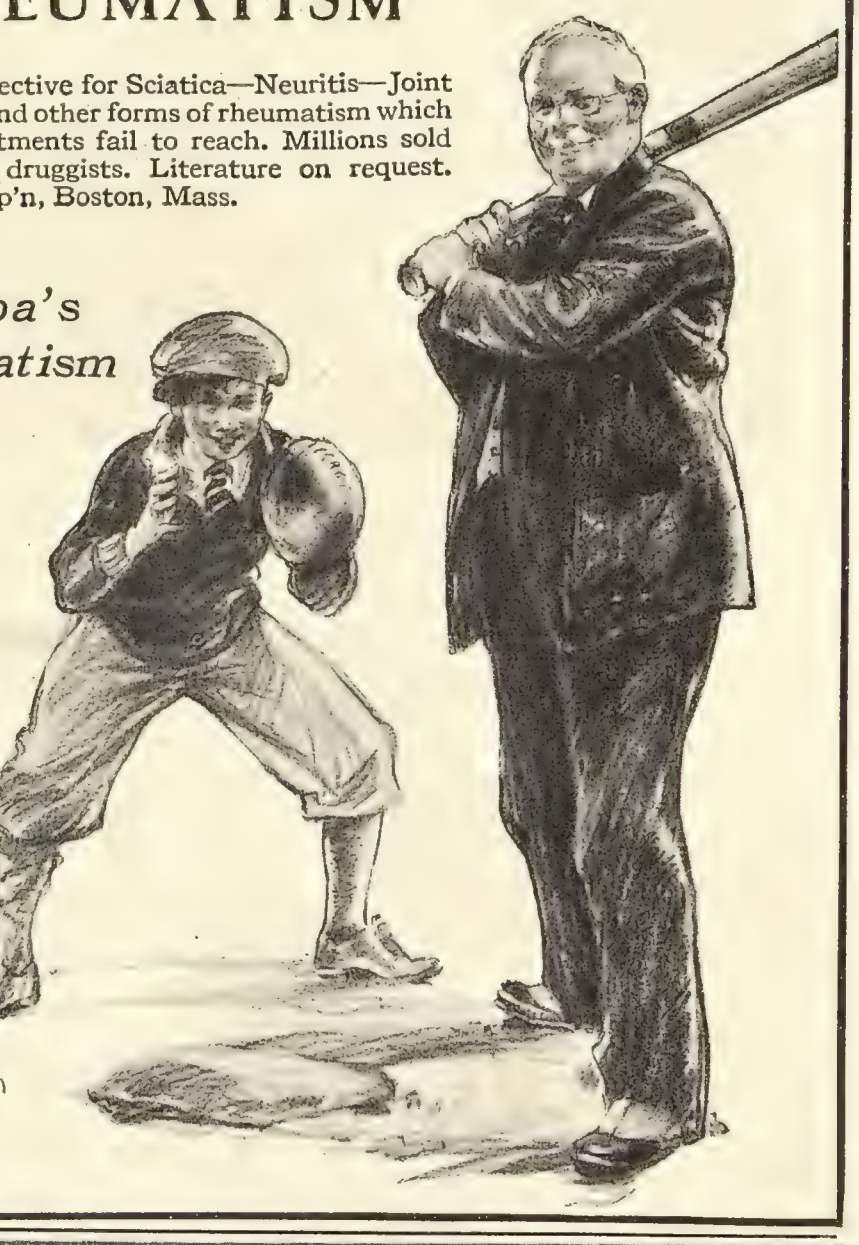
"Who yer lookin' f'r?" he asked truculently.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WELDONA
TABLETS FOR
RHEUMATISM

Especially effective for Sciatica—Neuritis—Joint—Muscular and other forms of rheumatism which ordinary treatments fail to reach. Millions sold annually by druggists. Literature on request. Weldona Corp'n, Boston, Mass.

Grandpa's Rheumatism Gone—Feels Like a Kid Again



SILVER Edge Raybestos Brake Lining offers you more than long wear and safety. There is the reputation of the manufacturers dating back to the inception of the automobile. There is assurance of quality and a record for performance never surpassed by any other brake lining.

THE RAYBESTOS CO.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

The Canadian Raybestos Co., Ltd.
Peterborough, Ont.

Raybestos-Belaco, Ltd., London, Eng.

THERE IS A RAYBESTOS BRAKE SERVICE STATION IN YOUR VICINITY

ASTHMA
Successfully Relieved!

Use Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthma Compound. Originated by Dr. J. H. Guild, specialist in respiratory affections. Quickly relieves the distressing torments that cause suffering and loss of sleep. Two sizes, $1 and 25c. Also cigarettes (box of 24, 50c.) at your druggists or sent direct postpaid for cash. FREE TRIAL box (6 cigarettes) with authoritative treatise on causes and treatment sent on request.

J. H. GUILD CO., Dpt. 4, Rupert, Vt.

Dr. J. H. Guild's Green Mountain Kidney Pills (a Diuretic Stimulant) 60c for package of 72 pills.

ASK YOUR BARBER
FOR LUCKY TIGER

Stops dandruff and falling hair; or Whyte-Fox for pimples and skin disorders. Money-Back Guarantee. At barbers and druggists. Write for Free booklet.

LUCKY TIGER REMEDY CO.
Kansas City, Missouri

You Will Like
"The silver polish of 101 uses"

Leaves a brilliant lasting lustre on silver, bath fixtures, mirrors, windows, etc. Wonderful on nickel and glass of auto. No muss. Ask Dept., Drug, Hardware, Auto Accessory Stores or send 25c for trial tin.

Metalglas Mfg. Co., Box KT, Marengo, Ill.

[BLUE EYES IN TROUBLE
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

"Judge Hinchman," she said, stepping lightly past him.

"Fif' floor. 'Xpect'd?" he mumbled.

"Certainly."

The boy, as they got in, with insolent deftness threw a lighted cigarette down the crack of the elevator shaft into the basement. At Crane & Morton's, Frederick would have thought of fire risks and discipline.

On sight, Frederick disliked the man who answered their ring on the fifth floor. That queer flatness of the head was no more to be trusted than the almost too closely shaven jaw or the pince-nez sitting belligerently on a thin, high-bridged nose.

"Marise!" cried the man, and fell back a step.

"Yes, Judge, of course—and this is my husband."

"Oh"—sourly. "How d'you do? Since you're here—come in."

Frederick was a husband now; for half a minute he had been one. But whose? And why? He pulled himself into what he hoped was composure, managed a vague smile, and walked into the living-room.

IN a deep chair sat a man who was heavier than the Judge; "gone in the waist," Frederick registered him. His dinner coat fitted well enough on the shoulders, which were thick rather than broad; his tie and collar were almost lost under his chin; and his eyes might have caught their expression from the nearly empty glass beside him.

"Marise Arnold!" began the man, half rising.

"Townsend!" she said crisply. "Here is my husband—and we've brought a letter from grandfather."

"Letter!" sneered the Judge. "There's no letter—"

"Of course there is. We have it—haven't we—Freddy?"

Freddy? Why, that *was* his name, and always had been! She was waiting for him to speak.

"Er—yes, of course we have it!" he declared with creditable conviction.

The Judge moved nearer to his stout guest, beside the little fire glowing under the mantel.

"Hear that, Cruikshank?"

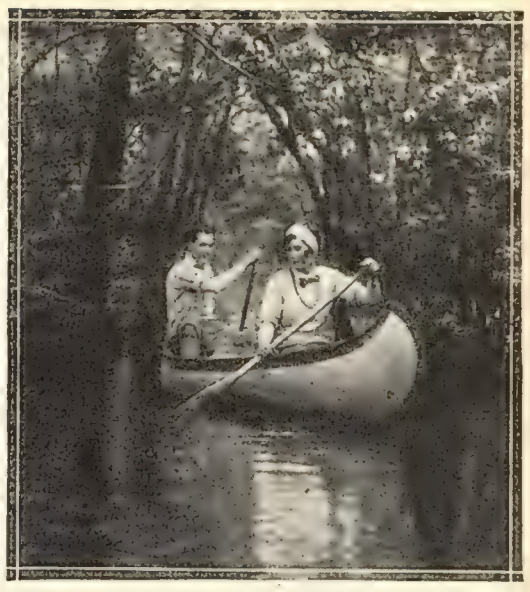
"Don't believe it," rumbled Cruikshank. "If they've got anything—let's see it."

"All right, here's what grandfather himself says," began Marise, drawing out the faded letter. She read it in a clear voice, but, as it was all in French, Frederick understood not a word.

The writer of the letter, Emile du Plessis, carefully explained how he had bought a New York house from his brother Louis, merely to get him out of a bad debt. He told how he had saved Louis' face by letting him live on in the house. None but the two knew of the private sale, and, for pride of family, Emile would say nothing while Louis lived. But Emile himself might die first. In that case, he doubted whether Louis could be depended upon not to destroy any will he left behind him.

Therefore Emile was setting

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



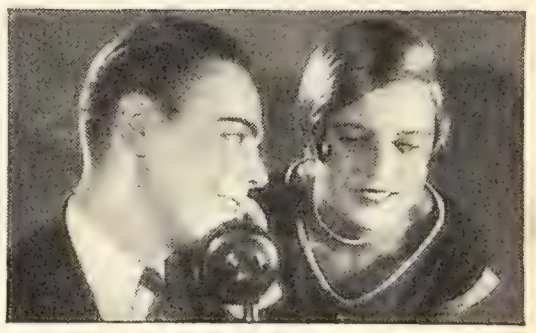
Enchanting realms that only the canoeist can know

It's great to paddle up some slow meandering stream in a sturdy "Old Town Canoe." It's great to get away from the noise and confusion of the highway, to travel slowly and easily amid the cooling shade of overhanging trees. On streams and lakes there are enchanting realms that only the canoeist can know.

Why not plan to buy an "Old Town" this summer? Truly you cannot get a finer canoe or a better looking one. For "Old Towns" are patterned after actual Indian models. They are sleek, fast and remarkably light in weight. And "Old Town Canoes" are low in price. $58 up. From dealer or factory.

Free illustrated catalog gives prices and complete information about sailing canoes, square stern canoes for outboard motors, dinghies, etc. Write today. OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 1705 Middle St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"



The hair you admire *can* be yours!

Good-bye— UNRULY HAIR!

Now you can keep it in place all day . . . Try this modern dressing—FREE

Stubborn embarrassing cow-licks—that now lie meekly in place! Hair once perverse, unruly—submissive now to your slightest whim! . . .

Yes, you can say Good-bye to the problem of unruly hair. A touch of Stacomb and your hair will stay in place—*all day long!*

Stacomb never leaves your hair sticky looking. Stacomb keeps it in condition—helps to prevent dandruff.

Stacomb comes in two forms—as a cream in jars and tubes, and in the new liquid form. All drug and department stores.

FREE OFFER *Stacomb*

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
Dept. Z-37, 113 W. 18th Street, New York

Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked:
Original cream form ☐ New liquid form ☐

Name.....

Address.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

down in this letter his wish that the house should go to his only daughter. For greater safety, he was about to bury the letter beneath the house itself. Some day, he would tell his daughter; until that day, none should know but Gréneau, his valet of long standing, who would be the witness and dig the hole.

"There!" ended Marise. "Cousin Henry Cruikshank, I suppose even you will believe that, in spite

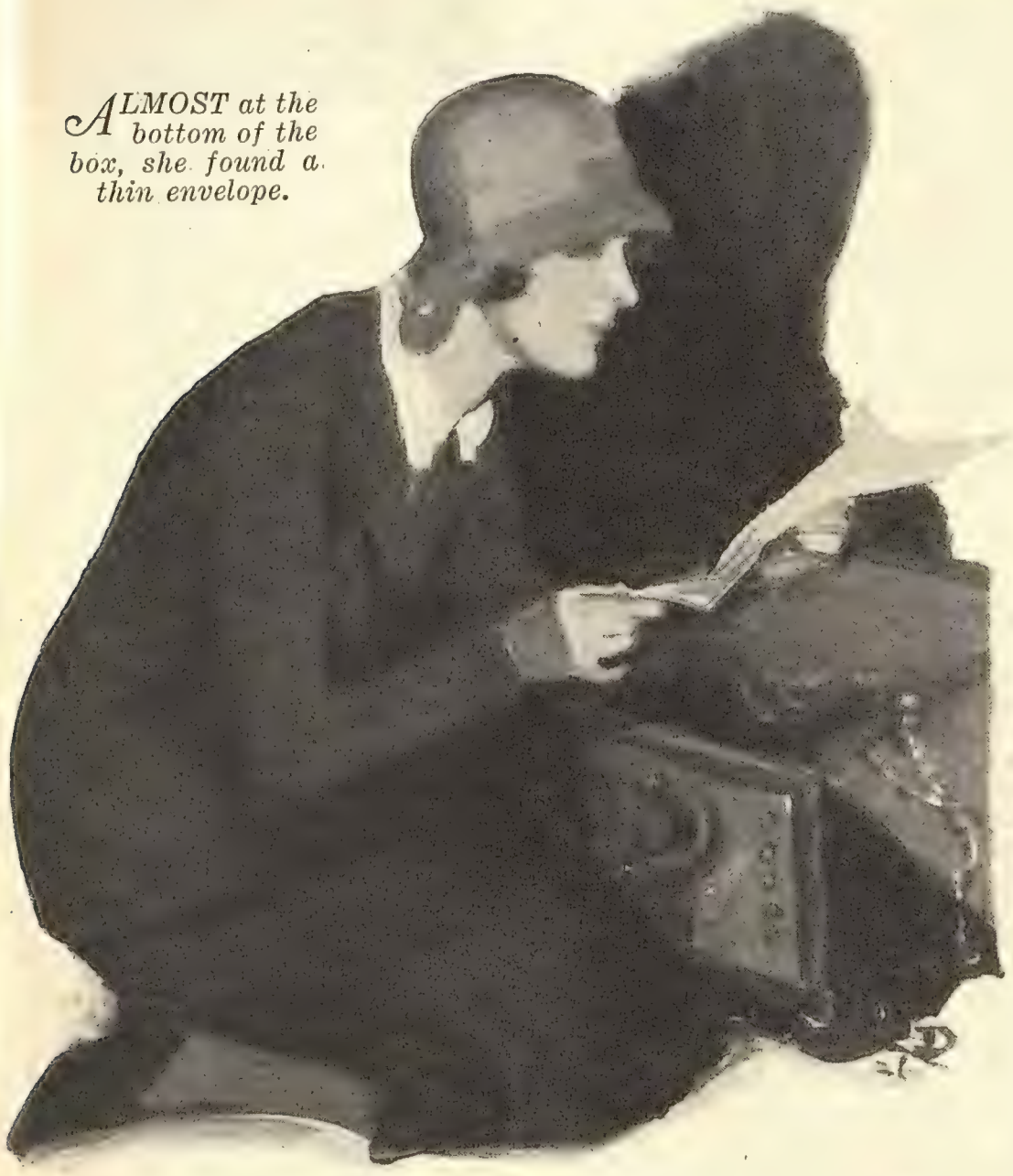
"Certainly it's a forgery, and—"

As he spoke, Cruikshank flung the letter straight at the burning logs.

Marise gave a stifled shriek.

Frederick had gone into action a second or so earlier. He hurled himself toward the fireplace and struck the fat arm just as the letter left the pudgy hand. A wandering draft caught the light paper, played with it, and tossed it down upon cold ashes.

But Frederick had not stopped



ALMOST at the bottom of the box, she found a thin envelope.

of what it says about *your* grandfather. You see—he evidently did tear up the will, but the house should have been my mother's—not yours!"

"Nonsense!" interrupted the Judge. "Where did you get that thing?"

"Last winter, in Saint-Remy, I found old Gréneau—nearly ninety, but still alive. He'd taken some terrible oath to grandfather, never to tell—but he broke it for me, when he found I'd never had the house. Tonight we went there, and found this."

"Rot!" burst out Cruikshank. "Old Emile just cooked all that up—or else it's a forgery!"

"It's no such thing!" cried Marise. "You dare say that about grandfather or me!"

"Well, let's see if it's Uncle Emile's writing"—and Cruikshank held out his hand.

Marise handed over the letter. Frederick's mind, sharpened on the whirling wheel of events that had caught him up, sensed the risk. He'd better watch Cruikshank, leaning nearer the big lamp by the mantel, as if he could not make out the faded writing. Better watch him—

to see that; his hand was on Cruikshank's collar.

The big man wrenched free and struck out wildly. Frederick smashed him squarely on the jaw, knocking him over. His head struck a bookcase, and he lay still.

Whirling upon the Judge, Frederick saw his hand reaching into a table drawer. He leaped and slammed the drawer shut upon the Judge's wrist.

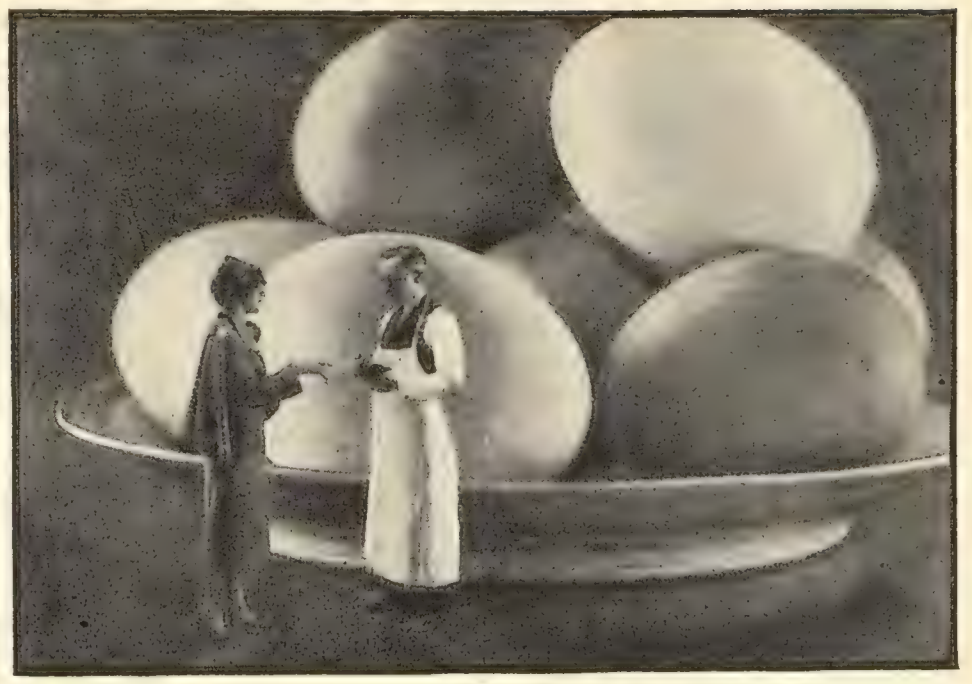
"You infernal fool!" The Judge's voice was shrill with pain and rage. "Let me go! I'll have the police—"

"Shut up!" roared Frederick.

MARISE had snatched up the letter and she was looking down upon the motionless Cruikshank. Then her eyes traveled scornfully over Hinchman, writhing but helpless in a lock grip Frederick had taken upon his free arm. "I suppose we must let them go," she said. "They know the letter is real, or that brute wouldn't have tried to burn it. Besides, it wouldn't matter so much, because Uncle Louis' receipt for the money is in the envelope, too."

The Judge snarled something

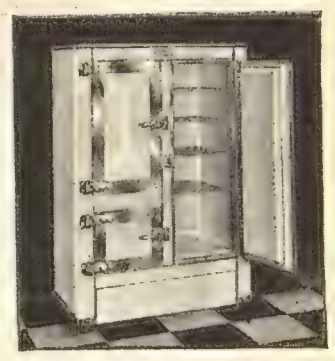
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"I'll take 75 dozen eggs"

You easily buy that quantity during the year. Yet, whether it's a year's supply or a week's supply the risk is just as great if your refrigerator is faulty, for every egg that spoils is real money out of pocket.

Putting food in the Gibson is like putting cash in the bank. You know it is safe. Fourteen walls of insulation keep in the cold air. Sturdy, automatic locks make doors air-tight *always*. One-piece porcelain lining with rounded corners insures perfect sanitation. New style flat metal shelves, an exclusive Gibson feature, are made so dishes can be moved without tipping. The one-piece cast aluminum trap never rusts or clogs.



The Gibson comes in all sizes, styles and prices. The corkboard-insulated Gibson is approved for electrical refrigeration. Write for booklet, "What goes into your refrigerator?" Gibson Refrigerator Company, Greenville, Mich.

Gibson REFRIGERATOR

Galling Foot Pains Make Scowls and Wrinkles!

Danger lurks in those grueling foot pains that mean weak or fallen arches. Such suffering makes scowls and wrinkles.

There's quick relief and a permanent help in LYNCO Muscle-Building Arch Cushions. Made of spongy cellular rubber encased in soft, pliable leather (no metal anywhere) they are comfortable to wear. They gradually restore the arch to its normal position, and Nature effects a permanent cure.

LYNCO Muscle-Building Arch Cushions will fit in the shoes you are now wearing.

These Cushions follow every movement of the foot, allowing free circulation of the blood.

Beware of disfiguring wrinkles or harmful ailments. Go to your doctor, chiropodist, shoe dealer, or write us for further information

KLEISTONE RUBBER CO., Inc.
214 Cutler St., Warren, R. I., U.S.A.

Lynco

NON-METALLIC FOOT AIDS

[BLUE EYES IN TROUBLE
Continued from Page Sixty-three]

unintelligible, and got an extra twist of his arm, in consequence.

Frederick wrenched Hinchman away from the drawer and pulled it open. Snatching up the revolver he had counted upon finding, he handed it to Marise.

"Just keep him covered—I want to look at the other one."

Without question, Marise obeyed. In front of that steady little muzzle the Judge, nursing his lame wrist, began to bluster.

"Shut up!" growled Frederick again.

Bending over Cruikshank, he suddenly felt rather sick. To have killed a man for an adventuress! No—as he glanced up at her, he strangled the disloyal thought. Hadn't Marise chosen him, of all New York, to help her? And made his heart turn clean over by calling him Freddy? Still—to kill a man for that—he looked down again.

Cruikshank, puffing thickly, was trying to sit up.

"Damn you!" he wheezed, "I—I'll—"

Frederick, shoving him down, was in form again.

"Best place for you's right there. Bat an eye—and I'll knock your head off!"

Cruikshank spluttered, but lay quiet.

"All right, I'll take the gun."

Frederick slipped it into his pocket, and added:

"Anything else—for these two?"

"No. We'll go now."

A HINT of finality in the girl's tone dismayed him. She would be sending him away in a few minutes. But—she couldn't turn him off, like that, when she'd just spoken of him as her husband. It wouldn't be human.

"Just a minute," he said, catching up the telephone. He broke the wires with a jerk and smashed the transmitter under his foot. "Might as well stop that leak!" he added.

Without wasting a look on the Judge or Cruikshank, he followed her into the hall.

"Queer," he muttered, when the elevator had made no answer to his second or his third ring.

"Let's walk down," she urged. "I must get away quickly."

They turned toward the stairway.

"Oh!" she cried. "Smoke!"

Frederick's nose told him the same thing, and, from three steps down, they saw it—slow smoke rolling heavily up in a cloud that thickened on the floor below. Suddenly red flame showed through the cloud.

"Come back—we'll try the roof!"

Opposite the Judge's door again, Frederick paused.

"Fire!" he shouted, then flung a shoulder against the light door, burst it open, and sprang inside.

No wonder they had not heard him. They had turned their fury upon each other and were locked in a desperate struggle. Cruikshank was bending Hinchman back over the table.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

It's just *three weeks* since he got it

He did not know one note from another, yet within three weeks he learned to play popular airs on his

BUESCHER
True Tone Saxophone

Would *you* clip the coupon below if you thought there was a chance that *you could learn to play?* You can. Just a few hours' practice, a few quiet evenings at home, and *you will be playing* happy tunes. It's so easy, even for people who think themselves musically dumb.

Here's a Test for YOU

Can you whistle or hum a tune? Can you keep step with the band? Could you walk up to the piano and thump out a tune with one finger? Then *you can learn to play a Buescher.* It is not uncommon for such beginners to master scales *in an hour,* play tunes *first week.*

Only Buescher Assures Success

Only with Bueschers, easy blowing, easy fingering, perfectly tuned, is rapid progress assured. No expert lipping required. Just open the key and *blow normally.* It's almost as easy as your "one finger" piano solo. *But oh! how beautiful.*

Take One Home on Trial

Try any Buescher Instrument for six days *at home.* If you decide to keep it pay a little each month. Easy to Play, Easy to Pay. Send coupon today for catalog of your favorite instrument. No obligation. Tear out coupon now.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
2022 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO. 388A
2022 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.
Without obligating me in any way please send me your free literature. Name instrument interested in.
Age?....Name instrument.....
Name.....
Address.....

GRAY HAIR
VANISHES

THERE is a marvelous way to bring back color to gray hair—to restore faded streaks to youthful color—to regain gleaming brilliance.

It's clean and colorless as water. You simply comb it through the hair. It will not wash nor rub off. It's called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer.

Test free if you wish. Or go to nearest druggist. A few cents' worth restores color perfectly. Costs nothing if not amazed and delighted.

Test Free
Mary T. Goldman, 1336-F Goldman Bldg., St. Paul Minn.
Send Free Outfit. Black.... dark brown.... medium brown.... auburn....light brown.... light red....blonde....
Name.....
Street.....
City.....
Please print your name and address

Tame the stubborn mane with this different kind of dressing

NO MATTER how unruly your hair may be, Glo-Co keeps it neatly in place all day long. Glo-Co is a clean *liquid*. Glo-Co wars on dandruff too.

Use Glo-Co Shampoo also—it is cleansing as well as antiseptic. Ask for Glo-Co preparations at your favorite drug store, department store, or barber shop. If you can't get them —mail the coupon.

GLO-CO
LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

GLO-CO COMPANY, Dept. B-5
6511 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Enclosed find 10 cents for trial bottles of Glo-Co Liquid Hair Dressing and Glo-Co Shampoo.

Name_____

Address_____

California

via the Scenic Way West

The SCENIC LIMITED

Thru the surpassing wonderlands of Colorado, Royal Gorge, Utah and Feather River Canyon to San Francisco. Stopover anywhere en route.

Low round trip summer fares effective May 15.

Write for new illustrated California booklet.

MISSOURI PACIFIC LINES

"A Service Institution"

A. D. Bell
Pass. Traf. Mgr., Mo. Pac. R. R. Co.
Ry. Exch. Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send illustrated literature to:

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

W-2

[CON'T FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

"Fire, you fools!" shouted Frederick again, tearing Cruikshank away.

Catching his meaning at last, and terrified, they rushed for the door. But Frederick swept them aside and was the first into the hall. Marise was waiting, halfway up the last flight.

"Come on!" she cried. "Must be a skylight."

So there was—and it was locked. From the top rung of the attic ladder, Frederick strained against it. But the stout padlock held.

"Shoot it out!" urged Marise.

FREDERICK snatched out the pistol, set the muzzle against the lock, and fired. Dropping the gun when the lock fell apart, he lifted the trap. As Marise scrambled up behind him, he could make out Cruikshank and Hinchman below.

"Shift for yourselves!" he cried, and pulled Marise to the roof.

The welcome fresh air was echoing with sharp cries, clanging bells, and shrieking whistles. They would be rescued in a minute.

"Hand over that letter, or I'll shoot!"

The Judge's head and shoulders were out of the skylight; in his hand was the forgotten gun.

Hinchman had hardly spoken before Frederick had swept Marise behind a chimney. As he dashed after her, a bullet sang between them.

The wall sloped—built up to make a roof garden. Clambering over it, and swinging Marise after him, Frederick thrust her into the shelter of the next chimney and then crouched in the shadow, waiting.

As Hinchman's arm came over, Frederick snatched it—twisted—tore the gun away—and flung it over into the street to fall, perhaps, upon some astonished fire chief. He turned back to Marise. Over the roofs they ran until a break too wide to jump stopped them.

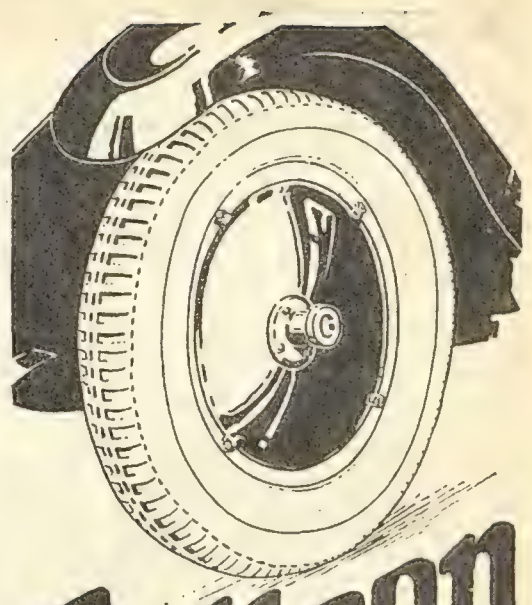
"Well—we'll try this trap—nothing else for it."

This time, the trap was not locked. With surprising ease, it came away under his hand. Beneath it gaped a dark hole. Swinging a leg over, Frederick could feel the ladder. He entered the dark hole and without a word Marise followed him down.

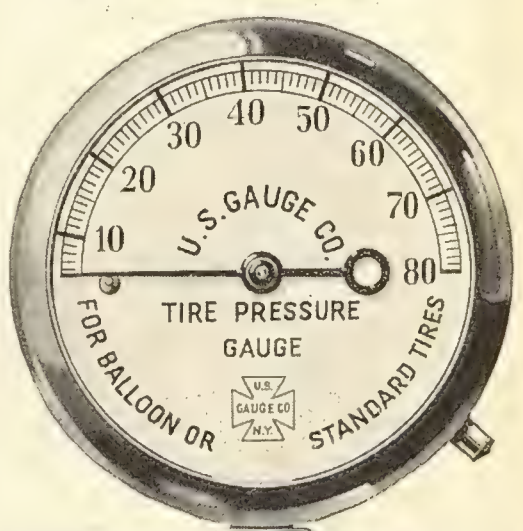
At the black ladder's foot, of course, there would be an electric switch. He felt for it along the wall, found it—and the button clicked. But there was no pleasant

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

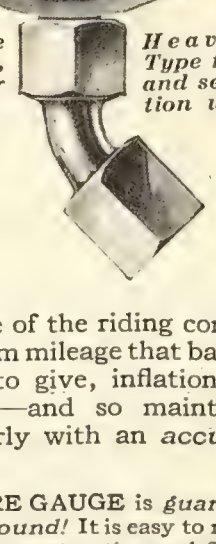
THE men had turned their fury upon each other and were locked in a desperate struggle.



Balloon TIRES MUST BE *Correctly Inflated!*



Standard Type for car owners, with leather case, $1.50.



Heavy-Duty Type for garage and service station use, $2.00.

TO be sure of the riding comfort and maximum mileage that balloon tires are designed to give, inflation must be 100% correct—and so maintained by testing regularly with an *accurate* tire gauge!

The U. S. TIRE GAUGE is *guaranteed accurate to the pound!* It is easy to read, handy to use, rugged in construction and fits all types of wheels. The crystal is unbreakable.

Begin *NOW* to safeguard your tires with a U. S. TIRE GAUGE! Insist on getting the U.S. TIRE GAUGE at your dealer's, and *accept no other*. If he cannot supply you, order direct.

U.S. GAUGE CO. N.Y.

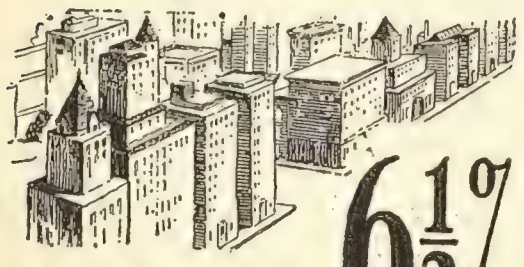
This trade-mark on the dial identifies the original watch-type tire gauge. Ask for the U. S. TIRE GAUGE by name and refuse substitutes.

UNITED STATES GAUGE CO.
44 Beaver Street, New York

Makers of Pressure and Vacuum Gauges
All Sizes and Types for Every Purpose

U.S. TIRE GAUGE

SAFE BONDS
in Safe Cities ---



that pay you 6½% on investment funds or monthly savings

MODERN, income-producing property offers exceptional security to the first mortgage investor, because the income from the property provides a constant source of funds from which interest payments can be made promptly, and a substantial part of the principal paid off each year.

It is such security as this, located in important and thriving cities of the United States—cities where rental demands are well established and where real estate values and economic conditions are sound—that protects your investments in SMITH BONDS.

Now you can get a 6½% return, with this strong security, and with safeguards that have resulted in our record of

NO LOSS
TO ANY INVESTOR
IN 54 YEARS

SMITH BONDS, in $1,000, $500 and $100 denominations, are sold outright for cash or under a plan that pays the full rate of bond interest—6½%—or regular monthly payments of $10, $20, $50 or more.

Mail the form below for our booklets, "Fifty-Four Years of Proven Safety" and "How to Build an Independent Income."

THE F. H. SMITH CO.
Founded 1873

SMITH BLDG., WASHINGTON, D. C.

NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA BOSTON
PITTSBURGH ST. LOUIS BUFFALO
MINNEAPOLIS ALBANY

Name....., 82-22

Address.....

[BLUE EYES IN TROUBLE
Continued from Page Sixty-five]

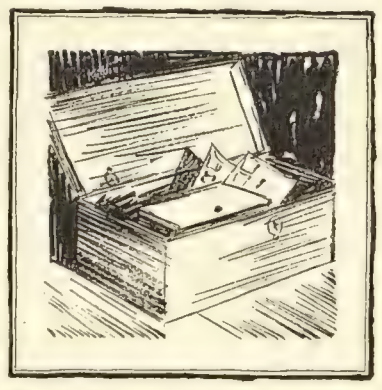
flood of light to show them where they stood.

"Darn it," whispered Marise, "I left my flashlight in that cellar."

"Never mind, I always carry matches."

He struck one and held it high. Long, wavering shadows danced on the outer edge of its leaping little circle. Beyond those shadows lay the silent, empty house.

Frederick moved toward the stairhead. With one hand he followed the turning, twisting rail from floor to floor. In the other hand lay one of Marise's. Almost his only thought was the unhappy one that soon, very soon, she would no longer need him. And yet she had allowed him to pose as her husband.



One flight after another, in total darkness or in the momentary gloom of one of Frederick's matches, they descended. It would have stumped them both to explain why they walked on tiptoe, or why they spoke only in whispers. Certainly, there was no one to hear them.

They reached the lower floor and stood before the front door. It was locked.

"Can you open it?" whispered Marise.

"I'll get it open," he promised, confidently.

But this door was no flimsy affair. He flung his weight against the panels in vain. From outside came the bark of orders and the roar of engines, but no sound of help approaching.

"Have to try a window—in here," he panted.

The window lock was easy. Frederick flung up the sash to find, outside, a shutter, secured only by cleats. He pushed. Down it went, crashing loudly into the area below. But the way before them was open.

Out upon the sill he crawled, to leap over on the front steps. A glance told him the house was just outside the fire lines and the crowd had its back to him.

"Jump!" he called, turning back to Marise.

She was already half through the window. In another instant she had thrown herself fearlessly into his arms. Swinging about, he would have carried her to the sidewalk.

"Hey—come down outer that! Wha-at d'ye be doin' in that house?"

NOW, Frederick had a most profound respect for the police. He proved it by carefully setting Marise on her feet, walking slowly down the steps—then throwing a foot behind the officer's knees and thumping him sharply in the chest.

Stumbling back, the policeman rolled into the gutter. A column of firemen, trailing fresh lengths of hose, charged down from the corner. The officer, struggling to his feet, was caught and knocked down again.

Frederick and Marise, with winged heels, fled a half-block along the iron railings and turned the corner.

A taxi was prompt to see Frederick's waving hand.

"Drive anywhere!" And, with what he thought a real inspiration, he added: "Go around the park for a while."

"Oh, I can't," said Marise. "I must go right to the Pennsylvania Station—I'm going back to Philadelphia."

"Tonight?"

"I must. But don't you bother to take me there. I'm all right now, and I can't thank you enough for being so kind—"

"Of course I'll take you if you must go." Reluctantly he changed the order.

"Now," he demanded, as the cab turned south, "why did you say I was your—your husband—and why did you call me Freddy?"

"Why"—she chose the second part of his question—"it seemed to fit so exactly. You can always count on a Freddy in a pinch."

"But that *is* my name!"

"Really? I might have known it."

"Yes. But you haven't said why you told those birds I was your husband."

"Oh—that?" she said vaguely.

"Yes—why? Why?"

AT the eagerness in his voice she hesitated. He really had been a splendid digger and a gorgeous fighter; he had rescued her from fire, and fooled a policeman most beautifully in her behalf. But still he was a total stranger. To use him to impress Hinchman and Cruikshank had been one thing; to think of him more as a human being would be quite another.

"Tell me!" he insisted. "They didn't seem surprised, but I have to know."

"Oh," she plunged; "yes, I understand. I—I hope you'll forgive me when I've explained. You see, they'd been hateful to me—and I didn't want them to think my husband would let me go there alone."

A chill fell upon Frederick, quickly followed by a surge of resentment. Of course, he had known there must be a husband, but how he hated to hear the truth!

"Why didn't he come with you in the first place?" he heard himself asking.

"Well, you see, he was—is—sick."

"Sick?"

"Yes—that is, he's in bed with—a broken leg."

Ought to have been his neck, thought Frederick.

Silence fell between them. After a moment she broke it:

"I—please say you forgive me. You must understand that, as my husband was sick, I had to have someone to help me dig up the box—and everything. I found out from Judge Hinchman that the house was being torn down, so I had to hurry, and I didn't know a soul to ask. And then, when I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

21 JEWEL ~ *Extra Thin*
STUDEBAKER
The *Insured* Watch

Sent for Only
$1.00 DOWN

A Sensational Offer!
Only $1.00 and you get the famous 21-Jewel Studebaker Watch direct from factory! Balance in easy monthly payments!
Lowest prices ever named on similar quality. You save 30% to 50%.
Ladies' Bracelet Watches, Men's Strap Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry also sold on easy payments. This Company is directed by the Studebaker Family of South Bend, known throughout the world for three-quarters of a century of fair dealing. 100,000 satisfied customers. Send coupon at once for full particulars of our amazing offer.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG! A copy of our beautiful, new, six color catalog will be sent Free to anyone sending the coupon below. Shows 80 magnificent, new Art Beauty cases and dials. Latest designs in yellow gold, green gold and white gold effects. Exquisite thin models. Masterpieces of the watchmaker's craft.
Studebaker 21 Jewel Watches have 8 adjustments—heat, cold, isochronism and 5 positions. An insurance policy is given free—insuring the watch for your lifetime!

Special Offer: Watch Chain FREE
To those who write at once for free Catalog we will include particulars of our special offer of an exquisite Watch Chain free. This offer is good for a limited time only. Send the coupon at once—before it expires.

STUDEBAKER WATCH COMPANY
Directed by the Studebaker Family—three-quarters of a century of fair dealing
WATCHES DIAMONDS JEWELRY
Dept. X-726, South Bend, Indiana
Canadian Address: Windsor, Ont.

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON
STUDEBAKER WATCH COMPANY
Dept. X-726, South Bend, Indiana
☐ Please send me your free Catalog of Advance Watch Styles and particulars of your $1 down offer
☐ Please send me Jewelry Catalog free.
Name.....
Street or R. F. D......
City or Post Office.....
State.....

The Lighted Home Is Burglar - Proof

THE deadly, sneaking night marauder shuns the lighted house. His deeds are done behind the cloak of darkness.
Dim-A-Lite is the best known burglar insurance. Its five gradations of light make the all-night lighting of your home practical and economical.
Dim-A-Lite is necessary in the bathroom, nursery, cellar and at stair-heads.

Somewhere in Your Home You Need a
DIM-A-LITE
$1.00 at Electrical, Hardware and Dept. Stores
WIRT COMPANY 5221 Greene Street, Philadelphia

ACHING FEET
For foot comfort, apply soothing, cooling ZEMO Liquid. Prompt relief to tired, aching feet and raw itching toes. At all druggists—60c and $1.00.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Please Accept 10c Package FREE

You Women are Clever

You know a good thing when you see it. That's why so many of you have written for a free package of Del-a-tone to remove superfluous hair, and are now using it in preference to razors, pulling out hair and all other methods.

Removes Hair

DEL-A-TONE

CREAM or POWDER

Del-a-tone Cream is snowy white and pleasantly fragrant—takes only 3 minutes, leaves skin soft, smooth and velvety. So easy to use under arms, face, limbs, back of neck below that trim bob. The quick, effective results are the same, whether you use the newer Del-a-tone Cream or the old reliable Del-a-tone (powder). If you have delayed writing send coupon today and prove it—FREE.

The large size economy package is sold by drug and department stores, or sent prepaid anywhere in U. S. for one dollar. Money back if not satisfied.

The Delatone Co., Dept. 35
721 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

FREE TRIAL In U. S. only

Please send me FREE, prepaid and in plain wrapper, 10c size I have checked herewith:

☐ Del-a-tone (powder) ☐ Del-a-tone Cream

Name.....

Address.....

To Men and Women *who think they can write—*

Friendly criticism proves nothing

When your friends say nice things about your writing ability, don't you often suspect them of just trying not to hurt your feelings? Don't you often wish that you could get a really impartial opinion from an authority?

You can—through the N. I. A.

The Newspaper Institute is an organization of trained New York newspaper men approved as a correspondence school under the laws of the State of New York. Its purpose is to fold: First—to offer men and women with literary or journalistic ambitions a thorough New York newspaper training—that invaluable experience which is the foundation on which so many famous authors, dramatists, and business leaders have built their success.

Second—to examine applicants to determine whether training will be worth their while.

Expert Criticism Proves Everything

Send for and fill out the fascinating Writing Aptitude Test originated by the Newspaper Institute. It's a challenge to that latent ability in you, issued by keen, trained newspaper minds. You'll get a thrill out of tackling it. And what you do with it will be read, edited and critized by N. I. A. editors just as if you had submitted it for publication. You learn, without favoritism or prejudice, just what your prospects are.

No strings attached to this offer. It costs nothing; and obligates you to nothing. Coupon is for your convenience.

Newspaper Institute of America
25 West 45th Street, New York

Send me your Free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information on Writing for Profit.

Mr. }
Mrs. } .....
Miss }

Address.....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.)

8E37

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

saw you in the subway, and you looked so big—and kind—I knew you were the sort of man I'd want—I mean, the sort my husband would want to have help me—"

"But you'd never seen me before!"

"Of course not. But can't you always tell about people? Wouldn't you know if the right girl—well, I—I don't mean that, exactly—but you have a sort of feeling—"

"Yes," said Frederick a little bitterly. "That's why, when I saw you tonight, I thought—" He broke off quickly. "I beg your pardon," he added, a little stiffly.

"But you haven't said you forgive me. Please—you will? I'm dreadfully sorry I've given you so much trouble."

BY the hand she laid upon his arm Frederick would have sworn a great oath that it is quite right for beautiful married women to do all the dreadful things they do to young men in offices. He lifted her hand and kissed it.

"Don't you know it's been the most wonderful evening in my life? I"—he was still holding her hand and he kissed it again—"you mustn't mind my doing this. Even if you have to tell your husband, he'll understand."

"I think he would," she murmured. But she drew her hand away quickly, and hid it under the other. Of course she really knew nothing about Frederick, even from the way he had lifted her hand. No one was there to remind her that he had done it awkwardly and that only from habit can any grace attend that gesture. Then, in another moment, they had reached the station.

Marise already had her ticket, and they went straight to the train. A kindly gateman let Frederick "see the lady aboard"; he was to be allowed a minute or so longer of what had suddenly come to mean more than all the world. In silence they went down the stairs and along the platform, but when she turned in the car doorway he found his voice.

"I haven't any right to say this—but please listen. It's been great, trying to help you tonight, and I won't forget it, ever. I've never seen anybody like you—"

"Please—" began her protest, but he hurried on:

"You're the finest girl on earth. I don't care if you have ten husbands, Marise—because, anyway—I love you! Good-by!"

For an instant her hand had rested in his again. Not trusting himself, he turned away. The train, already moving out, was gathering speed. A yard or two away, Marise, still in the door, leaned out a little, to call back to him:

"I—I haven't—I never had—any husband!"

Of course, Frederick was due in Crane & Morton's office at "a little before eight" next morning; and Crane & Morton have no branch in Philadelphia.

But Freddy was blessed with long legs. He stepped out—and caught that train.

THE END

Woof! Woof!

Here I am Back Again!

Yes, the Molecule and I are still pals. And I've got a lot of funny new stories to tell you about him and those strange creatures he calls Girls.

You haven't forgotten me! My name's

TRUB!

And my first bow is a wow! It's called—

A Change of Color

By John Taintor Foote

Look for me in LIBERTY Next Week

Pocket Ben

a sturdy dependable watch

YOUR time is valuable; you want to be prompt; you need a watch you can depend on.

Pocket Ben tells the truth about starting time, meal-time, bed-time. Carry him wherever you go. He's as sturdy as he's good-looking.

Pocket Ben is Big Ben's little brother. "Westclox" on his dial stands for good time-keeping.

Sold everywhere for $1.50. With luminous night dial $2.25.

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY
La Salle, Illinois

Prices slightly higher in Canada

O. B. Keeler Collection

WALTER TRAVIS, *America's Grand Old Man of golf (right), giving Bobby Jones a few pointers.*

Bobby Jones *Super-Champion*

The Story of Golf's Greatest Amateur and His Bag of Tricks

As Told by Himself to

O. B. KEELER

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In the previous installments of his memoirs, Bobby Jones told of his earliest acquaintance with golf at the age of five when his parents moved close to the East Lake golf course at Atlanta, Georgia. Here he occasionally practiced and watched some of the greatest professionals of the day, principally Stewart Maiden. He showed his aptitude for the game by shooting his first 80 when eleven years of age. Here he tells of his entry, when thirteen, into major tournaments, and of competition against grown men which soon won him recognition in the South.]

PART THREE

DAD had told me he would let me enter the Southern Amateur championship when I was fifteen, provided I made sufficient progress. It seemed I never was going to be fifteen, and the progress I had made in the Montgomery invitation tournament certainly was not of a character to warrant me in making any impassioned plea this year, 1915, despite the favoring circumstance that the Southern was to be played at my home course at the East Lake Club, Atlanta. So I was surprised and a little abashed when dad told me I could enter it—and I was only thirteen.

When I was named on the four-man team representing the Atlanta Athletic Club in the team match of the qualifying round, I was overwhelmed. The other members were Mr. George Adair and his son, Perry, and Will Rowan. I was so scared and burdened with responsibility in that round that I had to keep looking at the ground to keep from falling over.

I seemed to be having a terrible round. But once more I was at grips with Old Man Par and not thinking about beating anybody else, and I came in with a card of 83, the lowest score on our team and a single stroke back of the medalists, Nelson Whitney of New Orleans, the champion, and Charlie Dexter of Dallas, who tied at 82.

A card of 83—and it was called a great round in those days! But I wasn't pleased with it, happy as I was to have helped my club's team win the match. I kept thinking of this shot I had pulled and that putt I had missed—it might so well have been an 80, or even better. But then, it's always so in golf.

Right now, thinking back to that round, I can recall it almost as distinctly as the first round at Sunningdale, qualifying last year for the British Open championship, when I turned in a card of 66.

THE critics said that was the finest medal round ever shot in Great Britain. Why, I remember a five-foot putt on the third green that I missed for a birdie 3, and a simple ten-footer at the seventh, and another five-footer at the ninth, where I drove just over the green, 270 yards, and chipped back reasonably close, only to miss the putt.

I could have had a 63 there as well as not—or a 62. It's always so. You never have so good a round but that afterward you can't see clearly where it might have been better.

The lowest score I ever made on a full-sized

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

Insist on this Red Woven Label. Nothing without it is "B.V.D."

Ever Realize the Trust You Put in An Underwear Label?

YOU don't try on underwear before you buy it. The LABEL is your sole assurance of fit, wear and comfort. That's why millions LOOK for the "B.V.D." label.

For it has the confidence of more men than any other underwear trade-mark the world has ever known. A confidence earned by service that *never* fails—by wear that's *money's most* and fit that *assures* cool comfort!

The patented features of the "B.V.D." Union Suit—the scientific design, correct shape, and finished tailoring of all "B.V.D." garments—will bring *you* the satisfaction which millions know and enjoy.

"B.V.D."
Union Suit
Men's $1.50
Youths' 85c

"B.V.D."
Shirts and Drawers
85c the garment

Extra large sizes obtainable at an additional charge

"B V.D."
Union Suits,
Shirts and Drawers
obtainable in
Fancy Materials at
Various Prices

©1927
The B.V.D. Co., Inc.

The B.V.D. Company, Inc., New York
Sole Makers of "B.V.D." Underwear

"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best"

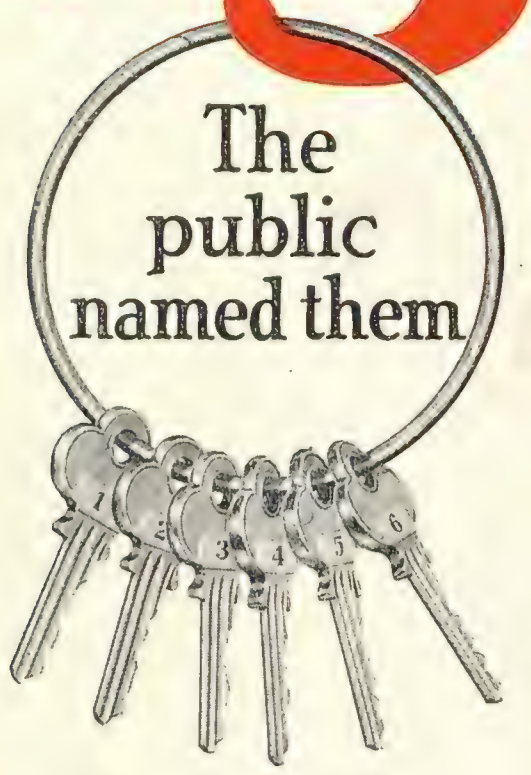
How To Be Properly Fitted

Famous-fitting "B.V.D." Union Suits, with their exclusive construction at shoulder, waistband and crotch, are made in over sixty sizes to fit men of widely varying builds.

Be sure to take advantage of this unequalled size range by being correctly measured. Three simple encircling measurements—chest, waist and trunk—can always determine your proper size.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining your proper size, send your three measurements to the B. V. D. Service Bureau, 350 Broadway, New York, who will be glad to advise you.

$30,000



Find six keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola

AS a result of a national survey, through thousands of personal interviews, the public has given us six outstanding reasons why everybody likes Coca-Cola.

We have named them "six keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola." And they will be illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising during the next three months—in magazines and many newspapers—in outdoor signs and posters—in show windows and at stores and stands of the many thousands of places that serve Coca-Cola.

To show you how to look for the "six keys," we'll point out the first one—in the advertisement on the opposite page. It is "taste." The other five will be just as easy to find—if you keep your eyes open to Coca-Cola advertising during the next three months.

Here's how to find them

The "six keys" are six outstanding reasons why people drink Coca-Cola—over 7 million a day.

They will be illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising during the next three months.

Just three things to do:

1. ***Find and write down the "six keys" and tell where you found each one.****
2. ***Pick out the one key that appeals to you most and tell in one paragraph why it is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.***
3. ***Then write an answer (in one paragraph) to this question:***

Other than magazine and newspaper advertisements, what Coca-Cola advertisement (a wall, poster, red sign or any one of the various pieces used to decorate show windows, soda fountains and refreshment stands) best illustrates or presents to you one or more of the "six keys"? Tell why—and also where you saw the advertisement.

For the correct naming of the "six keys" and the best answers to the questions, the following cash prizes will be awarded:

1st prize	$10,000
2nd prize	5,000
3rd prize	2,500
4th prize	1,000
5th prize	500
10 sixth prizes (each)	100
20 seventh prizes (each)	50
200 eighth prizes (each)	25
400 ninth prizes (each)	10
A total of 635 prizes	$30,000

* Do not mail any entry before the first week in August. You must see all "six keys" before you can write correct answers, and the final key will not appear until then.

All entries must be mailed by midnight, August 25, 1927, to Contest Judges, The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Just three things to do to enter this $30,000 cash prize contest:

1. *Find the "six keys." Tell where you found each one.*
2. *Pick out the key that appeals to you most and tell in one paragraph why it is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.*
3. *Then write an answer (in one paragraph) to the following question:*

What Coca-Cola outdoor sign (painted wall, bulletin, poster, red sign on a store or along a street or highway) or what Coca-Cola show window display or soda fountain or refreshment stand decoration best illustrates or presents to you one or more of the "six keys"? Tell why—and also where you saw the advertisement. (Note that magazine and newspaper advertisements are eliminated in answering this question.)

Where to Find the Six Keys and the Answers to the Questions

The "six keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola" will be illustrated and presented in many newspapers throughout the country and in the following magazines on the following dates—one key to each advertisement:

The Saturday Evening Post—May 7, June 4, June 18, July 2, July 16, August 6. **Literary Digest**—May 14, June 11, June 25, July 9, July 23, August 13. **Liberty**—May 14, June 11, June 25, July 9, July 23, August 13. **Collier's Weekly**—May 21, June 4, June 18, July 2, July 16, August 6. **Life**—May 5, June 9, June 23, July 7, July 21, August 4.

To answer what Coca-Cola advertisement, other than those in newspapers and magazines, best illustrates or presents one or more of the "six keys," keep your eyes open for the following Coca-Cola advertisements:

Posters—60,000 in 5,000 communities. **Painted Walls and Bulletins**—20,000 throughout the country. **Show Window Displays, Soda Fountain and Refreshment Stand Decorations**—at more than 415,000 places where Coca-Cola is served. **Little Red Coca-Cola Signs**—Hundreds of thousands dot the streets and corners everywhere.

Enter This $30,000 Contest Now and Follow These Simple Rules

1. Contest will close at midnight August 25, 1927. All answers postmarked August 25, 1927, will be acceptable.
2. Contest is open to everybody—young and old—except people connected with The Coca-Cola Company or a Coca-Cola bottling company, or their families.
3. Do not mail your entry before the first week in August. You must see all "six keys" in advertisements before you can write correct answers, and the final key will not appear before the first week in August.
4. Write on only one side of your paper. Use typewriter, pen or pencil, but please write plainly.
5. Write your name, occupation and address plainly at the top of the first page of your entry.
6. Prizes will be awarded strictly on merit, on the following points:
   (a) The correct naming of the "six keys" and the place you found each one.
   (b) The best answer why any one of the "six keys" is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.
   (c) The reasons you give (also the place you saw it) for the Coca-Cola advertisement outside the newspaper and magazine advertisements) that best illustrates or presents one or more of the "six keys."
   (d) The neatness and clearness of your answers.
7. All answers become the property of The Coca-Cola Company and may be used by it in advertising or otherwise. None will be returned.
8. Address all answers to

CONTEST JUDGES
The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Announcement of the winners and awarding of the prizes will be made as soon after the close of the contest as the judges can complete their work.

The judges will be three former Presidents of the International Advertising Association (formerly Associated Advertising Clubs of the World) and the President of the Coca-Cola Bottlers' Association, and their awards shall be final.

SEE HOW SIMPLE IT IS

in cash prizes

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

UNANIMOUS!

The choice of Good Taste

The *taste* you can't resist, bringing that delightful after sense of refreshment. Not from the fruit of one vine or tree but a perfect blend with a charm, a *taste* all its own.

THE FIRST KEY "TASTE" IS PRESENTED ON THIS PAGE

Honestly ~ don't you care how you look?

WHEN you dash in and buy a straw hat with the same enthusiasm you display in having a tooth pulled, you're not getting your money's worth.

Don't you care how you look?

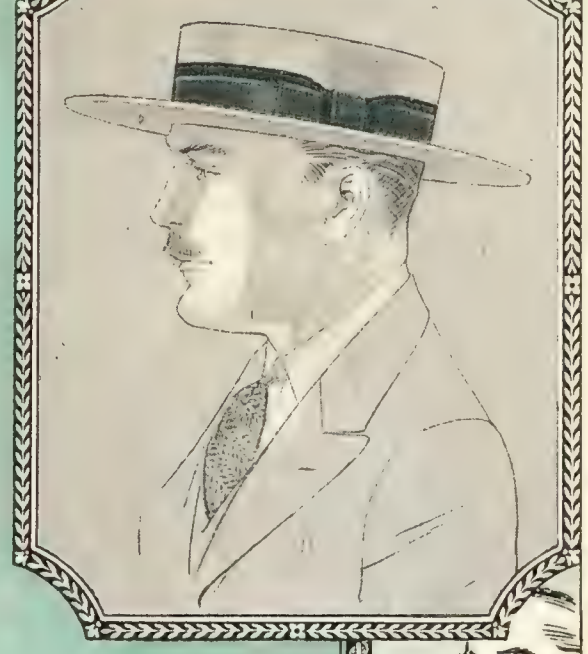
Of course, the *size* of your hat is important but the vital point is how the hat *looks* when your face is under it.

We have studied men's faces for years. We have found that there are a number of distinct types. Accordingly, we have made Townsend-Grace Straw Hats in shapes and proportions to *fit* these faces, including yours.

Go to the Townsend-Grace dealer in your locality (he is usually the best in town) and let him fit your face. Our name and your dealer's name give you a double assurance of style, quality and value.

(Cushion Flex Corners make Townsend-Grace Straw Hats as comfortable as a cap).

"Look at your hat—everyone else does".



Townsend-Grace

Straw Hats

Baltimore *Maryland*

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

course was a 63 at East Lake, September 16, 1922, just a week after Jess Sweetser had trimmed me at Brookline. The course is 6,700 yards long and par is a fair 72. I had nine pars and nine birdies. And I could tell you right now of holable putts I missed that would have given me a 60 at the worst.

"The game is aye fechtin' ye," said one of the wisest of the old Scottish masters. And the game is aye on top, too—take it from me! No man ever will have golf under his thumb. Perhaps that is why golf is the greatest of games. You are not playing a human adversary; you are playing Old Man Par.

In those days they qualified sixty-four contestants in the Southern, and the first round of match play, at eighteen holes, split the field into two divisions of thirty-two. The second round established the first, second, third, and fourth flights.

I met a chap named Patterson of Charlotte, North Carolina, in the first round and defeated him. Then I encountered Commodore Heard of Houston, Texas, which made a match between the oldest and the youngest player on the field.

THE Commodore was, and is, a great figure in Southern golf. I don't know how old he was then, but to me he seemed a lot older than I should like him now to think I thought he was—if you get what I mean. He was a short, stocky man with iron-gray hair. He wore a sun helmet, and hit the ball with a short, flat swing that gave it a low flight and a tremendous run. I remember thinking, first, that he couldn't possibly keep the ball straight with that sort of poking swing, and next that he couldn't possibly get it off the proper line. And how he did putt!

The Commodore didn't pay much attention to me, but when he closed me out on the seventeenth green, 2-1, he told me I was a tough customer and said I had made him shoot a 73 for seventeen holes to beat me.

That afternoon he played Perry Adair, and Perry beat him on the nineteenth hole, putting the ball on the green with his second shot, using a little spoon his father had had made for him at St. Andrews when they were touring the British golf courses the year before.

"Too many of these blamed kids," the Commodore said, as he went back to the clubhouse.

That match put me in the second flight, and I met three men, the shortest of whom was six feet two, beginning with Clarence Knowles, who was six feet three and weighed 220 pounds and was then the longest driver in the South. I must have made a funny contrast with these great musketeers—a stumpy, tow-headed boy of thirteen, extremely red in the face, and playing in long pants because I was too proud of them to go back to knickers.

One way and another, I beat all the big ones and met Frank Clarke of Nashville in the finals, at thirty-six holes, and he did a 76 in the morning round, all putts being holed, which set a new amateur record for the course. He was three up at luncheon-time, and at the twenty-seventh hole he was four up. I then won the next four holes.

Mother and dad were in the gallery, and I was thinking how proud they must be of me, when I lost the next two holes. I was thinking that surely I had this bird, coming from behind to win four holes in a row and square the match; and it was a terrific jolt when he went right back into the lead again, with three holes to play.

At the thirty-fourth, I holed a chip shot from off the green with an old mongrel Zenith iron, and was again in hopes, only to see him sink a thirty-foot putt for the half. I was bunkered at the next green, got a half, and he closed me out, 2-1. I had shot a 78, approximately, and mother and dad said they were proud of me; but I didn't feel a bit proud of myself.

Bobby Jones Collection

Bobby, when thirteen (right), with Archer Davidson, whom he defeated in an important tournament.

Here I was, thirteen years old (I reflected) and I hadn't won anything yet! Only some little old junior championships and such. I felt that I was a disgrace to my family, and to Stewart Maiden, and to the Atlanta Athletic Club, and to anybody or anything else convenient to be disgraced. In long pants and Tech High School, and still I hadn't won anything!

I guess I moped about that Southern championship more than I have brooded about anything since. It was almost as if I had expected to win the thing, with Charlie Dexter and Rube Bush and Nelson Whitney in it. I wasn't much of a respecter of persons in those days, having few brains and no real experience. Golf was just a game, and if I couldn't hit one as far as Moose Knowles, why, I could stick a pitch against the pin and take up the slack.

IT was on the nineteenth hole that I beat Moose, the 220-pounder, in the Southern. He outdrove me fifty yards, and I couldn't reach the green with my second shot, but I jammed a short pitch up by the hole and won the match.

My self-esteem still was several points off when dad said I might enter the big invitation tournament at the Roebuck Country Club in Birmingham, and I'll always love Roebuck because that was the first important tournament I won. I met Perry in the second round—the first of many times we met in formal competition in the next few years—and beat him, 2-1. Dad put up a heroic fight against Rube Bush of New Orleans, one of the most stylish players in the South, and beat him in the same round.

In the finals I met Bill Badham, a former Yale player, and we had a ding-dong match that went to the twenty-first green. I remember thinking how blamed stubborn he was. I was shooting pretty good golf, but this fellow kept sticking, and every time I made the least slip he won a hole. But at the third extra hole I stuck a pitch shot stone dead and won.

This seems to have started me off on an orgy of invitation tournaments and club championships. Dad was greatly excited over my winning at Roebuck, and the rest of that year and in 1916 I entered nearly every big invitation event in our section.

I won the Davis and Freeman cup at East Lake, and the club championship there, in 1915, and won the Druid Hills Club championship a bit later, breaking the course record with a 73 and winning a gold medal—my first—which I lost on the course the same year. I employed two caddies to go over every shot I made in the round. They found it where I had pulled to the rough at the fourth hole. But I lost it again, and never found it.

IN the finals of the 1915 club championship I played Archer Davidson, a huge chap and a powerful driver, but very lazy—I think he never had played thirty-six holes in one day before—and I beat him. Looking over some old photographs, I found a funny picture of Davy and me, taken after our match. Davy was about a foot taller than I, and I was grinning like a Cheshire cat. Under Davy's picture was scrawled in a schoolboy hand, "The Runner-Up," and under my picture, "The Champion." I was cocky, all right!

In 1916 I started out with a rush of golf events and a prolonged attack of lumbago, which afflicted me soon after I played in the Montgomery invitation tournament, in the semifinals, meeting Perry Adair in the most spectacular of all the matches we played. I went out in thirty-three and was three up, and figured I had the match in hand. Then Perry broke away with a burst of golf that seldom can have been equaled. He came home in thirty-three, including a stymie on the sixteenth green, and beat me on the last hole, 1 up—the little blond devil!

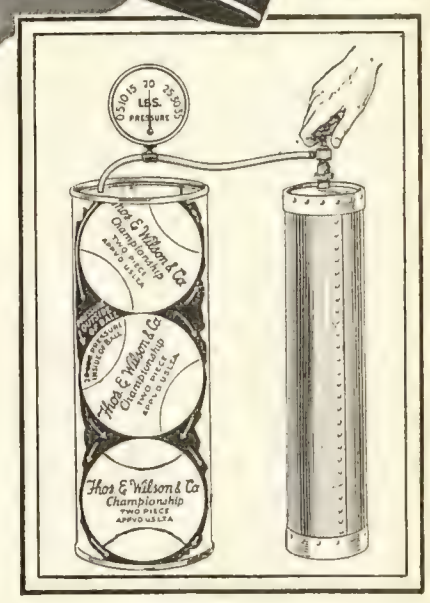
They tell me he shot an even greater nine holes than that, coming from far behind to beat Frank Godchaux at Roebuck in the Southern Amateur championship of 1923. He did shoot a 33 on a par 37 nine, and broke the course record. But I didn't see that, and what he showed me at Montgomery was sufficient. It was the hottest blast of really hot golf I had yet encountered; and I knew then why Perry was called the Kid Wonder of Dixie.

Dad continued to be a glutton for punishment, and went with me up to Knoxville to play in the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Play *with* TENNIS BALLS one minute old

Approved by U. S. L. T. A.



ALWAYS FRESH AND LIVELY

because packed in hermetically sealed metal pressure tubes.

Wilson Tennis Balls are packed in wonderful new patented metal pressure tubes that keep them fresh indefinitely. All air is withdrawn from the tube and pressure is shot into it to exactly balance the pressure inside the balls. This keeps the balls always fresh and lively with the same pep, go and staying power that is built into them the day they are made. Insist on Wilson tennis balls for a snappier game. They're used exclusively in many championship tournaments and are preferred by leading players everywhere. If they're in tubes, they're Wilson.

There is a Wilson tennis racket to suit every player.

Ask your dealer to show you the new steel Wilson Indestructo racket.
It sells for.....$5.75

Wilson
ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT
Wilson-Western Sporting Goods Co.
NEW YORK CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO

Rustproof McKinney Forged Iron Hardware, in authentic designs faithful to the spirit of the famous craftsmen of earlier days, may now be had at surprisingly reasonable prices. No single item among all the fittings of your house adds so much of charm and atmosphere for so little expense.

McKINNEY FORGED IRON HARDWARE

Pieces of every essential sort are available so that your house may be outfitted complete, from entrance door to garage gate. Hinge plates, entrance handle sets, knockers, mail boxes, H & L hinge plates, shutter dogs, etc. make selection a pleasurable adventure.

Every piece of McKinney Forged Iron Hardware bears the unmistakable character of the finest of craftsmanship. The surface is rough and rugged, bearing the hammer marks of the maker.

Most important, McKinney Forged Iron is rustproof. Builders' Hardware Merchants have it on display. McKinney Forged Iron Lanterns may also be found at Electrical, Department and Retail Hardware stores. Write for beautiful brochure to McKinney Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mail This Coupon Now!

FORGE DIVISION, McKINNEY MFG. CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Please send me, without obligation, the items I have checked:

☐ 5 plates showing details of lanterns
☐ Brochure on Forged Iron Hardware

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Name of your Hardware Merchant....L 5-14-27

[BOBBY JONES, SUPER-CHAMPION]
Continued from Page Seventy-three

Cherokee Club's invitation, where I had lumbago so grievously that I had to walk down the hills sideways—and there were a lot of hills. I simply could not hit hard and, as a consequence, my drives remained in the fairway for the most part. In those days I could pitch far better than I can now, and my irons were good enough; but I never could tell where my drives were going. As to putting, I was in a blissful state of abysmal ignorance concerning that difficulty of the game.

Using a little, heavy, wooden-headed, center-shafted Travis putter, I banged the ball confidently at the hole from any distance and was furious over missing a fifteen-footer. A few years later, when I had learned how hard putting really is, how I looked back in a sort of dumb misery at those earlier days! In 1920 and 1921 and 1922 I was thankful to get down a three-footer. As late as 1923, there was a short putt that left me in a tie with Bobby Cruickshank in the National Open at Inwood. But that's ahead of the story.

I won the Cherokee invitation, shooting a 73 in the last round, and also won the Birmingham invitation, at the Country Club this time, shooting a 69 to defeat Jack Allison two up in the final round. It was at this tournament I discovered that a hole in one shot, an achievement that has roused a vast deal of conversation and publicity of late, was not necessarily a hallmark of ability in golf.

Pietzcker photo

Showing his form on an iron shot at fourteen.

There was in the qualifying round of this tournament a friend of mine, Webb Crawford, who made two holes in one in the same round—and finished with a score of 101. I have played with many people who have made holes in one. I was playing with Walter Hagen when he made his only one to date. But I've never made one myself, except in the broad roadside ditch which served as Hole No. 2 for Frank Meador and me on our first golf course. Which, naturally, doesn't count.

THEN came the first Georgia State Amateur championship, in August, at the Brookhaven course of the Capital City Club of Atlanta, and I suppose that's where I got headed for national competition. It was a pretty fast field, with Perry Adair and Simpson Dean as the younger favorites, and some sterling veterans who fell by the wayside. And it was terribly hot.

I met Simpson Dean, a tall youth from Rome, Georgia, later a famous player at Princeton, in the semifinal round, and had him dormie five, when he started a rally that rattled my teeth. He won the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth holes in bewildering succession, and on the seventeenth green he had a five-foot putt to win that one. The ball stopped one turn short. Gosh—he was disgusted!

"If I'd been three feet beyond," he said, "I shouldn't mind. But to be *short*."

That brought Perry and me together, and we had what the papers called a classic struggle. Perry outplayed me in the morning round and I was three down at the intermission. I was furious with my putting, which for once was betraying me, and after a glass of milk and a sandwich I went out and chipped and putted for an hour, waiting for time to start—a terrible thing to do, but a kid can stand anything.

RALPH REED, chairman of the tournament committee, says he went out and told me that a lot of the gallery had just arrived for the afternoon round, and asked me to play out the bye holes after the match was over—inferentially, after Perry had beat me. He says I replied:

"Don't worry—there won't be any bye holes!"

As I managed to beat Perry, two up, on the last green, this made a very fine story, except that it was not in the least degree true.

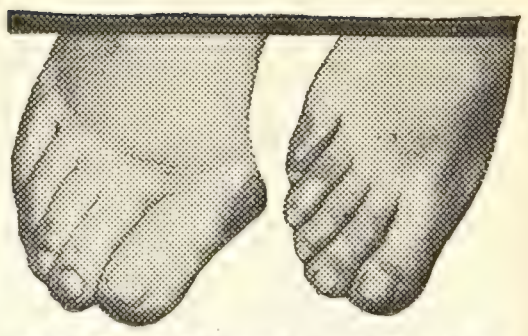
I started out three down, and shoved my second shot off into the woods on the first hole of the afternoon round, and was four down. Then I got going and scraped out an approximate score of 70 with a six on the first hole. I got back the third hole with a birdie three, we halved the next three in par figures, and I picked up the long seventh with a birdie four.

Perry really lost the match by missing a four-foot putt for a win at the eighth. I was under a strain I never before had been conscious of, and I think if he had won that hole it would have settled me. As it was, I got a half, turned at two down, and Perry handed me the tenth, after which I battled along in par the rest of the way and won on the last green. It was the hardest match of the many Perry and I played, though not so spectacular as the one that he won at Montgomery.

This performance got me the chance to enter my first National Amateur championship, played that year on the great course of the Merion Cricket Club, near Philadelphia. Mr. Reed, who took a great interest in my play at Brookhaven, insisted that I had earned the right to go, and Mr. Adair was taking Perry, so he took me along too.

My debut in national championship affairs at the Merion Cricket Club in 1916 since has given rise to a deal of comment, due to my lack of years; and since the personal statistics have been some-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



BUNIONS

Pain Stops Instantly —Hump Vanishes

NEW, marvelous solvent to treat bunions. Stops pain almost instantly—actual reduction of the enlarged growth starts so fast that your next pair of shoes can be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller. First trial convinces.

No wonder PEDODYNE, complete Bunion Treatment, has caused foot specialists to turn their attention from surgery to the wonders of chemistry that gently but surely dissolve the growth.

Trial FREE

The Pedodyne process is scientific, and cannot be explained here. But the *full treatment* to bring *complete results* may be yours to try—if you'll only clip this special coupon and mail it TO-DAY.

KAY LABORATORIES
Dept. F-202
180 N. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill.

Please arrange for me to try your *pedodyne process*, to dissolve bunion formation and restore normal ease and flexibility of affected joints.

Name_____

Address_____

(This is NOT an order; ship nothing C. O. D.)

Too Hard

There's a much easier way to reduce

Strenuous exercise and starvation diet may reduce fat. But the ways are hard and long and never-ending. And they must be properly directed.

There is an easy, pleasant way which millions have adopted. It acts to correct the cause of too much fat. That way is Marmola Prescription Tablets, used for 19 years. You see the results in new vigor and slenderness wherever you look today.

Marmola is based on many years of scientific research. It has proved itself to so many that people are now using a very large amount. One simply takes four tablets daily. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. Stop when results are completed.

You should know this method. Watch how weight comes down, how vitality improves. Then tell others, as others will gladly tell you. Fat reduction need not be hard. Prove this, for your own sake. Do it now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Tramp!
Tramp!
Tramp!

March of the *tidy* office-folk! Others scatter rubbish everywhere. Too far to the waste basket! But either way, production slows up! Efficiency experts give the solution: "A waste basket by every worker!" What about *your own* office?

VUL-COT

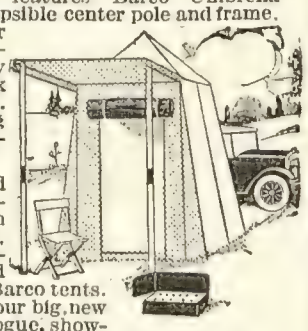
-the standard waste basket

Solid sides and bottom. Sizes for office and home. Colors to harmonize with furniture and decorations. Guaranteed for five full years—*many have been in service for thirty.* Buy them by the dozen—at stationery, house-furnishing and department stores.

National Vulcanized Fibre Co., Wilmington, Del.

BARCO TENTS have stood the test!

One of our features—Barco Umbrella Tent. Steel collapsible center pole and frame, guaranteed water and insect proof—complete in every detail. Size 7½ x 7½ at $27.50. Auto touring tent, 7 x 7 complete, $8.50.



Experienced campers and tourists depend upon the material, workmanship, refinements, and great values in Barco tents. Be sure to get our big, new illustrated catalogue, showing equipment and valuable camping information. IT'S FREE!

Cut out and mail today!

Barnett Canvas Goods Co.
139 Arch St., Phila., Pa.
Please send me your new, free catalogue.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

If You Are A MAN

worthy of the name and not afraid to work, I'll bet you $50 that you can't work for us 30 days and earn less than $200. Think I'm bluffing? Then answer this ad and show me up. Openings for Managers. The "Wonder Box" sells on sight.

TOM WALKER
DEPT. 30 · PITTSBURGH, PA.

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P.A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 531-H, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Clear Your Skin With Cuticura

Soap to Cleanse
Ointment to Heal
Absolutely Nothing Better

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-FOUR]

what mixed, I may explain that I was fourteen years and six months old, five feet four inches tall, and weighed 165 pounds—a chunky, rather knock-kneed, tow-headed youngster playing in long pants.

I was supremely innocent of the vicissitudes of major tournament golf and the keenness of Northern greens—so different from our heavy Bermuda texture in the South; pretty cocky, I suppose, from having at last won a real title, if only a State championship; and simply pop-eyed with excitement and interest. I had two weeks of violet-ray treatment for the lumbago that had tormented me earlier in the season, and it left me, never to return.

I never had seen any of the great players who were to compete at Merion—Bob Gardner, then amateur champion, and Chick Evans, who had lately won the Open championship at Minneapolis, and the others; and, as far as I recall, I was not in the least afraid of any of them. I hadn't sense or experience enough to be afraid.

Mr. Adair and Perry and I stayed at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia and traveled out to the club on suburban trains. It was my first big trip away from home and I was having a grand time.

We played our first practice round on the west course—there were, and are, two fine courses at Merion—and I never had seen such beautiful greens. But their speed was bewildering.

The sixth hole was a short pitch down to the green over a brook, the green facing slightly toward the shot. I was thirty feet beyond the hole. Forgetting all about the faster pace of these new greens, I socked the ball firmly with my little Travis putter, and was horrified to see it roll past the hole, apparently gathering momentum, and trickle into the brook.

WHEN the qualifying rounds came on, the field was divided in two sections, one playing the morning round on the east course, the other on the west course, and both sections changing for the second round. I played the west course in the morning and turned in a 74, which led the entire field for that round. After luncheon, when I got over to the east course, word had got about that the new kid from Dixie was breaking up the tournament, and almost the entire gallery assembled to follow me. Gosh—it scared me to death!

I fancy I led the field the other way in the afternoon, taking an 89, for a total of 163, about ten strokes more than will get you in, these days, but safe enough then. Perry got in by a play-off at 167, won his first match, and lost the second. I was drawn with Eben Byers, a former National champion, for my first match, and everybody in our party began to console me. But Mr. Adair clapped me on the back and told me not to mind.

"Remember what old Bob Fitzsimmons used to say," he advised: "'The bigger they are, the harder they fall!'"

I thought that was a corking line, but, as a matter of fact, the name of Eben Byers meant nothing to me. I was a fresh kid, and golf as yet didn't have me down—at least, I didn't know it.

Bobby Jones Collection

The champion eleven years ago (left) with Stewart Maiden, famous professional, whom he imitated as a child.

MR. BYERS and I played terribly. He was a veteran and I was a youngster, but we expressed our feelings in exactly the same way—when we missed a shot we threw the club away. This habit later got me no end of critical comment, some of which hurt my feelings deeply. I continued to read references to my temper long after I had controlled it to the point where there was no outward evidence of it except my ears getting red, which they do to this day.

Those columns I've read about my temper—it seems I got off on the wrong foot, and it was a long time before I was anywhere near in step with the critics in the matter of disposition and deportment. Even now it strikes me as a bit unreasonable that so much type should have been employed on the gusty vagaries of one petulant youngster, when so little has been printed about the same unaffected displays by great golfers twice his age.

There was only whimsical reference to the club-throwing of Mr. Byers, I remember; and since then I have seen more than one National champion rival both of us.

I'm not saying I didn't need some lecturing. The golf writers have been only too good to me. I suppose I required an occasional spanking, such as appeared in a Boston paper of 1918, when Alexa Stirling and Elaine Rosenthal and Perry Adair and I were playing a Red Cross benefit match at Brae Burn. I kept those spankings in my scrapbook, you see. This one was as follows:

> Some interesting golf was shown during the match, interspersed with some pranks by Jones, which will have to be corrected if this player expects to rank with the best in the country. Although Jones is only a boy, his display of temper when things went wrong did not appeal to the gallery.

That was two years after Merion, and I was a year or two more getting my turbulent disposition in hand. It wasn't easy. But I never lost my temper with an opponent. I was angry with myself.

In next week's LIBERTY, Bobby Jones tells how he lost his first National tournament; also of his Red Cross tours during the war.

You need those teeth that are hardest to reach—

***But this brush reaches and cleans them* all**

FIRST, the Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches and cleans *all* the teeth because its curved bristle surface fits the curve of your teeth.

Next, there is a big cone-shaped end tuft. The only way to keep your back teeth is by thorough cleaning. To reach these teeth, a brush must have a tuft on the end. The Pro-phy-lac-tic has it.

Then, the curved handle. It curves *toward* the surface you are brushing. Comfort demands a handle which curves *in* that direction.

These features give you one brush that cleans *all* the teeth.

Sold by all dealers in the U. S., Can., and all over the world. Three sizes—Adult, Small, Baby; with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, orange. Prices in U. S. and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c.; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c.; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft. For those who prefer a larger bristle surface, we make the Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles. Price 60c. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

© 1927, P. B. Co.

Poor PETER Disappears

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A Story *for* Children
By ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

"AN' by now," said Dodo, the wild little nurse, smacking her lips—"by now I 'spec' Peter Belgium Hare's been made into soup by those *Eye*talians down to the village!" And she cast a wicked look at Carlotta, who was pouring soup into duck bowls for the three children who sat around their little white table on the back porch.

Emmy promptly began to whimper at this picture of Peter's fate. Nicky and Greg looked dismayed. They might all have been reconciled to the loss of Peter if Peter himself had been sure of a happy end. He hadn't been quite a success as a pet, anyhow. But if he had been made into soup! That was a different matter.

"You get out o' here an' stop deviling those children!" cried Carlotta furiously. "If you don't, I'll call the *Padron'!*"

This was the way it had happened:

One afternoon Peter Belgian Hare had been lying placidly on the porch. He dozed comfortably until the noise began. Then he opened his left eye and twitched his left ear. He was irritated. What was all the row about? It must be that little idiot again.

He got up lazily and lolloped over to the side of the porch and peered through the railings. It was. Alice was in trouble again.

The plain truth was that Peter Belgian Hare did not like Alice Rabbit. He thought she was silly.

When they had first met, and Alice had mistaken him for her mother, he had been greatly displeased. Emmy and Nicky had whispered soothingly in his ear that Alice was only a baby and couldn't be expected to know any better.

But Peter Belgian Hare hadn't been soothed. Not a bit! He had twitched his ears angrily. He hated to be whispered at—it tickled his ears. And he had his own opinion of Alice Rabbit. No one could change it.

He hadn't softened toward her even when poor Alice had been almost pulled apart by dogs. He seemed to think it was all her fault and that the dogs were quite justified. He was the only member of the family who had not rushed to her rescue.

Alice had screamed for help—screamed pitifully! Immediately Carlotta, Dodo, Tony, and I had rushed outdoors. Emmy, Nicky, and Greg were half undressed, on their way to bed. But in less than a minute they were on the lawn, adding their shrieks to the general uproar.

A plain fur dog had Alice Rabbit by the head and a Beardale had her by the tail. The wonderful part of it all was that when we got her out of their jaws she was still whole. She was all wet and chewed-up looking, but her skin was whole and no bones broken.

But she was very sad. She limped over and cuddled up for comfort against Peter Belgian Hare. He had been lying on the porch, watching the whole thing. Rather bored by it, too.

When poor little Alice hopped over and lay by him, he gave her a disgusted look. Then he got up and moved to the other side of the porch. He was not sympathetic.

Well, that's a fair enough sample of the way they lived—Alice always getting into trouble; Peter not only keeping out of trouble, but refusing to show the least interest in Alice's trials.

And *now* what was Alice up to? She had slipped through the railings about half an hour ago, and she was busily nibbling off the tops of all the little young infant vegetables in the garden next door. And she had been found out! The gardener next door was running out of the garage with a hoe.

Dodo, flapping her white linen apron, dashed up and down the garden after Alice Rabbit. The gardener was drawing near, too. Alice doubled rather cleverly, and hopped madly across the lawn with several wild hops, and up the porch steps.

EMMY, Nicky, and Greg were half undressed, on their way to bed. But in less than a minute they were on the lawn, adding their shrieks to the general uproar.

But, oh, Alice, you foolish rabbit! Of course you couldn't get through the rails of the gate with all those vegetables inside you! Of course you stuck halfway through.

Dodo pulled her out by the hind legs. Then Dodo opened the gate and stepped up.

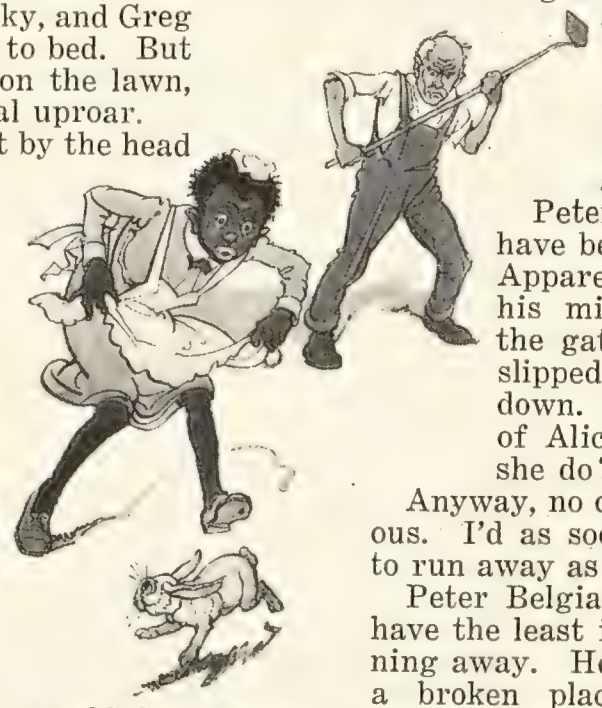
Peter Belgian Hare must have been thinking very hard. Apparently he had made up his mind. As Dodo opened the gate, Peter Belgian Hare slipped through and hopped down. Dodo's hands were full of Alice Rabbit. What could she do?

Anyway, no one thought it was serious. I'd as soon have expected Tony to run away as Peter Belgian Hare.

Peter Belgian Hare didn't seem to have the least intention of really running away. He merely dived through a broken place in the latticework under the porch.

And there he set up housekeeping all alone. He was sick of family life.

Every morning, very early, the children would see him, from their windows, quietly eating the pansies that grew along the side of the porch. And every evening Alice Rabbit would hop mournfully across the lawn, trying to tempt him out to play with her.



DODO, flapping her white linen apron, dashed up and down the garden after Alice Rabbit.

For a week he lived this way. He never went away from the yard; but he never let anyone get near enough to catch him.

On a bright Sunday afternoon he made his start. He was seen by many people galloping down the main street of the village at about 4 o'clock. A policeman called to him to stop. But Peter Belgian Hare went right on. And, for all I know, he is going still.

"Anyway," said Nicky, bravely trying to make the best of a bad business, "we all liked Alice Rabbit best."

Read about the terrible accident that happened when Carlotta was out of the kitchen—in next week's LIBERTY.

HAVE you sent in your choice of a name for the pet rabbit of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg? Last week we told you of the five names that were mentioned most often. They were:

SNOWBALL FLOPSY FLUFFY
WHITIE WIGGLENOSE

Won't you write us a letter telling us which ONE of the above you like best? Send your letter to LIBERTY, Editor Children's Page, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

IN COMMAND

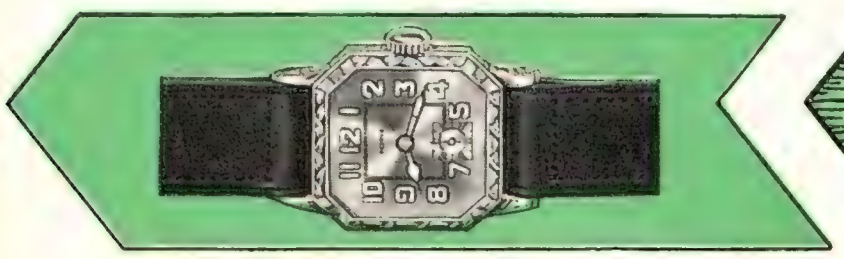
-an absolutely DEPENDABLE strap watch

RESPONSIBLE for the safety and comfort of four thousand souls! That's what it means to be Commodore Hartley, in command of the Leviathan, the world's greatest ship! His job is like a thrilling, dangerous sport. What a wonderful timepiece the super-sportsman must wear who is in sole command! ¶ On Commodore Hartley's left wrist is a thin, smooth, gold wafer of a watch, curved to fit his muscular wrist, ready to leap with a single swing of his arm into instant sight. It's a Benrus—the word that means *dependability* in a fine strap watch for a man. Sturdy, accurate, beautiful — a Benrus — in command! ¶ *Your* wrist deserves a Benrus! You need it, not only when you are traveling, but for golf, tennis, every sport and every business day. You'll find a new convenience, new sportsmanlike style, new pride of possession in your Benrus strap watch. ¶ Take this page to your jeweler today, show him the Benrus you want to buy. Others, $9.75 to $2,000.

BENRUS WATCH COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

COMMODORE HARTLEY wrote to us, recently: *My Benrus is still strapped to my wrist, although Mrs. Hartley seems to have set her heart on "borrowing" it.* What could he do? Well .. Mrs. Hartley is now wearing an exquisite diamond-and-sapphire wrist watch—*her* Benrus!

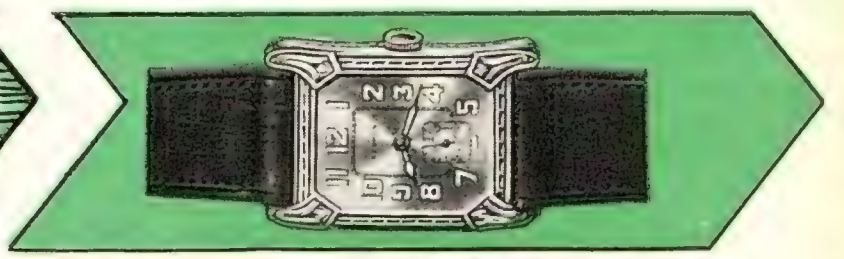
BROOKLINE—$35.00



FORREST—$28.50

New stem guard keeps out dust and protects stem. Special crystal covers *back* of movement—making it dustproof.

BENRUS 3-piece Case



COMMODORE—$45.00

BENRUS *the strap watch of sportsmen*

Delicious Salad Dressings - as Served by Leading Hotels

Selected from Ida Bailey Allen's New Book
"THE MODERN METHOD OF PREPARING DELIGHTFUL FOODS"

NOTE: Probably no book pertaining to the preparing of better foods has proved as popular throughout the country as Mrs. Allen's new book on "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods" (see coupon below). One reason of course is that it sells for the absurdly low price of 10c—only a fraction of its actual worth. But the makers of Mazola desire that every woman have a copy and you are invited to send in the coupon on this page.

* * *

WHILE French Dressing is unquestionably the most popular of all salad dressings, because perhaps, it is so easily prepared, every woman would like to serve at home occasionally the many appetizing salad dressings that are to be had only at the exclusive hotels.

It was this thought that prompted Mrs. Allen to include in her famous book the unusual recipes you find on this page—together with Mrs. Allen's special recipe for French Dressing.

In following these recipes, be sure to use Mazola —for these two reasons—it is the finest salad oil the world affords and it costs much less than imported oils. In the panel on this page are a few brief facts about Mazola which explain why it has the greatest sale of any brand of salad oil in America.

PLAIN FRENCH DRESSING

½ cup Mazola
1 teaspoon Karo, Red Label
3 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon white pepper

Beat thoroughly and use with any vegetable, meat or fish salad.

CHIFFONADE DRESSING

¾ cup French Dressing
2 tablespoons capers
1 minced pimiento
1 teaspoon minced parsley
1 teaspoon minced chives (optional)
1 hard boiled egg, chopped fine

Combine and use on any plain green or vegetable salad.

YOU WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER THIS

IF YOU like corn-on-the-cob you can't help liking Mazola for this delicately flavored, pure vegetable oil is *itself* as good and wholesome to eat as the corn from which it comes.

Mazola is always of the same high quality, packed in a modern sanitary plant and comes to you in bright, clean, sealed-tight tins—in pint, quart, half gallon and gallon sizes.

You never need keep Mazola in the ice box—it remains pure and sweet almost indefinitely in any climate.

Once you try Mazola for salads you will never go back to using expensive imported oils.

PIQUANT FRENCH DRESSING

(Mrs. Allen's Special French Dressing)

½ cup Mazola
1 teaspoon Karo, Blue Label
2 tablespoons vinegar
2 tablespoons chow-chow
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika

Beat well and serve with any vegetable, fish or cheese salad.

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY!

The simple directions for salad dressings are typical of the many new and unusual recipes in "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods." Every progressive housewife needs a copy of this wonderful book.

MAYONNAISE

½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon Karo, Red Label
1 egg
3 tablespoons vinegar
1½ to 2 cups Mazola according to thickness desired

Put the seasonings in a small deep bowl, beat in the egg, add the vinegar, stir until mixed and gradually beat in the Mazola, using a wheel egg beater. Start with one-half teaspoon oil—when the mayonnaise has begun to thicken, add it a tablespoonful at a time. When done, beat in one tablespoon boiling water.

THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

1¼ cups Mazola Mayonnaise
¼ cup Chili sauce
½ teaspoon scraped onion
1 tablespoon minced pickle
2 tablespoons chopped, stuffed olives
1 hard boiled egg, chopped fine
½ cup whipped cream

Combine and use with any plain green or vegetable salad.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY L.5-27
P. O. Box 171 Trinity Station, New York

Enclosed is 10c. (stamps—coin) Please send me postpaid a copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods."

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... *State* .....

Revamping *the* KITCHEN

By ETHEL SOMERS

THE spring-cleaning season inspires an inventory of household equipment and methods. Is your kitchen taking too much of your time? If so, it needs revamping along with the general cleaning. Too many housewives are afraid to change anything but the decorations!

If a newly planned arrangement is handier, you will soon be using it, so make a thoughtful, searching study of your kitchen workshop. Such an analysis probably will reveal simple, easy changes in equipment or arrangement that will work wonders of time-saving in daily tasks. Consider your kitchen as a workshop for manufacturing meals.

The things used oftenest should be nearest at hand. Everything for daily use should be in sight. The shelves and cupboards of a modern kitchen glisten with tools. The busy housewife's tools, like the chef's, hang out ready for use exactly adjacent to where they are going to be used. That's the modern way.

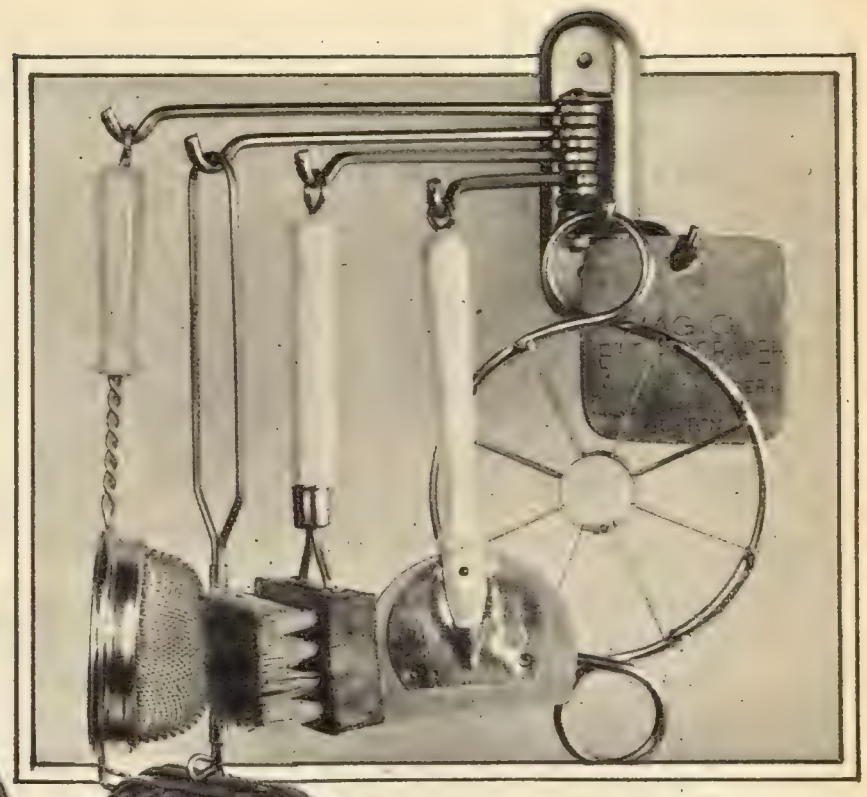
There is a tool for each purpose, and a place for each tool. Nothing should ever be left out of place. The used egg-beater is best quickly rinsed, scalded, and rehung to dry; likewise the colander, the sieve, the stainless knives, and all the easily washed utensils.

Such simple work habits are quickly acquired, and they avoid the needless scouring and cleaning that result when tools are left to dry dirty and stained, as well as the muddle and confusion of hunting for misplaced tools.

The key to arranging and grouping your kitchen equipment lies in its routing. Each food of a meal should pass in its preparation from left to right, progressing from ice box to work table to stove to dining-room table; or from storage cupboard or vegetable bin to sink to work table to stove to dining-table. There should be no needless retracing of steps. In cooking your next stand-by menu (one that you prepare automatically) try to watch your steps and methods. If you can't think thus in action, purposely set about preparing a make-believe meal to study your routing.

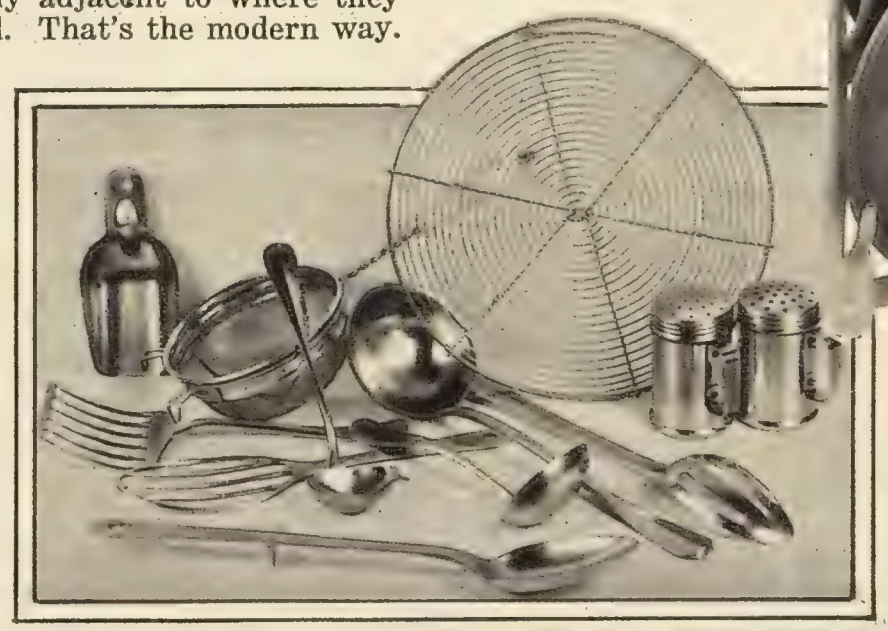
Professional workers find this most helpful. Factory executives deem it wise to study their workshops in action via the slow-motion movies. Any housewife will find a stolen morning off for this task invaluable if she follows it up with rational changes. Be the necessary changes ever so little—a hook here, a cover-holder there—it is very often true that little things count big.

Studied housekeeping becomes a real vocation. It is a business worthy of study by expert executives. Genuine satisfaction results from planning to save work. Those three meals a day, day in and day out, week after week, with their never-ending steps and dish-washing, may be transformed into surprisingly interesting, inventive, analytical work if you adopt efficient business methods. After all, the difference between drudgery and a vocation lies in one's attitude. Scheming with a will to do one's best, to improve one's methods, to beat one's time schedule or record and efficiently to rearrange one's kitchen to this end, especially if it results in better utilization of what is on hand, makes play out of work. Life is but a game, and you are the player.



THIS ten-cent six-in-one hook holds many useful tools, not one of which cost more than ten cents.

A FIFTY-CENT enameled cover-holder that will tempt any cook to seal in the penetrating steam heat.



PLACED or hung conveniently, these useful tools will be a daily joy. Most of the articles were purchased for twenty-five cents.

Necessary Utensils to Be Grouped Near the Stove

- Two holders (heavy white bath toweling cut and bound makes a most efficient holder)
- Salt and pepper
- Matches
- Measuring spoons
- Frypans
- Assorted saucepans
- Basting spoons
- No-burn stove mats
- Pancake turner and griddle (in season)
- Roaster
- Deep-fat fryer and basket
- Dutch-oven kettle
- Toaster and waffle iron (unless electric)
- Coffee mill
- Thermometers
- Clock for timing and baking

Necessary Tools to Be Grouped Near the Sink

- Dish-towel rack at right
- Dishpan
- Drainer
- Rubber hose and sprayer
- Soap and shaker
- Sink cleaner
- Hand lotion
- Sink and plate scraper
- Rubber sink scraper
- Sieves
- Colanders
- Metal kettle scraper
- Steel wool
- Vegetable brushes
- Parers
- Fruit slicers
- Fruit knives
- Meat board
- Meat cleaver
- Liquid measuring cup
- Funnel
- Chopping bowl and knife
- Tea kettle
- Stewpans and boiling kettles
- Steamers
- Garbage receptacle
- Double boiler
- Potato-ricer
- Egg-beater
- Apple-corer
- Coffee percolator
- Teapot
- Salad utensils (except those in the ice box)
- Vegetable cutters
- Meat skewer
- Larding needle
- Jelly bag and canning kettle (in season)
- Egg-poacher
- Pitchers
- Soup kettles

Necessary Supplies and Utensils to Be Grouped In or Near the Work Table or Cabinet

- Pastry board
- Rolling-pin
- Cutters
- Sifter
- Groceries (best stored in labeled glass containers)
- Cooking oils
- Food-chopper
- Cutlery
- Meat-scorer
- Wooden spoons
- Measuring spoons
- Dry and liquid measuring cups
- Milk-bottle opener
- Can-opener
- Bottles, assorted sizes
- Mixing spoons
- Mechanical beaters other than egg-beaters, or, if the sink is far away, egg-beaters
- Ice box and its supplies, including an ice pick, should be near the work table
- Muffin, cake, and bread pans
- Glass baking-dishes
- Molds
- Spatula
- Egg whisks
- Cooking and slicing knives

Kitchen Maxims

A handy place for everything and everything in its place.

Make the most possible use and adaptation of every utensil you have.

Discard tools or equipment that do not justify their storage space.

Plan with working schedules, time budgets, etc., as would an expert executive.

Proper heights for all working surfaces, planned according to the elbow height of the worker. (Table surfaces 8 inches below the elbow height of the worker. Sink drain boards 8 inches below the elbow height of the worker.)

Maintain the kitchen as a workshop for meal preparation only.

Things used most often nearest at hand.

Insist on narrow shelves, so that everything is visible.

Nothing on the floor. This saves bending and makes the floor easy to clean.

100 TESTED RECIPES FOR 10 CENTS!

LIBERTY COOK BOOK,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your cook book, 100 Standard Recipes. I inclose ten cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

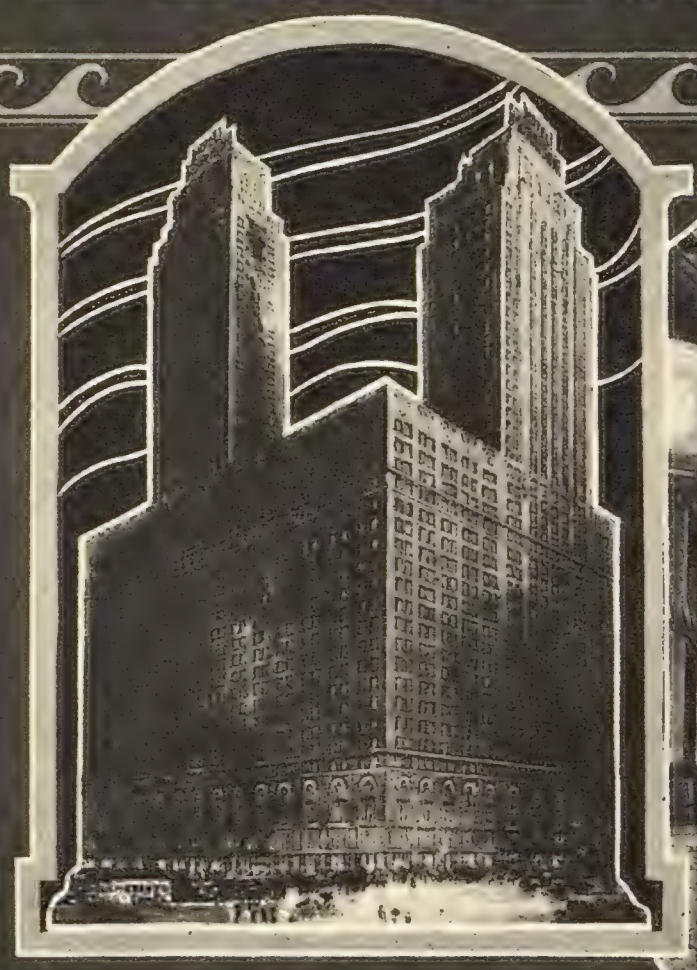
NAME.....

STREET or R. F. D.....

CITY..... STATE.....

5-14-27

The Traveler's Dollar Goes Farthest at Chicago's 46-Story MORRISON HOTEL



The New Morrison, when completed, will be the world's largest and tallest hotel, 46 stories high, with 3,400 rooms.

Part of the Main Lobby, Morrison Hotel

HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION

WHEN a traveler gets his first view of the stately vistas and rare color harmonies of the Morrison Hotel's picturesque lobby, he naturally expects to pay a rate in keeping with what he sees.

Luxury in Every Room

He gets a double surprise when he learns the amount—and sees his room. The equipment of all guest rooms maintains the character of the reception halls; but the rates, compared with the appointments and service, seem almost too good to be true.

MORRISON HOTEL
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and **TERRACE GARDEN** CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

TABLE OF RATES (Single in Each Case)

202 Rooms, $2.50 — 457 Rooms, $4.00 — 15 Rooms, $6.00
241 Rooms, $3.00 — 245 Rooms, $4.50 — 35 Rooms, $7.00
480 Rooms, $3.50 — 189 Rooms, $5.00 — 21 Rooms, $8.00
16 Corner Suites, $12.00
16 Suites, $15.00 — 6 Suites, $20.00
Sample rooms from $6.00 to $12.00

1944 Rooms With Bath, $2.50 Up

Every room is outside, with bath, running ice water, bed-head reading lamp, and Servidor, which insures absolute seclusion. A special housekeeper is assigned to each floor, and all guests enjoy garage privileges.

Chicago's Most Central Hotel

Added to these advantages is the *location*—closer than that of any other hotel to the grouped offices, theatres, stores and railroad stations. Yet guests pay *less*, instead of *more*, on this account; the subrentals at this location pay all the ground rent, and the entire saving is passed on to the patrons.

Write or Wire for Reservations

Short Cuts to INDIVIDUALITY

By EILEEN BOURNE

"Well, I'm glad I did it!" When Veree Teasdale, who plays in The Constant Wife with Ethel Barrymore, saw the shears approaching her long locks for the first time, she was terrified. But, as you see, before M. Antoine was finished she was calm and content. Youthful charm and winsome personality are expressed in this fluffy treatment of her soft blonde hair.

Pep, alertness, and a clean-cut outline are emphasized in this coiffure. It is the boyish bob designed for the young lady with a forthright individuality. (Right.)

Photos by Gábor Éder Courtesy of Saks

Bangs suit a youthful, naïve individuality. Only a slight wave should be used to emphasize this good-little-boy air.

Especially effective with the evening toilette is this bob, bordering on the exotic, which is designed for the dark-eyed woman.

"AMERICAN women are beautiful, intelligent, and very smart, but——" M. Antoine, famous Parisian hairdresser, hesitates from politeness alone. Really, he knows our shortcomings very well. In his newly created New York salon—we might call it his "clipping bureau"—he has met American women this year for the first time on their own ground. This sculptor and inventor of the shingle bob finds us too standardized.

He finds us careless of individualized effect. He says that we permit too many a slip between neck and clip.

As a corrective he would urge upon us a greater feeling of *personalité*. Says he: "Ze Frenchwoman, she linger before ze *miroir* to get ze last detail of perfection. Ze *Américaine*, she look quick, say, 'All right!' and hurry away. More *individualité* in everything—especially in ze shingle—more care to get ze line right for ze profile; ze hair molded to ze head; less sameness; less of ze copy-cat—and, *voilà!*—ze American woman is ze last word in chic."

M. Antoine, coiffeur extraordinary, believes every woman can and should have short hair. The fat woman? *Certainement.* The cut must not be too short on a fat neck. It must be a little loose and soft. But remember that clipped hair reduces the size of a large head.

And what of her with a head flat in the back? *Mais oui!* The flat head can be built out by leaving the hair full over the hollow place and making it short underneath and on top.

The older woman? *Sans doute!* Dignity, elegance, classic effect can be produced, and this is especially true of gray hair.

There, ladies. That's telling us!

Antoine creates of the shingle, casques of silver, sleek black caps, golden aureoles. His problem concerns only the particular style to suit a woman's *tout-ensemble.*

With their modeling tools—comb, scissors, and hot iron—such artists as compose the American staff of M. Antoine make your head small, distinguished, and—best of all—youthful!

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

39

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City..... State.....

Spring *is* Here

Tra-la! Tra-la!

Get Your NEW Auto Maps

NOW is the time to plan the trips you'll take this spring and summer. So many readers used the LIBERTY Road Maps last year that LIBERTY has decided to issue new, up-to-the-minute maps for this year. These maps—distributed at cost as a special service to LIBERTY readers, at only 10 cents each—tell at a glance everything you need to know—the best places to go—the best roads to get you there easily and quickly. Just select the states into which your trip will take you. Then number them on the coupon below and mail it to LIBERTY with ten cents for each map.

ONLY **10c**

FOR a longer trip you'll find the LIBERTY Auto Road Atlas invaluable. One is for *all* the states east of the Mississippi, and the other one includes *everything* west of the Mississippi. They cost only thirty-five cents each. All National Parks and points of interest are marked. Special maps of the larger cities are included, as well as detailed maps of the more important sections of various states. There are also several through route maps for those planning a long tour. Send the coupon for one or both of the Atlases, or for the State Maps if you plan shorter trips.

Auto Road ATLAS 35c

BE SURE TO ORDER BY NUMBER

1. Alabama
2. Arizona & New Mexico
3. Arkansas
4. California & Nevada
5. Colorado
6. Florida
7. Georgia
8. Idaho
9. Illinois
10. Indiana
11. Iowa
12. Kansas
13. Kentucky & Tennessee
14. Louisiana
15. Maine
16. Maryland, Delaware, Virginia & West Virginia
17. Massachusetts, Connecticut & Rhode Island
18. Michigan
19. Minnesota
20. Mississippi
21. Missouri
22. Montana
23. Nebraska
24. New Hampshire & Vermont
25. New Jersey
26. New York
27. North Carolina & South Carolina
28. North Dakota
29. Ohio
30. Oklahoma
31. Oregon
32. Pennsylvania
33. South Dakota
34. Texas
35. Utah
36. Washington
37. Wisconsin
38. Wyoming
39. United States
40. New York & Vicinity
41. Chicago & Vicinity
42. New England
43. Maritime Provinces
44. Ontario
45. Montreal & Quebec

46. EASTERN ATLAS
47. WESTERN ATLAS

AUTO DEPT., LIBERTY,
247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find $.....

Please send me Maps Nos..... ....

....at 10c. each.

Order Maps by Number

Also send.....copies of Atlas No.....at 35c. each.

Name.....

Street and No.....

City.....*State*.....

5-14-27

Come to My House

The Story of One Mad Hour and A Girl's True Love

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

A Serial by
ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

"I WANT to know," Floyd Bennings demanded, "when you are going to marry me."

"Never, I think," answered "Johnny" Century.

"You can't *mean* that!"

This man who was so confidently proposing to Johnny, she had met, for the first time, only the night before—the strangest night she was ever to live through. Early in the evening, Murtaugh Pell had implored her to marry him. Nothing amazing in that. They had been asked out to Long Island for the week-end by Renée and Jimmy Parsons. Renée wanted their smoldering affair to burst into an engagement. It did. Congratulations were heaped on Murt and Johnny, and she went to bed content—if slightly bored.

Then, flooding her mind, came thoughts of Floyd Bennings, the young man she had met before dinner. His first words to her had been: "You are perfectly beautiful. I would rather kiss you than any woman I ever met." And into her amazed ears he had poured: "I live on the crest of the New Danite Road. Whitewashed fence. After this party—I shall be waiting for you."

As she lay in bed, his black eyes seemed to be upon her. She rose, threw sanity overboard, dressed, and drove away.

In the house behind the white paling fence she lived through one hour of ecstasy—then climbed into her roadster in a daze. She grazed another car. Apologies—and she was off again.

The next morning, her bit of heaven crashed. Elenor Doyle, a flapper friend of Renée's, had been in the car Johnny grazed. The girl promised secrecy. But here was something furtive. Johnny, struggling to straighten out her tangled life, called up Bennings. He had left his hilltop, and she was in the undignified position of following him up at his New York address. But once she found him, his proposal was balm to her pride—though she refused him.

Through her mind floated a half-forgotten line: "Conscience doth make cowards of us all."

Home at last in her mother's apartment, horror slid to her over the telephone wire. An insinuating man's voice threatened blackmail. She and Bennings had been seen! Then, maddeningly, the phone connection was broken.

PART FOUR

"NUMBER, please?" Central's metallic voice, disinterested, impersonal, asked.

"You cut me off," accused Johnny.

"What number were you calling, please?" inquired Central.

"I don't know; someone called me up," replied Johnny.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[COME TO MY HOUSE
Continued from Page Eighty-three]

"One moment, please." There was a silence, and then Central droningly informed her: "The party has hung up."

Johnny knew better than to continue the battle with Central. Moreover, even in this moment of agitation, she knew that the menacing speaker would ring her again when it suited him.

Johnny backed away from the telephone, staring incredulously at it, as though it were some unclean thing that had reached forth and touched her slimily. She felt an impulse to tear the instrument from the wall and trample it. Then she smiled wryly. After all, it wasn't the telephone that had struck at the foundation of her security. Nor, when you came right down to it, was it the unknown speaker. Rather it was her own act of last night that had made unstable her position.

She shrugged a bit defiantly, then curled up on the couch; she lighted a cigarette and puffed contemplatively at it. Through her mind floated a half-forgotten line. Was it from Shakespeare? "Conscience doth make cowards of us all."

How applicable it was to her in her present situation!

After all, the man who had telephoned her knew nothing *wrong* about her. After all, the mere fact that someone knew she had paid a midnight visit to Floyd Bennings was nothing to be upset about. These were not Victorian days, when a girl's reputation and fair name could be blasted by trifles.

Only, the freedom of women didn't quite cover the present situation. For when a girl, even today, becomes engaged to a man, she forfeits some of that new freedom.

She tried to figure out who the potential blackmailer might be. The man companion of Elenor Doyle? But Elenor had said that her "boy friend" did not know Johnny. And wild and harum-scarum as Elenor Doyle seemed to be, she unquestionably would not be on a late petting party with a crook.

Oh, well, sitting here fuming and fretting got her nowhere. Until the man, whoever he was, chose to call her up again, there was nothing for her to do. She undressed and went to bed. Worn out by various emotional drains upon her nervous energy, she fell almost instantly asleep.

II

IN the morning she arose, bathed and breakfasted, and tried to keep her mind off the situation that confronted her. But it was impossible: she could not go more than ten yards from the telephone. Twice, when friends called up, she had to gasp for breath before she could make reply to them. And then, on the third occasion when she answered a ring, she recognized the voice that had spoken to her last night. It was clearer now, as though it came from a nearer place.

"Been thinking over our little talk last night?" the voice inquired.

"You will tell me what you want this minute or I'll hang up again," said Johnny.

The voice laughed. "You didn't hang up last night. I heard you talking with Central before I cut off. Don't try to kid me, and I won't kid you. What do I want? Why, dough, jack, cash. What did you think I wanted?"

"And because you think I called on someone late at night, you imagine that I'll pay a blackmailer money to keep quiet?" Johnny's voice was mirthfully contemptuous.

"That's right; get a good laugh before you start crying," said the voice. "Sure, I think you'll pay. No girl wants it known that she was in a clinch with a man, in his house, in the middle of the night."

Johnny's ears burned. Had the man shown some finesse in the manner of his approach, she would have temporized with him. But this—this was *low*. Just to listen to his words was to soil oneself.

"If you ever dare telephone me again I'll tell the police," she threatened.

The man laughed. "Think a bit before you do that. And I'm in no hurry. You'll cool off by tomorrow. And by the next day you'll be figuring out how to raise money."

The instrument at his end of the wire clicked as he hung up.

Clearly the situation demanded action of some sort. Sooner or later the man would become more definite, would come to see her, would name an amount of money. Certainly it was a matter which no woman could handle by herself, involving as it very well might, before it ended, physical violence. She decided to call up Bennings' law office.

DISTRAUGHT though she was, she was able to smile at the fervor in his voice when he realized who spoke to him. How swiftly he had changed! From the one who condescended to the one who pleaded had been a brief journey for him.

"Thought of you all night," he told her. "Makes me hate myself. Don't want a woman ruling my thoughts, interfering with me."

"Will you take me to luncheon?" she asked.

"My God, that's what a woman does to a man! Not content with making soup of his brain, she makes hash of his career."

"Would taking me to luncheon deflect the swift journey to the Supreme Court bench at Washington?" she asked.

"Well, if I never make the grade, be sure I'll blame you," he said. "What time and where?"

"The Ritz at one-thirty. Is that all right?" she asked.

"Certainly not. No place and no time are all right. I'm a busy barrister, trying to seem important, and if I go gallivanting off to luncheon with every woman who calls me up—"

"And therefore," jeered Johnny, "you come to

"How many are there?" she asked.

"Fewer than I care to admit, and none that I'd go with except yourself," he replied. "I'll be there."

It was a hot morning, and Johnny felt slightly bedraggled as she entered the Ritz.

Floyd was waiting for her just inside the tea-room. Eagerness had given a slight color to his extremely white face, and there was something almost impetuous about him as he advanced to meet her.

Of course he hadn't thought to engage a table, but the head waiter recognized Miss Century and a place was made for them.

"Who knew," Johnny began abruptly, "that I was at your house night before last?"

He stared uncomprehendingly at her. "No one," he replied. "Why?"

"Are you sure?" she insisted.

"Certainly I am. My Jap lives over the garage in back of my house. He couldn't possibly

have known that you were there. He was sound asleep. Why?"

"Someone called me up on the telephone last night and again this morning," she explained. "He spoke as though he had seen—"

Her voice broke, and the color blazed in her cheeks; the greenish-gray eyes dimmed, and her lip trembled suddenly and uncontrollably.

me and ask a most preposterous question."

Floyd leaned across the table. "Do you mean to say someone threatened you?" he exclaimed.

Johnny fought to recover her briefly lost courage. "With exposure," she said. "Wanted money. Wouldn't tell who he was and said that—" She averted her eyes from his incredulous gaze. "Oh, I can't tell you what he said, but it was enough. And it frightens me."

HE regained his calm. "I don't see why it should. Just because a man has a filthy suspicion doesn't mean that anyone will believe him."

"But if he even tells that I was at your house—"

"Say that he lies," he interrupted her.

She shook her head. "Elenor Doyle knows I was there. She saw my car outside your gate, and later saw me in the car."

"Well, she won't tell, will she?" asked Floyd.

Again she shook her head. "It isn't that people will tell, or that my denial won't be believed—those things don't matter. What does matter is that I'm compelled to lie."

"Why?" he surprisingly demanded.

"You can ask that? When I'm engaged to another man?"

"Don't be engaged to another man," he said. "Be engaged to me."

"You'd have me marry you to avoid a scandal?" she asked.

He smiled at her, with something boyish in his manner. "As long as you marry me, and as long as you love me, why should I care what the *occasion* of your marrying me is?"

"But I don't love you; at least, I can't be sure."

"You don't love Pell," he asserted.

"I'm not sure of that," she declared. "And, anyway, I just won't be forced into any decision. I'm not going to marry you for any melodramatic reason such as protecting my reputation, nor am I going to marry Murtaugh Pell just because I'm not going to marry you. I don't want to talk marriage; I don't want to think of it. But I do want this man, whoever he is, stopped from bothering me."

Floyd nodded. "He'll telephone again. When he does, make an engagement to see him—and I'll do the seeing."

"Do you think you can make him be quiet?"

"That kind of a rat is always a coward. I'll have no trouble with him," he assured her. "But it's all so silly. If you just laugh at him—no one will take his word."

"That's the man's easy way of it. But I just won't let anyone make me lie."

"And you won't let me make you marry me today?" he laughed.

She shook her head.

"Let's not talk about it, please."

Out of the corner of her eye she saw come swaggering boyishly into the room, smoking a cigarette set in an extraordinary long ivory holder, the gay-eyed Elenor Doyle. They saw each other simultaneously and Elenor started toward their table. On recognizing Bennings, she checked herself and sat down at a table, at a place made for her by some young girls who apparently were expecting her.

The waiter brought Bennings the check. He placed a bill on the table and Johnny arose.

"Going anywhere special?" asked Floyd.

"Some shopping to do. You couldn't help me," she laughed.

"Then, if you don't mind, I'll hurry to the subway and get downtown as soon as possible."

"Are you always as devoted to business as this?" she asked.

He looked at her whimsically. For the first time today he resembled the queer elfin person he had seemed when she met him at dinner in Renée Parsons' house.

"A man contemplating matrimony should pay a great deal of heed to his profession, shouldn't he? For, you see, I am contemplating the happy state even if you aren't."

SHE smiled enigmatically and left him in the lobby outside the restaurant. She hated waiting around in public places, but she did, now, wish to speak to Elenor Doyle, and had, fortunately, only to wait ten minutes before that young lady emerged from the dining-room. Seeing Johnny, Elenor left her friends and came right over to the waiting girl.

"I've been thinking," said the younger woman, "that I was pretty fresh to you yesterday. I sort of apologized, but I didn't make it strong enough. I like you and want to be friends, and I hope you'll forget what I said."

Johnny had waited in the tea-room in order to question Elenor. But the girl's manner and speech made it obvious, without questioning, that she had not told anyone of her recognition of Johnny on the New Danite Road.

"Of course I will," said Johnny.

Elenor hesitated a moment. Her friends had passed out of the room. "Are you waiting for anyone?" she asked.

Johnny shook her head. A sudden impulse toward frankness possessed her. "To tell the truth, I gathered, from the way you started toward my table inside, that you'd something to say to me. So I waited here for you."

"I saw you and was going to say what I've just said; only, seeing Floyd Bennings with you, I didn't think it was quite the time or place." Her face crinkled in a mischievous grin. "You certainly do put old Murtaugh in his place, don't you?"

"What do you mean?" Despite resentment at the girl's words, Johnny could not make her own words cold. She *liked* Elenor Doyle.

"Mean? I guess you didn't see your handsome fiancé. If you had, you'd have asked Floyd to banish the moonstruck expression from those melting black eyes of his."

"I didn't see him," said Johnny.

Elenor puffed at a fresh cigarette. "I didn't guess you did. But there, I'm being fresh again. Just can't help it. 'Scuse."

Johnny laughed, although mirth wasn't in her heart. She left Elenor outside the hotel and took a taxi back to her apartment. Her maid told her that Mr. Pell had rung up once late in the morning and again within the last five minutes. He had left word that he would ring her up again in the course of an hour.

Johnny remembered that she had half-promised to telephone him. A sickening distaste for the whole difficulty in which she was involved swept over her.

Her relation with Floyd complicated her relation with Murtaugh, so that one was inextricably tangled up with the other. And if she told Pell the truth, she would only hurt him immeasurably; yet if she didn't tell him the truth, she'd hurt herself.

When the phone rang and the maid told her that Mr. Pell wished to speak to her, it was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[COME TO MY HOUSE
Continued from Page Eighty-five]

with heavy reluctance that she forced herself to answer his call.

"You didn't ring me up as you promised," he began.

"The day isn't over yet," she laughed.

"I notice, though, you had time to lunch with Floyd Bennings," he told her.

"Is there any reason why I shouldn't lunch with him?" she demanded.

"Well, considering you met him only two days ago, and that you knew I'd be desperate to hear from you, I don't think it was very kind of you." His voice, she thought, trembled slightly.

"Is that what you telephoned me for—to tell me that I wasn't kind?" she asked.

"Not just that. When I telephoned this morning, when you were out, I just wanted to hear your voice. But now I want to ask you something."

"I'm listening," she said.

"It's something I can't talk about over the phone," he evaded. "I must see you."

"Today?" Her voice was heavy.

"Now," he said flatly.

"I don't feel like seeing you," she declared.

"You were able to give Bennings an hour or so of your time," he accused her.

"You're not going to be tiresome, are you? Not jealous?"

"I wouldn't be, if it weren't for what I heard today," he answered.

Something clutched at her heart.

"How could things you heard make you jealous?" She tried to make her voice light.

"That's what I want to see you about," he replied.

Well, there was nothing to be gained by refusing to see him. Avoidance of him was cowardly. Issues were only magnified when one refused to meet them.

"Come on over," she said.

RESTLESSLY she walked up and down the living-room. Elenor Doyle couldn't possibly have been so dishonorable as to tell Murtaugh what she knew. And it didn't seem credible that her mysterious blackmailer of last night and this morning could have also communicated with Murtaugh. And then all her doubts were dissipated as the telephone rang.

Again she recognized the voice of last night and this morning.

"Had a little talk with your friend Mr. Parsons after you hung up this morning," he said. "I asked him if he knew that his house guest had paid a little midnight visit to a house on the New Danite Road. Nice, chivalrous chap, Parsons; cursed and sputtered and called me a liar. Just did it so you'd be dead certain I mean business."

"Business?" Johnny laughed uncertainly. "You had something to sell me: your silence. Now you haven't that."

"Don't kid yourself," the voice coolly said. "You make up your mind to come through properly and Parsons will never hear from me again. That's all."

With an abruptness to which she was becoming accustomed he hung up. His actions reminded Johnny, sickeningly, of things she had read in the newspapers. Blackmailers held Damocletian swords over the heads of their victims, and occasionally let a point descend as reminder of the power of one and the weakness of the other.

Only, by odd circumstance, this particular blackmailer had overreached himself, had let the sword strike, not merely prick, his victim.

But she was not concerned with him now. She could only think of how she must meet Pell. And yet, when her maid ushered Murt into the room she had come to no decision.

Pell's big body sagged. His stride had lost its healthy elasticity. His blue eyes, so childishly round, were dull and heavy-lidded. There was, too, an almost hang-dog look about him, as though he were caught in the midst of some not too nice action. But with it all, his mouth was set in stubborn lines.

He sat down heavily. "Wanted to talk to you," he mumbled.

OPPOSITE him on a divan, one leg curled beneath her and the other hanging down until her toe tapped the rug, Johnny looked at him. Now that the situation was upon her, her plan of campaign was instinctive; did not look ahead; considered only the phase of the moment.

"Well, talk," she ordered.

"Hard to begin," he said.

She laughed a bit scornfully.

"Rotten thing to mention to a girl you love," he muttered.

"Then why mention it?" she asked lightly.

"Some things must be mentioned," he replied.

He looked at her now for the first time since he had entered the room.

His manner, she suddenly decided, was not at all hang-dog; rather it was hurt, pathetic.

"I'm being fresh again. Just can't help it. 'Scuse."

"If you'll just say it isn't true," he blurted, "I'll forget about it right now."

"Considering that I don't know what you're talking about, how can I possibly say that?" she countered.

He rubbed his forehead with his big, competent hand. "Sure; I'm so rattled, I'm not thinking straight." Then his eyes hardened. "But, hang it, you *were* lunching with Bennings today."

"Is that a crime of the first magnitude?" she demanded.

"Were you up at his house last Saturday night?" he asked.

She had thought, from the blundering way in which he approached the subject, that this question would be deferred until much verbal fencing had been done. She was almost proud of the manner in which she replied. It was as though she were a looker-on at the scene and, disembodied, were able to applaud herself.

"What an extraordinary question!" she cried.

But now that he had launched the subject, Pell could not be diverted from it by mockery. The tenacity that, in place of brilliance, had served him so well in business, showed itself now.

"I know. I said it was rotten. But I have to know."

Her dark brows arched delicately. "Does suspicion follow so closely on the heels of love?"

"I know," he said heavily, "I ought to be chivalrous and all that sort of thing. But it's only in books and fables that people never doubt each other."

"So you doubt me, eh?" she said. "And suppose I don't like being doubted? Suppose I reply to your ridiculous suspicions that I don't care a rap about them or about you?"

"You've a right to do that," he admitted. "Only"—and this was a thrust whose shrewdness was unexpected—"that wouldn't be answering my question."

"Do you suppose I could love a man who made me answer insulting questions?" she fenced.

"I don't know why not," he returned. "I can ask questions and still be in love with you. My God, Johnny, being in love doesn't mean that you shut your eyes and ears. A man has a right to do a little thinking when he contemplates marriage."

"You're only contemplating it now?" jeered Johnny.

"You know better than that. You know perfectly well that I'd walk right out of this house with you and get married instantly. But because I'd do that only proves I'm a damn fool."

"Does loving me make a damn fool of you?"

"DON'T twist my meaning. You understand me perfectly. Loving you isn't foolish, but accepting anything, or anybody, in blind trust *is* foolish. Why, the way you talked last Saturday proved that you can be pretty cold-blooded about love and marriage. You didn't talk as though you'd be blind to my defects merely because you might happen to care for me. And before that, when you said you were an à-la-carte girl, you made it pretty clear that you didn't intend to accept everything in marriage, but were going to pick and choose."

"What's that to do with your asking me such a question as you just put to me?" she demanded.

"Everything in the world to do with it!" he exclaimed. "If you can be cold-blooded, you've no right to reproach me because I refuse to act like a blithering idiot."

"Respecting the girl you profess to love is blithering idiocy?"

"Respecting myself is a darn sight more important than respecting you," he told her. "I've got to respect myself. People with no self-respect can't have respect for others. If I doubt you and don't settle my doubts, I not only cheapen myself, but I cheapen you. And doubts won't disappear merely because you want them to. They stick around. Which is the more respectful? To doubt a woman and say nothing, or doubt her and come right out with it?"

Before his intensity her confidence in her ability to dominate the situation wavered. Too, his earnestness increased his spiritual stature.

"Suppose you come to the point?" she suggested. And he retorted:

"I have. I've asked you a question."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DELICIOUS
BIRCH BEER
12¢ a gallon

MAKE IT AT HOME
LIKE ROOT BEER
IN FIVE MINUTES

One Bottle of
TIP TOP BIRCH BEER EXTRACT
makes five gallons
of pure and sparkling
Birch Beer.

If your dealer does not have it send his name and 35c for full size bottle.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER
Full size bottle of Birch Beer Extract (makes 5 gallons) and automatic bottle capper mailed anywhere upon receipt of $1.00

BLUE RIBBON PRODUCTS CO.
READING, PENNA.

Ends
the pain and the cause instantly

CORNS

It takes but a minute to end the pain of corns with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. When the corn is gone it never comes back. If new shoes irritate the spot, a Zino-pad fixes it over night.

Old methods of paring corns, or using equally dangerous caustics or liquids, never gave people these results. Dr. School's Zino-pads **remove the cause** —pressing and rubbing of shoes. They are thin, medicated, antiseptic, protective, healing. At your druggist's or shoe dealer's—35c.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-SIX]

"But why do you ask it? You mention doubts. What are they, that they lead to such a question?"

Intensity had made his figure stiffen and charged his voice with fire. But now his body sagged again; the blaze left his eyes, to be replaced with that same pathos that had been in them when he entered the apartment.

"I'll tell you," he began. "Saturday night I couldn't sleep. I was too excited. I won't go into it. It's too awful to think that a man could feel about a woman as I felt about you Saturday—damn it, as I feel about you *now*—and could be as miserable as I am today.

"Well, I heard a noise in the garage. I was sitting by my window, looking out at the Sound, smoking, when a car went along the driveway. I mightn't have known that it came from Parsons' garage if it hadn't been for the noise it made starting a moment before. I might have thought some motorist had gone astray, and circled the drive by mistake.

"But I didn't pay much attention to the car, except to notice that it was a roadster. The top was up and I couldn't see the driver.

"Next morning I went off to play golf with Jimmy Parsons. The course was rather crowded, and our foursome came up to a tee just as a young fellow was driving. He sliced his ball into another fairway and hit a caddie. The ball did no damage, merely made the caddie rub his shoulder. The young fellow turned to his partner and laughed. 'I'll be hurting somebody yet,' he said. 'Last night I ran my car into a roadster driven by a girl. I was just coming into the New Danite Road, and if I hadn't had good brakes that girl would be in a hospital now. I'd better watch my step. First thing I know I'll be killing somebody.'"

JOHNNY hoped that her hands wouldn't tremble as she lighted a cigarette.

"You sound like a story-book detective building up the points of a case," she sneered. She felt an anger toward the man opposite her, a huge resentment at the laborious presentation of a case whose climax she already knew.

Pell colored, but gave no other indication that he had heard. He went on, "Last night, when I turned your car into the garage I noticed that the paint had been knocked off one fender."

"Which proves, of course," said Johnny sarcastically, "that I was the girl whom your golfing friend almost sent to the hospital."

"Were you?" he asked.

She drew aimless figures in the air with her cigarette. "Go on with your case, Mr. District Attorney," she said.

"There isn't much more to it except that Jimmy Parsons, mad as a hatter, telephoned me a little while ago. I'd been lunching at the Ritz, and was surprised—and hurt—to see you lunching there with Floyd Bennings. I didn't think you'd seen me, and I slipped out without speaking to you. Well, Parsons said that someone whom he called a dirty lying rat had telephoned him this morning. The man asked him if he knew that his house guest, Miss Century, had paid a visit late Saturday night to a house on the New Danite Road. Jimmy said the man had hung up as soon as he put the question, and Jimmy was unable to find out where the call came from. Knowing that I was engaged to you, he told me of the incident, so that if the man happened to phone me I'd be prepared and have one of my office force locate the origin of the call while I held him in talk.

"I was just as angry as Jimmy at first. And then I began to think. God knows I didn't want to think, but I remembered that your roadster had a mark on the fender. I remembered that some car had been driven out of the Parsons garage late Saturday night."

"And therefore," jeered Johnny, "you come to me and ask a most preposterous question."

"Which you haven't answered yet," he reminded her.

"Why should I answer it?" she blazed.

"I FORGOT to tell you," he said stolidly, "that when Jimmy and I started off to play golf he put keys in the switches of his three cars. He mentioned casually that he locked his cars every night, and kept the keys himself, so that none of the servants could go joy-riding. Yours was the only car that could have left the garage."

"I'm not going to discuss the matter with you," she said. "But I will point out that the key to my car was in the lock."

He nodded. "When did you make your engagement to lunch with Bennings? You didn't make it Saturday night at the Parsonses' dinner party, did you?"

She leaped to her feet. "I think this will be enough. Because some unknown person telephones a vile accusation, you dare add to his filthy insinuation a series of ridiculous incidents, every one of which is as pointless or as false as the statement of the man who phoned Jimmy."

He rose, too, and was staring at her. "Then it isn't true?" he cried. He came to her and his outstretched hands seized upon hers. "Oh, Johnny, I'm eaten with jealousy! Just to see you with another man at luncheon today, when I'd been waiting all morning for you to phone me, and had finally telephoned your house, to learn you were out, drove me nearly mad. And then Jimmy told me what had been telephoned to him. And I haven't been sane since. You see, you'd changed on Sunday. On Saturday night you kissed me and we were engaged. On Sunday you shrank away from me, and told me that you didn't know whether we were engaged

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

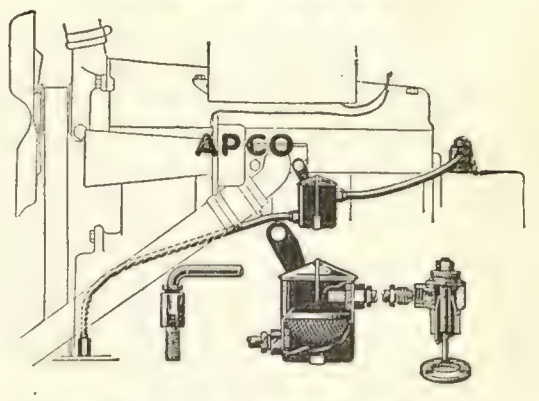
You Cant Stop Every Five Minutes to Change the Oil!

Road dirt, carbon, ravelings from the transmission band find their way into the oil, scoring cylinders and causing big repair bills. But of course you can't afford to change the oil every five minutes.

What you can afford is an APCO Oil Line Filter System, that will filter the normal volume of oil every six minutes at average motor speed. And while it is removing the foreign matter, it will do your Ford another good turn by speeding up the oil flow and sending it through an auxiliary feed line to that most neglected of places, the front bearing.

The glass cover of the filter chamber lets you see this APCO accessory doing its good work. You can see the oil flowing cleaner and faster than it ever flowed before.

Oil Filter System for Fords, $3.50



Other APCO Products

For Fords—Starter Pedal Extension—35c; Crank Case Repair Arm—75c; Truck Steering Column Brace—$2.00; Shimmy Stop—75c; Timer—$2.00; Auxiliary Oiling System—$1.50; Horn Buttons—35c, 60c and 75c; Anti-Rattlers for radius rod—35c; for steering rod—35c a pair; Fan Belt Guide—15c; Shock Absorbers—$20 per set.

And for All Cars—Gasoline Filter—$2.00; Magnetic Trouble Lamp—$2.50; Windshield Wiper Arm Adjuster—25c, and Replacement Rubbers and Arms for windshield cleaners—25c.

Write for Catalog to
APCO MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1327 Eddy Street, Providence, R. I.

Sold by Accessory Dealers everywhere

APCO
AUTOMOTIVE
EQUIPMENT

There's always
MUSIC and FUN
where there's a
HOHNER
HARMONICA

In the home, school and club, the harmonica provides entertainment, promotes health and develops character.

LEARN to play a Hohner harmonica! It's a real miniature orchestra—easy to master, always in tune—always ready to play. It costs so little that every member of every family can own and enjoy it.

PARENTS, teachers, musicians, club leaders, physicians—all find the harmonica a surprisingly effective aid in the educational, musical and cultural development of both young and old.

Ask your dealer for the free illustrated Instruction Book—or write direct to M. HOHNER, *Inc., Dept. 157, 114 E. 16th St., New York.*

HEAR THE SPECIAL NEW ORTHOPHONIC VICTOR RECORD No. 20377—GIVING INSTRUCTIONS ON "HOW TO PLAY THE HARMONICA"—WITH A HARMONICA RENDITION OF "OLD BLACK JOE."
AT ALL VICTOR DEALERS . . . . . 75¢

HOHNER Harmonicas

DRIVING POWER
for the Human Engine

If your weight is below normal—do not deceive yourself.

The gaunt, skinny man cannot get the fullest measure of strength, energy and vigor until his weight is normal.

Without sufficient weight the driving power of the human engine is weakened.

You Can Speedily Gain Weight with McCoy's

Not only do the rich vitalizing vitamines in McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets put solid flesh on those who need it but—

If your health isn't as good as it should be—if you haven't enough energy or ambition—if you are tired out at night and hate to get out of bed in the morning try McCoy's for 30 days—then if you are not satisfied with the improvement in weight and general health—get your money back from any druggist anywhere in North or South America.

Fine for sickly children and feeble old folks, and sugar-coated.

DEMAND McCOY'S—GET THE GENUINE

[COME TO MY HOUSE Continued from Page Eighty-seven]

or not. I didn't sleep last night."

With his hands gripping hers and his eager face inches away, she thought of another man, of Floyd, and remembered that he, too, had been unable to sleep because of her. And because of them she'd been unable to sleep. What an upsetting thing love was!

Well, she had played a difficult part and played it well. She had let Murtaugh advance his entire case before she had swept him off his feet with a complete denial. Now he was humble, contrite.

And then an almost nauseating wave of self-contempt swept over her. How cheap was any victory gained with a lie! And wherein lay the necessity for falsehood? Wasn't she, Johnny Century, her own mistress, answerable to no one for her acts?

That was it: answerable to *no one.* But answerable to *something,* and that something was her own pride.

Roughly she broke his grip upon her hands and backed away from him.

"It is true," she told him.

His eyes widened grotesquely. "True! What do you mean?"

"What does it usually mean when a girl visits a man in the middle of the night?" she demanded brutally.

There was a queer joy in seeing him cringe before her words—a joy that, strangely, incomprehensibly, she knew she could not have felt had she not been in love with him. For, even as by her words she put him away from her, she knew that it was not Floyd, but Pell, that she loved.

Johnny Century's heart beat true. But a wayward impulse, carrying her far from her natural path, was seconded by her beauty and charm. These caught at the men who loved her, and dragged them into strange disaster. See next week's LIBERTY.

Poems You Ought to Know

The Garret

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

With pensive eyes the little room I view,
Where, in my youth, I weathered it so long;
With a wild mistress, a stanch friend or two,
And a light heart still breaking into song:
Making a mock of life, and all its cares,
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes; 'tis a garret—let him know't who will—
There was my bed—full hard it was and small;
My table there—and I decipher still
Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.
Ye joys, that Time hath swept with him away,
Come to mine eyes, ye dreams of love and fun;
For you I pawned my watch how many a day,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

. . .

One jolly evening, when my friends and I
Made happy music with our songs and cheers,
A shout of triumph mounted up thus high,
And distant cannon opened on our ears:
We rise, we join in the triumphant strain—
Napoleon conquers—Austerlitz is won—
Tyrants shall never tread us down again,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us begone—the place is sad and strange—
How far, far off, these happy times appear;
All that I have to live I'd gladly change
For one such month as I have wasted here—
To draw long dreams of beauty, love, and power,
From founts of hope that never will outrun,
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,
Give me the days when I was twenty-one!

Ask your Dentist

What powder, paste or liquid is best suited to your individual dentifrice needs. Then follow his advice faithfully.

PYROZIDE POWDER
STERILIZED DENTIFRICE

contains Dentinol and other special ingredients which make it particularly effective for mouths requiring a high degree of cleanliness. It has been demonstrated to the dental profession since 1906.

ECONOMICAL—the dollar package contains six months' supply.

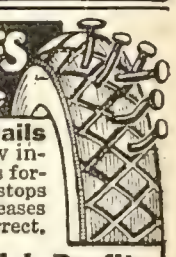
At All DRUG STORES

Blue Band VELVET PENCILS

Slightly higher in the far West and Canada 5¢

A Soft and Very Black Easy Writer - For Sale Everywhere
Write for sample
AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO., 216 FIFTH AVE, N.Y.
Makers of the famous VENUS Pencils

PUNCTURE-PROOFS Tires in ONE minute



Tires Hammered Full of Nails LEAK NO AIR Amazing new invention banishes puncture troubles forever. Punctures heal instantly, stops slow leaks. Preserves Rubber, Increases tire life. Clean, scientifically correct.

AGENTS—Big, Quick, Profits

It will pay you to get the facts and *get them now.* You can't get rich in an hour, but you can make immediate sure steady profits that are amazing. *No talking.* Just drive nails in an old tire. We back our men with powerful advertising helps. Banners, Posters, Newspaper Ads and Circulars.

FREE SAMPLE Full Particulars, BIG Book and a FREE SAMPLE will be sent you by return mail postpaid. Territory is going fast. Send No Money just your name, but ACT NOW.
JOHNSON & CO. 19 W. Jackson Blvd. Dept. 587, CHICAGO

Safe Milk and Food

For INFANTS, Children, Invalids and for All Ages

THE HIDDEN FOLIO
in the
Life of Oscar Hammerstein

Beginning the story of a fiery genius who stood Broadway on its head

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

TODAY All Women are Young Says WORTH

M. Jean Charles Worth

Photo by Man Ray

By

BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, April 17.

'WAY back in the olden times, when Broadway was just beginning to be a street instead of a cow path; when Indians dropped in unexpectedly at twilight on our forefathers, and took away the family scalps; and when the Rue de la Paix in Paris was a street of homes instead of million-dollar stores—Charles Frederick Worth, an English lad, took up residence there at Number Seven.

Charles Frederick, like other pioneer geniuses, had a great and a new idea. This had to do with ladies' clothes, and was, briefly, the determination to make an art of dress. Couturiers did not exist. There were dressmakers, to whom women took a length of goods, and who made this up into some kind of a dress, according to the ideas of the lady herself.

Worth, aided by his French wife, in the tiny flat at 7 Rue de la Paix, began harassing the fabric makers in Paris to weave their cloths from his own special designs and textures. These he created after considering the lady who was going to wear the cloth, the way in which he would cut her frock, and so forth. He did the same thing with ornament and ribbon makers.

Worth was the first to create a costume from fabric to finish, and he revolutionized the French fabric and accessory products through his demands for just what would suit him in his creations. Great ladies began to go to Worth for their clothes, and he was made couturier to Empress Eugénie and the French court ladies. He started a mode of dress that was a Worth creation, from its smallest detail to its ensemble. Worth reared his two sons to carry on this new art of costume. Number Seven was enlarged and made into spacious salons, and the fame of Worth grew.

It is significant that Worth is a house ruled by men, and this proves that men, if they are also creators, can clothe the female of the species better than she can dream of doing it herself. The younger, the present generation of Worth, is composed of Jean Charles and Jacques Worth. They are both young. They are charming personalities, and they are the sole socially important couturiers in Paris.

Jean Charles is all dreamer, all artist. He thinks of beauty in costume, and often he sees beauty in the simplest things. It is the interesting, absorbing idea of this man to make all women look lovely. Jean Charles has been in America. He imported the first jazz from there twenty years ago. He saw it as a great future factor in modern life. Jean Charles speaking:

"Creating clothes is, like architecture, a matter of good proportion and design and harmony. Anything in its place is beautiful; outside of its place it is ugly. Clothes that are successful are always charming, and if they are failures they are hideous. No costume is a failure if it suits its environment and time, nor is it unbeautiful.

"Today women wear knitted sweaters with diamond bracelets. They wear dresses to the knees, chiffon stockings, and are swathed around the neck with luxurious furs. All this is disproportionate in one sense, but it is altogether charming, because it is *right* in our time. It is youthful, and today all women are young.

"Styles are the same for any age. I can adapt any dress to any woman from sixteen to sixty. Lines must be altered a bit, with the varying figure in this span of years. The older woman cleverly conceals what the young girl shows. This the costume creator does without destroying in the least the spirit of the style.

"The first thing to consider in the effort to become well dressed is—lines. The second, proportions. The third, your materials; and the fourth, colors. All must be in the mode, and must suit you individually.

A PERFECT summer evening coat of scarlet mousseline velvet. The draped collar and back panel meet under a poppy cluster.

When women come to me, I study this out for them, and frequently I am aided by little suggestions they make, since they know themselves most intimately."

Jacques Worth, who is a champion at tennis, and a golf expert, considers grace in movement, poise, and beautiful articulation as highly important factors in dress. He says:

"WHERE a woman hasn't a beautiful joining of the arm with the shoulder, she should remedy this with her dress.

"This applies to all parts of dress. For sports clothes, the first consideration is beauty. They can be practical, chic, and charming.

"There is an essential appeal in color, and a dull costume may be made lively by the clever use of tonal beauty. Color is often charming because it is new. If you have never worn a certain shade, wear it, and wear it with éclat.

"American women walk and carry themselves supremely well. They can always capitalize this in their clothes. Remember, the costume you wear must appear in action, and choose it accordingly to appear advantageously in any pose you will take when you have it on."

COAT and skirt of sand chiffon-weight woolen, with a waist of embroidered crepe de Chine.

THIS Worth coat (below) is of gray-and-blue tweed, with gray astrakhan collar.

SNAKE-PRINTED crepe de Chine makes this Worth afternoon frock, which has a bolero back and unusual sleeves.

COLORS *Must Be Combined Artistically to Be* SMART

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

ALWAYS the same question confronts one! By post, by telegraph even, and almost hourly by word of mouth, people from all over creation make the inquiry:

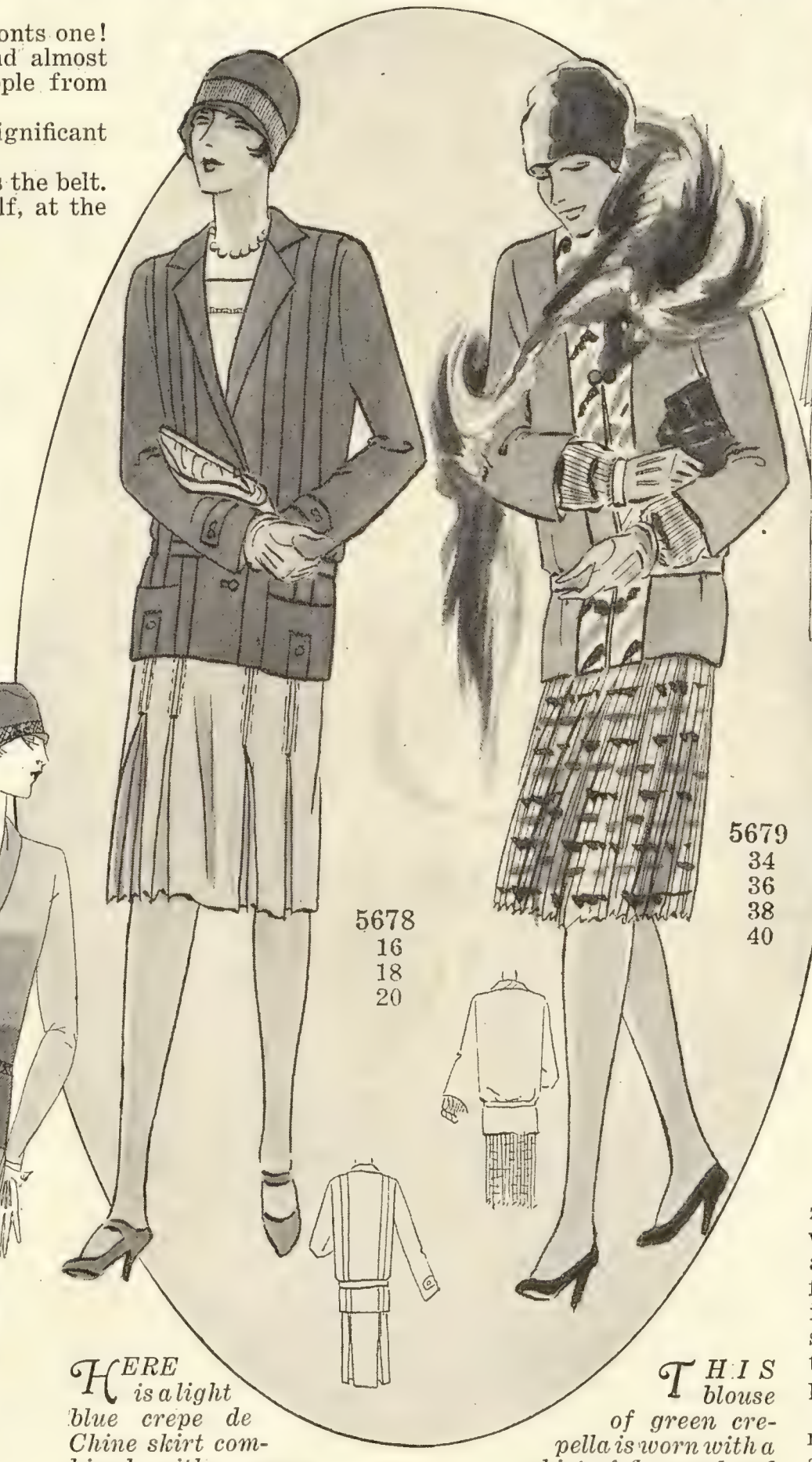
At this moment, what is the most significant feature of the ever shifting styles?

Not long since we all thought it was the belt. But no sooner had it established itself, at the same time imposing a new waistline, than another feature came to crowd it into the department of things accepted, into the realm of the ordinary and the second place.

Now the conceit of using two kinds of material together in the same garment puts the cachet, the stamp, of the season on our spring and summer fashions. Two materials in the very same color, or two colors, and sometimes even three, in the same material, are the thing. Often a jacket is of one material and a skirt of another, while the colors are different too, as shown in the accompanying suit (5678) with the upper part of navy kasha and the lower of light blue crepe de Chine.

This suit, indeed, is a modernized version of the old Norfolk idea, though it is more complicated, while at the same time looking very simple. The old idea was to be simple while putting up a bluff at being complicated and of a consequence sophisticated. The whole purpose now is to be alluringly sophisticated with a look of utmost simplicity about you.

This costume is modern, even in the detail of looking to be in two pieces although really in only one, after the manner deemed so awfully smart at present. Of course, with both color and material contrasting, and with the look of being in two pieces besides, it absolutely must be held together by some motif to give it unity, and for this purpose the designer has chosen a line. Four bands come down the length of the jacket in front and two in the back, after the old Norfolk idea, and are carried on in the skirt in the form of plaits, thus saving the costume from being a hodgepodge and turning it into a creation.



5678
16
18
20

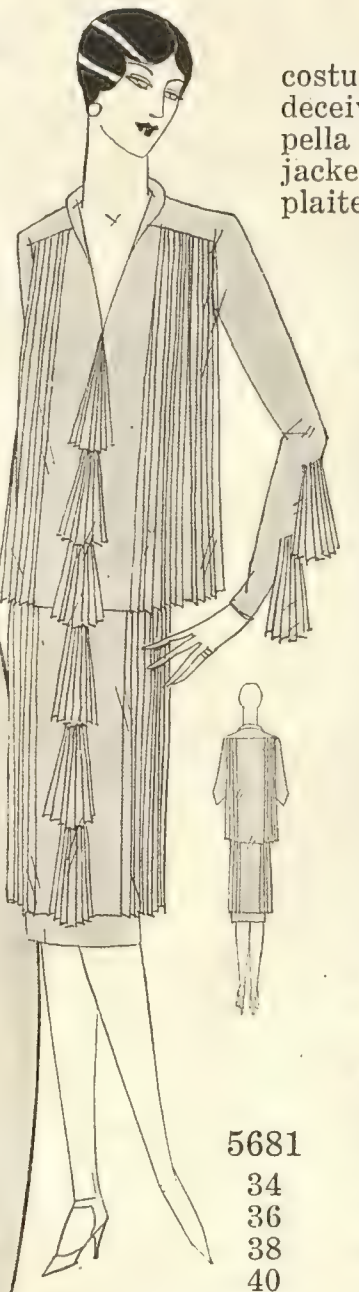
HERE is a light blue crepe de Chine skirt combined with a navy blue kasha coat made along the lines of the old popular Norfolk jacket.

5680
16
18
20

WORN with a tan satin skirt and scarf, this sweater of Iceland wool is made in three wood shades.

Every loyal Parisienne has for weeks been equipping herself with a three-piece suit, or, better yet, something that looks like one but isn't, after the spirit of the times. You might almost say that to deceive is the fashion, as our costume (5679) also deceives. A green crepella blouse falls in jacket length over a plaited skirt in flowered and striped crepella of a lighter green.

In order to obtain the three-piece idea, a band of the latter material fastens down the underneath side of the front of the blouse, thus bringing about the old tuxedo effect as well. A plaited cuff of the flowered crepella is set in under the sleeve of the blouse, and thereby carries out further the deception of gilet or waistcoat under that garment of dark green.



5679
34
36
38
40

THIS blouse of green crepella is worn with a skirt of flowered and striped material in lighter green. The effect is that of a three-piece suit.

5681
34
36
38
40

A DRESS of navy blue woolen veiling, with fine knife plaiting on the skirt and on the blouse in the form of a bolero jacket.

SATIN and one of the lighter woolens make a favorite combination for the new fashion of putting together materials considered temperamentally uncongenial. A skirt with wide plaits opening to the movement of walking, or one perhaps with panels, a blouse in the form of a sweater with horizontal stripes in the direction of the hips, worn, perhaps, with a short jacket, make a costume (5680) that is the last word for a day or sports costume. The blouse is made of very fine Iceland wool in three shades of brown and is accompanied by a tan scarf of the same material as the plaited skirt.

For dress occasions very fine plaits are more popular than wide ones. They are shown in our model 5681, which is made of a woolen veiling so fine that it might be some silken material. The plaits fall in a bolero effect at the waistline, and go in a succession of fan-shaped ruffles like a long jabot down the front.

Navy blue and brown and black, softened or lightened by green or gray, are the favorite colorings. Velvet often makes the jacket that goes with the finely plaited skirt of silk or crepe for dress occasions. But, after all of these years of preferring costuming that was stately and elegant, today one can scarcely separate the Frenchwoman from her sports outfit.

Huge buttons are a favorite decoration. Sometimes they are in the shape of rectangles and lozenges. Sometimes they are sculptured and engraved with profiles. They are beginning to replace the buckle at the beltline occasionally.

A favorite costume has a mauve jumper in jersey kasha and a skirt of gray woolen material set with two pockets.

SPECIAL PATTERNS

by May Manton

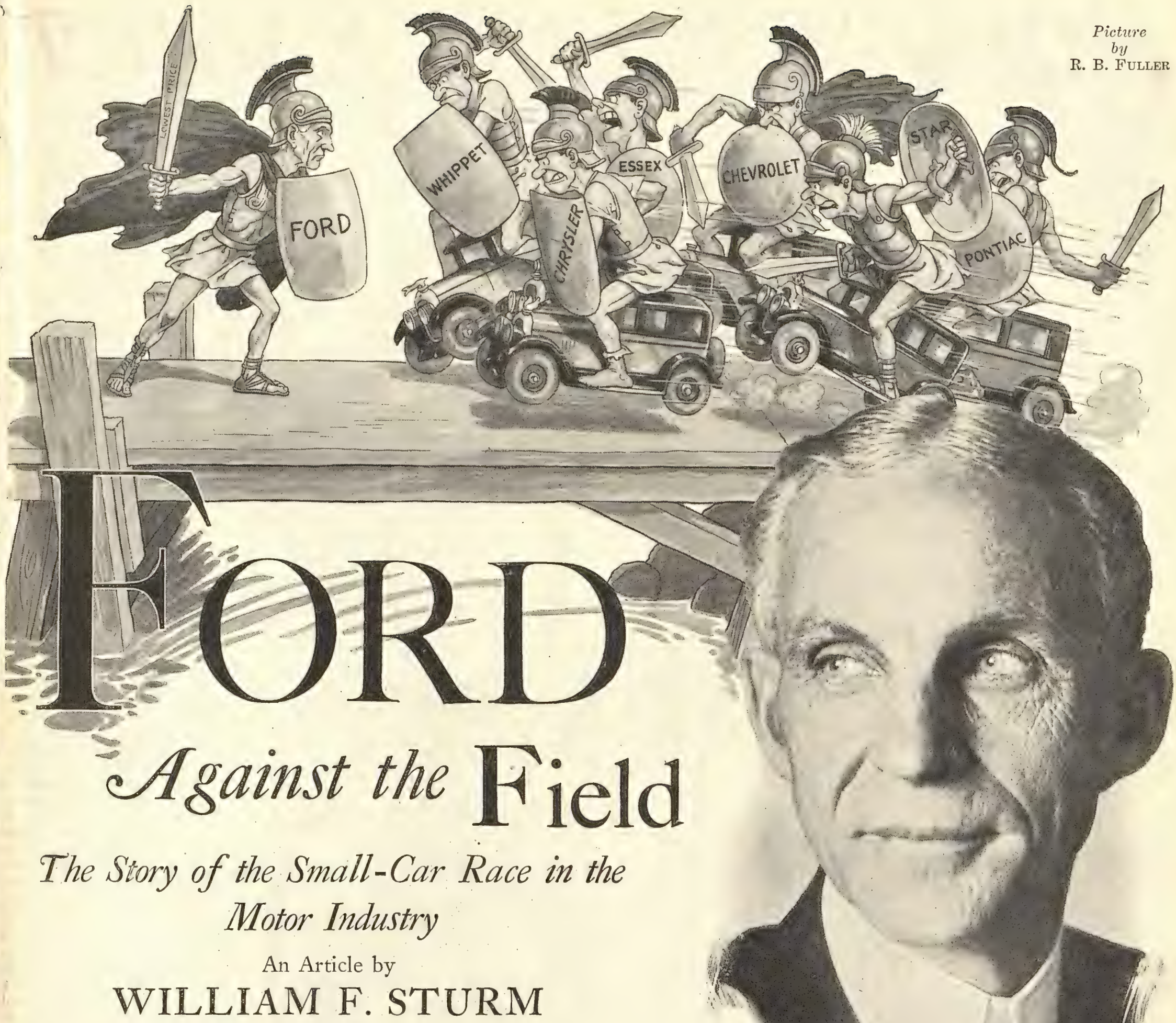
Order Mary Brush Williams' Designs

by marking a circle, on picture, around the number, and another circle around the size, of each pattern wanted.

Tear out and inclose entire picture with 25 cents for each number.

Send with your full address to:

LIBERTY MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, P. O. Box 418, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.



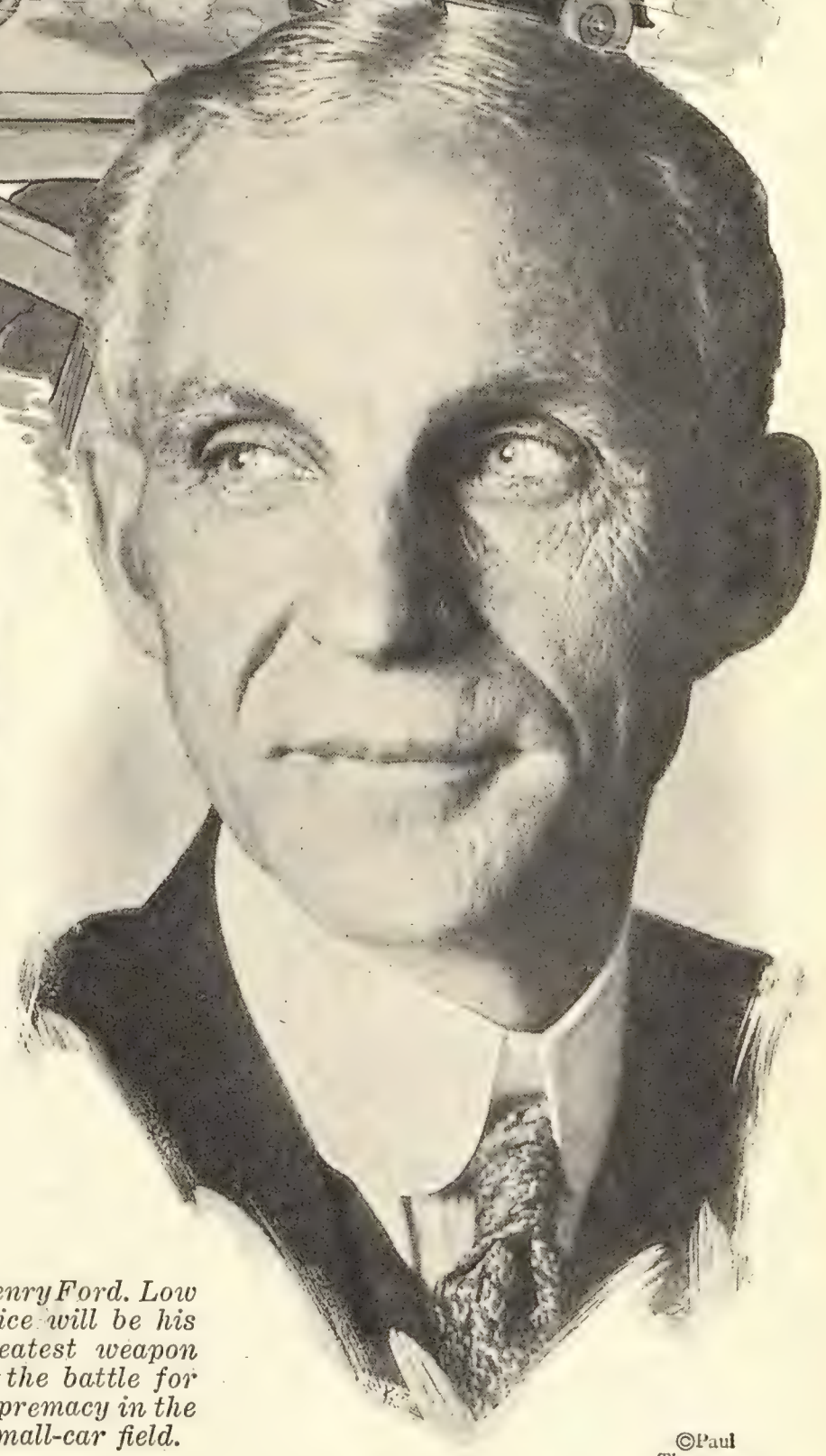
Picture by R. B. FULLER

FORD *Against the* Field

The Story of the Small-Car Race in the Motor Industry

An Article by

WILLIAM F. STURM



Henry Ford. Low price will be his greatest weapon in the battle for supremacy in the small-car field.

©Paul Thompson

NO 1927 motor outlook would be complete without special reference to the small-car situation. America is today the land of the small car—not the excessively small car of Europe, but rather the very comfortable small car that has come as a result of the insistent demand of the American public.

More than one-half of the cars made in this country today sell for less than $1,000, delivered to a buyer's door, fully equipped. If they do not come entirely so from the factory, they can be completed with all necessary accessories for less than $1,000.

Outstanding among American small cars are the Ford, Chevrolet, Chrysler four, Essex six, Whippet four, Pontiac six, Star four, and the Dodge four. Of these, Ford prices are the lowest; Chevrolet comes next, with the Star third. Sales rivalry is fully as keen among the small cars as among the higher-priced lines—perhaps more so.

The great prosperity of the American nation as a whole in the past few years has made itself felt especially in the ranks of the small-car buyer. He demands beauty of line, all the fixings in the way of oil purifiers, air cleaners, vibration dampeners, etc., just as does the buyer of the larger car. No longer is he content to have a car sold to him as naked as the day it was born. It must be all dressed up and ready to go.

The buyer of the small car has been educated to demand that his car be fully equipped with a windshield cleaner, bumpers, a stoplight, a spare tire, and all the rest of the gadgets that once were considered extras.

The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce has issued figures showing that there are 19,520,000 passenger cars registered in the United States. In 1926, 3,950,000 passenger cars were manufactured. In the same year it is estimated that 1,750,000 passenger cars were sent to the junk heap.

After the junked cars are replaced with new ones, there still remain 2,200,000 new cars to be disposed of in order to absorb the output at the present rate of production. Granted that there are approximately 20,000,000 passenger cars to the 24,000,000 families in the United States, it then becomes necessary to sell the 2,200,000 cars to the 4,000,000 families without transportation, to sell to the families that have one or more cars already, or to sell some of the cars abroad.

Export is becoming of increasing concern for the American car maker, and to no one is it more vital than to the small-car manufacturer. In 1926 the entire industry sent 550,000

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Busy housewives find Resinol Soap saves tedious treatments

Its Resinol properties help to keep the skin soft and healthy

DUST, dirt, steam—a combination sure to have disastrous effects on the complexion of the housewife who is not ever watchful to prevent them. "But how can I take time for long, systematic beauty treatments," says the busy woman, "when I have countless household duties to perform or superintend?"

There's no need to spend hours in tedious beauty treatments—the regular daily use of Resinol Soap will care for your skin automatically. The distinctive *Resinol* properties found only in Resinol Soap, make this result possible. Any soap will *clean* your skin, but Resinol Soap goes further—it cleanses and *soothes* at the same time. Because of its Resinol ingredients it preserves the natural oil of the skin, so essential if dryness, roughness and other ill effects of household tasks are to be prevented, and the skin kept soft and natural.

Read what some of its enthusiastic users write about Resinol Soap.

"It has a very soothing effect on my skin—all other soaps I've used irritated it."

"Use this soap continually, it makes my skin so soft."

"I've used Resinol Soap for 20 years, and give it the credit for my clear, unwrinkled skin at my age of 50."

Get a cake of Resinol Soap from your druggist today and try the easy Resinol way of caring for your skin.

Resinol Ointment is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches and similar blemishes. Prescribed by doctors for more than 30 years.

Dept. 15-E, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, free, a trial size package of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

[FORD AGAINST THE FIELD Continued from Page Ninety-one]

cars abroad. The bulk of these were small cars. Ford led the list, Chevrolet came next, Dodge was third, and Overland fourth, according to unofficial compilations; the factories and the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce refusing to divulge the figures. This year export is expected to absorb from 50,000 to 100,000 more cars than last year.

The present year is going to be only a normal one, according to the view of many automobile executives. This means that there is a likelihood of there being fewer cars sold than in 1926. Henry Ford, admittedly one of the shrewdest minds in the country when it comes to diagnosing business conditions, says that last year was abnormal and that the present year will be only normal; which, being interpreted, means that business will not be so good.

Some makers are going to sell fewer, some more, cars than in 1926.

There is bound to be a terrific struggle to capture the shekels of the ultimate consumer, and victory is going to perch on the standard of the side with the most artillery. This artillery may safely be labeled price and upkeep, reliability, comfort, and appearance in the small-car field, just as in the large-car field.

In the small-car class the battle is going to be Ford against the field, as it has been for the past two or three years.

Ford against the field! This, in a way, characterizes Mr. Ford's relation to the rest of the automobile industry. The Ford Company does not belong to any of the great national automobile associations. It does not exhibit at the national shows. It holds itself severely aloof.

FORD will have one great weapon in the battle—price. He also has performance, in degree. His competitors are not so well fortified as to price, but they have performance, appearance, and comfort.

The estimated combined production of Chevrolet, Chrysler four, Pontiac, Star four, Whippet four, and the Dodge four for 1927 is placed at more than 1,500,000. The plans of Chevrolet alone call for a production of 1,000,000 cars and trucks, it is understood. As an illustration of how a motor-car company goes about the domination of its particular field, Chevrolet is reported to have appropriated $10,000,000 for its current year's advertising. If it really should maintain its 1,000,000-car schedule, its daily production will have to be 4,000. It goes without saying that Chevrolet is Ford's greatest competitor.

Chevrolet and Ford make nothing but four-cylinder cars. Mr. Ford goes on record periodically that he will continue to make his car, both as to number of cylinders and gear shift, pretty much as he always has made it, only adding improvements as time demands them.

Chevrolet's growth since it became a part of the General Motors in 1918 has been phenomenal. The following tabulation of passenger and commercial cars shows its progress:

	Passenger Cars	*Commercial Cars*
1919	132,710	2,662
1920	144,502	4,938
1921	75,667	1,489
1922	240,390	2,932
1923	464,800	15,326
1924	295,456	19,277
1925	466,485	45,824
1926	614,000	114,000

LATE in 1926, with the light cars mentioned cutting into Ford sales and with Ford dealers over the country dropping their old line and seeking profits in other lines than the foot-shift type, Ford instituted the five-day work week. This was hailed as something quite revolutionary and is still getting a good deal of publicity.

The majority of the automobile factories have had a five-and-one-half-day week for a good many years, but they do not give a full six days' pay. If the statement of some Ford workers is to be believed, the five-day week is far from a blessing. Mr. Ford is quoted as saying that the working week shall consist of five days, and that the men, according to merit, shall receive the same pay equivalent as for a full six-day week. The statement also has been made that the Ford Company no longer thinks in terms of minimum wages. Presumably this latter statement is intended to convey the fact that few men remain at the starting wage of five dollars a day. They are advanced gradually in pay—that is, if they are not fired for inability to keep up with the high-pressure methods employed in the production of Ford cars.

There is little doubt that a great many key men, as they are called, have received wages far in excess of the normal six days' pay for five days' work. These key men are in effect pacemakers for the other workers in the various departments. They are placed judiciously and really do set the working pace that the other men are expected to follow. There is nothing radically wrong with this system, from the employers' angle.

The industrial world is waiting to see how long these five-day workers can stand up under the high-pressure methods, even if they do have two days out of seven for rest or to take other jobs, which many of them are said to do.

ONE thing is certain: the Ford plant is turning out vastly more work per man than ever before in its history. There are several versions of how the increased production came about. One is that in the beginning of 1926 an effort was made to bring the daily production of Ford units up to 10,000, which had been approached but never reached. Plans were laid and the dealers were expected to get rid of the increased production.

The increased sales did not materialize, so it was decided to decrease operating costs to the limit. The highly efficient Highland Park Ford plant was combed thoroughly in order to effect additional machine and labor economies. When the system was pretty well under way Edsel Ford went to Europe. This was in April of 1926.

In one department, rumor has it, that employed about 1,200 workmen, mechanical short cuts and high-pressure labor methods made it possible to turn out the work with fewer than 900 men. The men all received an increase in pay, but this increase was nothing commensurate with the increase in production per man.

The efficiency experts found that a certain drop-forging operation was causing a great waste of time in trimming rough edges and carting the waste away. By a change to stamping out the part, much time and material were saved.

Where one man had been operating one machine he was speeded up to take care of two. It seems that for years in the Ford plant there has been a saying among the workmen that if you were not busy all the time, the proper thing to do was to appear as though you were. Under the new plan, pseudo-busy workmen became actually busy workmen. No longer were there false motions, and industry at high pressure became the order of the day. Thus a rigid reduction was made in the number employed

© Brown Bros.

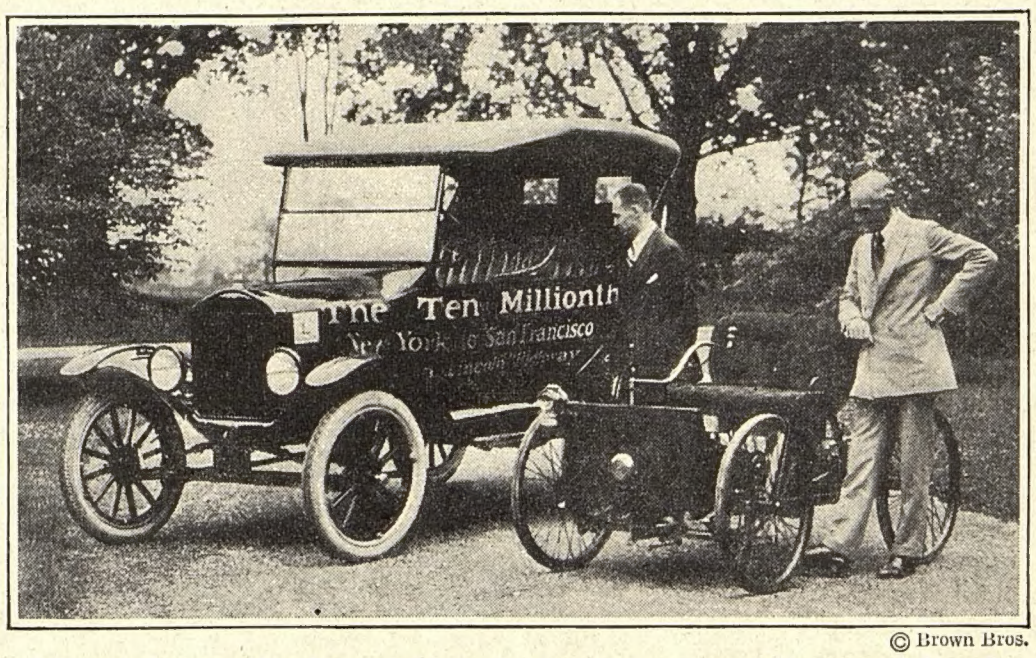
A greenhorn is more welcome in the Ford ranks than a man of experience from another factory. Ford's workmen, such as these shown above in the assembly plant, are specialists in a very narrow line.

in all departments, from the janitors up.

Scores of high-salaried men were reduced or let go, and the men who filled their places came to work at a salary that was only a fraction of what their predecessors received. A well authenticated rumor has it that by judicious salary pruning over $1,000,000 yearly was saved. That $1,000,000 will cover quite a loss in decreased car production.

The story is abroad in Detroit that by the use of high-pressure methods in regard to workmen's time, and mechanical processes of superefficiency, the closing months of 1926 and the opening ones of 1927 showed a greater profit on a smaller production than was possible under the old system.

One man who should know says that the working force has been reduced 25 per cent, and the total efficiency as represented by the cost of producing a car has increased 25 per cent. This story may be exaggerated somewhat, but basically it must have some truth in it.



© Brown Bros.

In two years Ford has slipped from a commanding position in the industry to a place where the other makers are selling two cars to his one. Henry and Edsel Ford standing by their first and ten millionth cars.

There is no doubt that many of Ford's highly paid workmen are deserting him under the high-pressure régime. But this does not alarm the employment office. Labor turnover is an advantage. There is always a long string of men waiting to take vacant places, and when the new men start at the minimum wage the saving in the pay roll is not to be sneezed at.

An absolute greenhorn is more welcome in the Ford ranks than a man who has had some experience with tools in another factory. This is well illustrated by the prevailing story that when a man asks for work he is shown a wrench and a screwdriver. He is asked if he knows what they are for. If he answers "no," he is given a job. I don't vouch for the truth of the story.

I do know, however, that Fay Leone Faurote, testifying in the government's tax suit against former stockholders of the Ford Company, said that the necessity for skilled labor requiring long periods of preparation at the Ford plant has been eliminated by the substitution of machinery. Faurote, author of a number of engineering books, said that a common laborer employed by the company can be trained to operate the machinery in three days. In some instances all he had to know was the difference in color of lights.

There isn't any doubt about the Ford machinery being highly specialized. In many cases it is designed solely for the uses to which it is put in the Ford factory, and would be of little value except for the work it performs. It is not flexible machinery, such as machinery must be in a factory that turns out many different sizes and models of cars. Mr. Ford's workmen are specialists in a very narrow line. They become more or less machine-like in their actions. Certain it is that the Ford idea of mass production to the *n*th degree can be accomplished only by so restricting a workman's sphere that he becomes practically an automaton, with little more reasoning power than the machine he tends.

Getting back to Chevrolet's inroads into Ford sales, a study of passenger-car sales for the State of Michigan gives the following information:

1924—Total number of all cars titled	171,363
Fords	87,898
Chevrolets	16,170
1925—Total number of all cars titled	195,277
Fords	82,023
Chevrolets	22,405
1926—Total number of all cars titled	194,661
Fords	64,779
Chevrolets	26,841

In Wayne County, Michigan, in which Detroit is situated, the figures are:

1924—Fords titled	33,000
Chevrolets	5,349
1925—Fords titled	34,608
Chevrolets	8,315
1926—Fords titled	21,396
Chevrolets	10,117

In this city of Detroit, which has always been retail battleground, Chevrolet in 1926 virtually doubled its 1924 sales. Ford, on the other hand, in 1926 had sales equal only to two-thirds of his 1924 sales.

Comparison of the production figures for Ford and Chevrolet passenger cars for the three years shows:

1924—Ford	1,593,000
Chevrolet	295,456
1925—Ford	1,590,000
Chevrolet	466,485
1926—Ford	1,276,000
Chevrolet	614,000

With the exception of August and September of 1926, Ford production each month showed a loss as against the corresponding figures of 1925. In these two months Ford changed the body lines of his car, which accounts for the low production and the consequent increase in 1926.

The Chevrolet domestic passenger sales for 1926 were 510,000. The Ford national passenger sales were 1,119,000. Chevrolet's national increase was 37 per cent; Ford's national decrease, 12 per cent.

Chevrolet entered 1927 by slashing from twenty to fifty dollars off the price of all models, making a number of mechanical improvements, and bringing out a snappy series of new bodies. The new bodies gave added room, especially in the rear seat of the sedan type, and also an extremely smart appearance—something that Chevrolet had lacked for years.

FORD entered the new year with a model carried up from August, 1925, which has been improved in minor details from time to time. In fact, the Ford of today is the best-looking job Ford ever has turned out. The 1927 Ford has some carburetor refinements carried over from 1926 and there is no doubt that this carburetor has materially increased the mileage obtained from the Ford gas tank.

In 1924 Ford sold 1,593,000 passenger cars; all other manufacturers 1,650,000.

In 1925 Ford sales were 1,590,000; all other manufacturers 2,249,000.

In 1926 Ford sales were 1,276,000; all other manufacturers 2,653,000.

Thus in two years Ford has slipped from a commanding position in the industry, in the number of cars sold, to a place where the other makers combined are selling two cars to Ford's one. These figures are proof that Ford sales are falling while other car sales are rising, as the total of car sales in the country was greater in 1926 than in the year before.

This does not seem to disturb Mr. Ford. The Ford Company is definitely in the airplane business. It first brought out the giant three-engined all-metal monoplane with an inclosed cabin, and capacity for ten passengers, the pilot, and mechanic, together with baggage. Ford's latest effort is a small single-seater monoplane. It weighs 350 pounds empty, is powered with a Ford two-cylinder engine of forty horsepower, and has a maximum speed of 100 miles an hour. It has a wing spread of twenty-two feet and is sixteen feet long, fore and aft.

One thing is apparent: the Fords are fast getting into a position where they can dominate the manufacture of this latest method of transportation, just as a score of years ago they began to dominate the automobile industry.

THE END

This Famous Lamp Deserves its Popularity

One of the first thrills in literature comes with the reading of the Arabian Nights. Clearest among its fascinating tales is the memory of Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp. In what childish bosom has there not lurked a hidden desire to rub the sides of the fat old kerosene lamp which possibly provided the light for the reading in the hope that its Genie, the fabled slave of the lamp, would appear to perform wonders and fulfill wild wishes.

Enlightens Work—Enlivens Play

Today we rub the modern Aladdin Lamp and a Genie does appear to beautify homes, enlighten work and enliven play.

The history of lamp development which this modern ALADDIN Lamp embodies rivals the magic of its ancient namesake. Yesterday a candle—a kerosene lamp—a gas jet—today a finger touch and from the Aladdin Lamp radiates a flood of soft light to read or talk or work by.

The Lamp of Universal Use

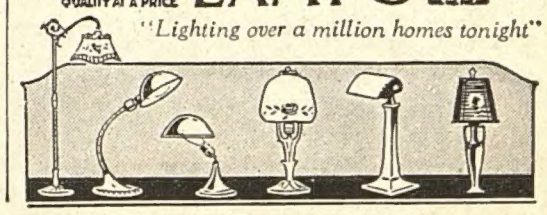
The famous No. 74 Aladdin Desk-Flex adjusts to any position, protects your eyes and puts light where you want it in homes, offices, hotels, hospitals, banks, etc. Hundreds of thousands of "Fellow-Aladdins" daily depend on this friendly and reliable lamp. (A "Fellow-Aladdin" is an owner, user, or booster of ALADDIN Lamps.)

At your dealer.

Dealers—Write for Catalog.

ALADDIN MFG. CO.
717 East 18th St.
Muncie, Ind.

"ALADDIN" ELECTRIC PORTABLE LAMPS
QUALITY AT A PRICE
"Lighting over a million homes tonight"



Vox Pop

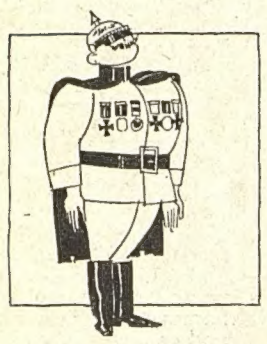
Unreconstructed

HAMPDEN SIDNEY, VA.—One of Abe Lincoln's worshipers expresses horror in Vox Pop that "that saint's" name should be besmirched by any references to the omission of a legal ceremony—usually deemed essential in most families—that some of his progenitors were guilty of. Let's waive that point; the less said about his genealogy the better. But where does the writer get "that saint's" stuff? Did he have in mind the kind of saints that Milton threw into Chaos with Lucifer? If that prevaricating, bloodthirsty, deceitful, bigoted reprobate was a saint, then Queen Elizabeth was a bobbed-haired bandit.—*William Zink.*

While Waiting for the Kaiser to Return

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I enjoy very much your story, War Birds.

I am, or better was, an officer of the German Imperial Army. I have received the Iron Cross (1st class), the Red Eagle, the Turkish Star, and several Balkan medals of no importance.



I am a veteran of all four years of the war. I fought in Gallipoli, the Eastern and Western Fronts.

If I am able to judge from conditions in our own lines, your story, War Birds, is very fine and true. As you possibly know, discipline among our junior officers is strict. In the air forces there was little or no discipline.

I have seen service against Americans, British, and French. In my mind the Americans and British can be described in three words: Brave, Fools, Gentlemen. The French in three: Stupid, Fools, Swine.

Hoping you will have more war stories in your publication. I will be resident of this country until the Emperor returns, which I hope will be soon.—*Your Servant, Col. C. S. von K.*

Our Burning Issues

CROOKSTON, MINN.—Reduce the price of LIBERTY to two cents so the cost of starting the fire in the kitchen range will not amount to so much as in the past.—*Merrill Skaug.*

Got Their Heads Mixed

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—In your article, Can a Spinster Be a Great Artist? by Rosita Forbes, the following paragraph occurred:

> Jane Seymour, a fortnight's queen, scholar and artist through all her shuttered maidenhood, remarked to an attendant on her way to execution: "Had I but held to my arts I could have held also to my head!"

I am surprised that a well known writer like Rosita Forbes should display such ignorance in print. Jane Seymour was not beheaded. She was the third wife of Henry VIII, and mother of Edward VI. She died about two weeks after Edward's birth, from a fever. I suppose Mrs. Forbes is trying to talk about Lady Jane Grey, grandniece of Henry VIII. She reigned nine days, then was beheaded, in 1554.—*E. P. Blackford.*

We Hope It's the Seven-Year Itch

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Vox Pop must be short for smallpox, as it is catching.—*H. H. H.*

Ice, Please!

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—I have never yet found in your magazine the kind of stories that I like best—namely: stories of the great Northwest, stories of the frozen barren lands, the great white desert beneath the aurora borealis as it plays in its age-old frolic over the dome of the earth.—*J. W. Elder.*

Those Dull Suicides

NEW YORK, N. Y.—LIBERTY is getting terribly trashy! Nothing but suicides, divorces, etc. Why couldn't you stay interesting?—*D. R. N.*

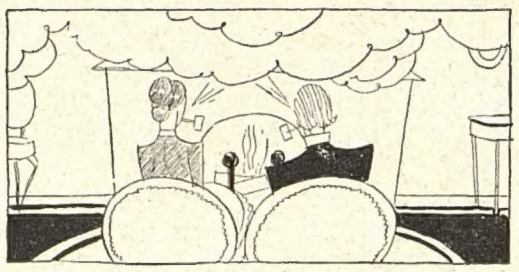
Literary Wild Oats

PITTSBURG, KAN.—It is to laugh. LIBERTY evidently believes in the extreme gullibility of its subscribers, to foist upon them such a literary monstrosity as Love's Greatest Mistake.

It is to be hoped that when Mr. Kummer attains his majority (for he surely isn't out of his teens yet) such vagaries of his youth will not he held against him, for they may not be entirely barometric of his ability.—*G. Leslie Matuschka.*

All Right, Provided She Didn't Enjoy It!

NASHVILLE, TENN.—I have read Clifford Raymond's article on Jackson, entitled Our Fightin'est Fighter.



For the most part it is a true picture and above question. There are, however, a few points that might have been handled a little differently, and one in particular that, like many half-truths, leaves a wrong impression. I refer to Rachel Jackson and the long pipe which she is reported to have used when she and General Jackson sat before their fireside, smoking.

It is true that she did smoke a pipe—I have spent hours poring over various volumes to verify this statement—but she smoked because her physician recommended it as a relief from the phthisis which later caused her death.—*Mary French Caldwell.*

Looking Toward the Next War

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Permit me to suggest that a copy of Te-He, by one who knows what it's all about, be sent to the War Department for circulating when our next war comes.

I firmly believe the vast majority of the officer personnel were innately gentlemen, but they seemed to have acquired a perverted notion that they must act rough. They just simply didn't know how.

Captain Springs has a clearer insight into the "works" than any author whose stuff I have read, and I trust he can continue dreaming up new yarns for a long time.—*P. Wentworth.*

The Exact Figures at Last!

ADAMS, MASS.—Frankly, I am alarmed by the trend toward such stories as those of Elliott White Springs.

The fact that some of our airmen permitted their beastly licentiousness to run rampant during the period of war demoralization is, I think, admitted all around. But, thank the Lord, ninety-nine out of one hundred of our flyers are thoroughly imbued with a gentlemanly respect for women and would perish rather than participate in such filthy orgies as are related with such effrontery.—*William E. Leonard.*

Yes, Yes, Sid!

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I was born and have lived until recently in "Bloody Williamson" County and can vouch for the veracity of Sidney Sutherland's article.

A truer narrative of actual happenings there could not have been written.—*John W.*

No, No, Sid!

COLUMBIA, S. C.—Your article entitled, Bloody Williamson, by Sidney Sutherland, is a rank injustice. At least the first part of it is, which pretends to recite the facts leading up to the tragedies of June 22, 1922.

The account is in part untrue, and all of it is biased and prejudiced. It is insidiously detrimental to the most worthy cause ever battled for by man—*unionism*—an honest and fair campaign to place the economic standard of the human race on as high a plane as possible.—*A. L. Emerson.*

Paste the Pages Together

MEDFORD, ORE.—If you insist upon publishing more of those tiresome articles by Rosita Forbes, please use invisible ink.—*G. E. M.*

Which Do You Mean?

PENSACOLA, FLA.—I think some of your Vox Pop writers need a pop in the jaw. As for intelligence, more could be squeezed out of a sawdust pile!—*Isaac St. Patrick.*

Our Intestinal Integrity

CHICAGO, ILL.—If all the "players" on our "teams" of editors throughout the country had your guts for writing the truth, how truly wonderful it would be! You have the tact and directness that get right to the marrow of things.—*D. C. Smith.*

Why Students Kill Themselves

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—I take exception to your recently printed article concerning the suicide wave that is now engulfing our colleges and even high schools.

The author, Alan Tabor, has not explained the underlying causes of this menace.

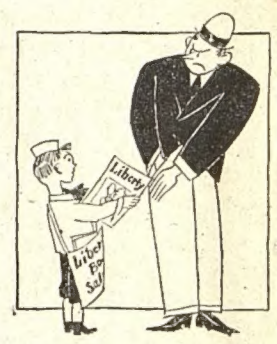
When a youth enters college he is literally "on his own"—away from home and an easy prey to all temptations that may be around him. I do not mean that there are not rules and regulations that are enforced by a perfectly capable body of instructors, but modern youth is alert, daring, and, above all, powerfully sensitive.

Automobiles, liquor, money, flunking their studies, and then—the climax! They are worn out, broken in health, discouraged. And parents, instead of consoling them after neglecting them, demand a rigid routine. Wouldn't that knock the "poles" from under you?

Religion, as youth sees it, is a mockery, because science has evolved new and proved theories that completely upset old teachings and beliefs, and because any person who has plunged into philosophy can readily see the futility of religion as taught by today's clergy.—*Charles O'Neil.*

Then, to Complete the Sacrifice, He Reads It

TROY, N. Y.—The mystery of why people who detest your sickening paper continue to buy it is solved.



I, for one, buy the —— thing because my friend's bright young son peddles it.

Try that on your piano.—*Kingsley E. Humbert.*

Painting Their Own Covers

DETROIT, MICH.—For those who have so much fault to find with *Lil* and *Sandy* I would suggest putting out a few magazines with blank covers so they could get their copy and not write Vox Pop such senseless letters.—*Irene from Michigan.*

Hugh Convinced Him

DAYTON, OHIO.—Being only sixteen years old, I have faith in 'most everything and particularly professional baseball. But even if I had been doubtful as to its honesty I am sure my opinion would have been altered after reading Hugh Fullerton's article, Are Baseball Games Framed?—*Joseph Kearney.*

The Salt-Water Cure

AUGUSTA, ME.—Your covers, they are the cleverest of any magazine's.

Really, it is a great puzzle to me to understand how anybody can kick such a live magazine and live. They should live in salt water with the rest of the crabs.—*Miss I. M.*

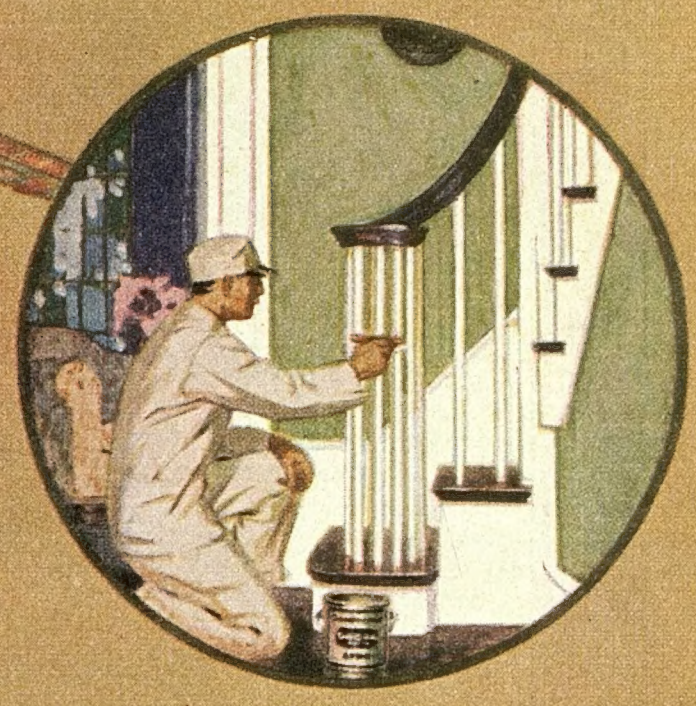
When you paint WHITE, *use* Zinc-O-Lith

WHITE

in memory of Old New England

Isn't it true?—the white houses you see in your neighborhood—and there are many of them—instantly recall the lovely, quaint homes of old New England or the stately homes of Virginia. There's something irresistible about the home that's painted white. Otherwise, why should there have been so many white houses then, and be so many more now?

In the old days, white was chosen purely because of its beauty, and not because of any outstanding characteristics of the paint itself; while today that beauty has been made more beautiful and more lasting by the newest of whites—Zinc-O-Lith. And this "white that *IS* white and *STAYS* white" has increased white house painting by its low first cost, by its ease of application, by its great covering and hiding power, and by its availability through local dealers. When you paint white, use Zinc-O-Lith.



Zinc-O-Lith
PURE WHITE

The GLIDDEN Companies
EVERYWHERE ON EVERYTHING
PAINTS · VARNISHES · LACQUERS · ENAMELS

THE GLIDDEN COMPANIES
National Headquarters
Cleveland, Ohio.

Please send me a free copy of your new book, "White House Painting."

My Dealer's Name is.....

His Address is.....

My Name is.....

Address .....

City .....

State.....

L-5-14

Adams & Elting Company, Chicago · The American Paint Works, New Orleans · T. L. Blood & Company, St. Paul · Campbell Paint & Varnish Co., St. Louis
The Forest City Paint & Varnish Co., Cleveland · The Glidden Co., Cleveland · Nubian Paint & Varnish Co., Chicago · Heath & Milligan Mfg. Co., Chicago
Twin City Varnish Company, St. Paul · The A. Wilhelm Company, Reading · The Glidden Company of California, San Francisco
In Canada: The Glidden Company, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Zinc-O-Lith ~ *House Paint* ~ *Enamel* ~ *Flat* ~ Zinc-O-Lith

LUCKY STRIKES are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked.

They are kind to your throat.

Why? All because they are made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, *and* there is an extra process in treating the tobacco.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection